STATE OF NEW YORK

THE CHAMPLAIN TERCENTENARY

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CONVENTIONAL PORTRAIT OF
SAMUEL CHAMPLAIN

The Champlain Tercentenary

Report

of the

New York Lake Champlain Tercentenary Commission

Prepared by HENRY WAYLAND HILL, LL.D.,
Secretary of the Commission

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1911

Report

of the

Lake Champlain Tercentenary Commission
State of New York

ALBANY, N. Y., *September* 19, 1911.

To the Honorable the Legislature of the State of New York:

Pursuant to the statute in such case made and provided, we, the undersigned Commissioners, submit herewith the report of the LAKE CHAMPLAIN TERCENTENARY COMMISSION OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

Very respectfully,

H. WALLACE KNAPP, *Chairman*,
HENRY W. HILL, *Secretary*,
WALTER C. WITHERBEE, *Treasurer*,
JOHN H. BOOTH,
LOUIS C. LAFONTAINE,
JAMES J. FRAWLEY,
JAMES A. FOLEY,
JAMES SHEA,
JOHN B. RILEY,
HOWLAND PELL,
WILLIAM R. WEAVER,
Commissioners.

CONTENTS

PART ONE: PREPARATION

		Page
I.	Historical Introduction	1
II.	Evolution of the Celebration Project	11
III.	Report of the First Lake Champlain Tercentenary Commission	19
IV.	Federal Recognition and Aid	41
V.	Legislation and Organization	45
VI.	Work of the New York Commission	53

PART TWO: CELEBRATION

I.	General Features: Military and Naval and the Indian Pageants	71
II.	Champlain Sunday	91
III.	Monday, July 5: At Crown Point Forts	115
IV.	Tuesday, July 6: At Ticonderoga	137
V.	Wednesday, July 7: At Cliff Haven, Plattsburgh, Plattsburgh Barracks, and Hotel Champlain	189
VI.	Thursday, July 8: At Burlington	251
VII.	Friday, July 9: At Isle La Motte	299
VIII.	The Proposed Champlain Memorial	337

APPENDIX

Samuel Champlain and the Lake Champlain Tercentenary	353
The Geology of the Champlain Valley	369
Episodes in the History of the Champlain Valley	383
What Early Travelers Said of the Champlain Valley	401
Libretto of the Play of Hiawatha	425

INDEX

ILLUSTRATIONS

Conventional Portrait of Champlain ..... Frontispiece

Facing Page

President William Howard Taft 8
Governor Charles E. Hughes of New York 16
Governor George H. Prouty of Vermont 16
Senator Elihu Root of New York 24
Hon. Jacob M. Dickinson, Secretary of War 24
Hon. J. J. Jusserand, French Ambassador 32
Rt. Hon. James Bryce, British Ambassador 32
Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, Canadian Postmaster-General 40
Sir Lomer Gouin, Premier of Quebec 40
Lieutenant de Vaisseau Benoist d'Azy 40
H. Wallace Knapp 44
Henry W. Hill 46
Walter C. Witherbee 48
James J. Frawley 50
James A. Foley 52
James Shea 52
William R. Weaver 54
Howland Pell 56
John H. Booth 60
John B. Riley 62
Louis C. Lafontaine 64
Governor Horace White 66
Hon. George R. Malby 68
Hon. David J. Foster 70
Hon. Frank Plumley 70
Lynn M. Hays 72
Frank L. Fish 74
John M. Thomas 76
Horace W. Bailey 78
Walter H. Crockett 80
George T. Jarvis 80
William J. Van Patten 82
F. O. Beaupre 84
Arthur F. Stone 86
Hon. Seth Low, Hon. Albert C. Barnes, Dr. Hamilton W. Mabie, Hon. Wendell P. Stafford 96
Clinton Scollard, Percy Mac Kaye, Daniel L. Cady, Prof. John Erskine, Bliss Carman 112
Ruins of Crown Point Forts 120
Crowds Leaving the Steamers 120
Governor and Mrs. Hughes Landing at Crown Point 120
Speakers at Crown Point 120

Facing Page

President Taft Inspecting Work of Restoration 136
President Taft and Party Inspecting Ruins 136
Ruins of Fort Ticonderoga 136
Assembling of Crowds at Fort Ticonderoga 136
Bishop Richard H. Nelson, Rt. Rev. Arthur C. A. Hall, Very Rev. Thomas A. Prevel, Mgr. A. Racicot 184
Mgr. E. P. Roy, Cardinal Gibbons, Rev. P. J. Barrett, Rt. Rev. Thomas M. A. Burke 192
Hotel Champlain 232
Invitation to Banquet 232
Floats in Plattsburgh Parade 248
Grandstand Exercises at Plattsburgh Barracks 248
Throngs at Plattsburgh During Tercentenary Celebration 248
President Taft and Others Saluting the Flag at Barracks 248
Chairman Knapp, Commissioner Witherbee, Governor and Mrs. Hughes and Secretary Treadwell 248
Review of Troops at Burlington by President Taft 256
Crowds Listening to Speeches at Burlington, July 8th 256
Burlington's Grandstand During Indian Pageants 256
President Taft, Governor Prouty, Ambassadors Jusserand and Bryce, Governor Hughes, Admiral Uriu and Hon. Seth Low 256
Governor-General's Foot Guards from Ottawa 256
Mayor W. B. Mooers of Plattsburgh, New York 296
Mayor James E. Burke of Burlington, Vermont 296
Senator Henry W. Hill Delivering Address at Isle La Motte 304
Witnessing Indian Pageants at Isle La Motte 304
Boulder Unveiled at Isle La Motte 304
Tercentenary Memorial to Samuel Champlain 336
Monument, Crab Island, Lake Champlain 336
Steamer *Vermont* During the celebration 352
Cuts of Steamers *Phoenix, Conquest, General Greene* and *Franklin* 352
Hull of Arnold's Schooner, *Revenge* 352
Commodore Macdonough's Victory at Battle of Lake Champlain 352
Official Invitation to the Tercentenary Exercises 352
The *Don de Dieu* 360
Statue of Champlain at Champlain, N. Y. 368
Statue of Champlain at St. John, N. B. 368
Statue of Champlain at Quebec 368
Souvenir Badge and Official Guest Badge of New York 376
L. O. Armstrong 384
Indian War Party in Canoes 400
Scenes from Indian Pageants 424
Map of Restoration of Fort Ticonderoga 432
A Plan of the Town and Fort of Carillon 432
Historical Map of the Champlain Valley 464

The

Tercentenary Celebration

of the

Discovery of Lake Champlain

ix

Part One

PREPARATION

I. HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION

The Strife for Control

Historical Introduction

By Senator Henry Wayland Hill, Secretary of the New York Commission

I. The Strife for Control

In a survey of the discovery and settlement of the territory comprising Eastern Canada and the northeastern part of the United States, attention is drawn to the skilful navigator, intrepid explorer and discoverer of Lake Champlain, who brought the light of civilization into that valley, and was the first white man to set foot upon the soil now embraced in the confines of the State of New York.

Had Samuel Champlain taken possession of the territory of New York in the name of the King, Henry IV, whom he represented, under the claim of right thereto on the ground of discovery, and had that possession ripened into French occupancy, such territory might even now be dominated by other language, laws and institutions than those that did prevail.

The results of the French settlement in and occupancy of the northeastern provinces of the Dominion of Canada seem to warrant such a conclusion. The nearest approach to similar conditions in New York were the few French forts and French settlements in the Champlain valley and along the south shore of Lake Ontario, and the seigniorial grants of extensive tracts of territory in and about Lake Champlain, made prior to the conquest of Canada by the British, and sought to be confirmed at the International Conference at Windmill Point in 1766, "involving," says Lord Dartmouth in an official communication to Governor Tryon, November 4, 1772, "a consideration of great difficulty and delicacy, and by no means of a nature to admit of an hasty decision."

Its confirmation was opposed by Edmund Burke before his Majesty's Commissioners for Trade and Plantations on November 12, 1772, he

having requested that " he might be heard by his counsel as well in behalf of the Province of New York, as of sundry persons, proprietors of lands within the said Province under grants from the Governor and Council thereof against the confirmation by the Crown of any grant made by the French King or the Governor of Canada within the limits of the said Province of New York." These grants were not upheld for reasons stated elsewhere.

These settlements were wholly ineffectual in making any permanent impression upon the language, laws and institutions of this Province.

In the evolution of National development, the extent and permanency of social forces largely condition their effectiveness, as seen in the impress made upon the early institutions of the Province of New York by the Dutch, who settled in the southeastern part of the Province and ruled it for half a century. Had the French followed up the discovery of Lake Champlain in 1609, and settled and permanently occupied the territory south of the 45th parallel of latitude, as effectively as did the Dutch the southeastern part of the State, the result, it is safe to say, would have been vastly different. It is not unlikely that a part of New York under such conditions would have been included within the domain of the Dominion of Canada; for under the conditions as they existed, the Long House of the Iroquois Confederacy, which stretched from the Mohawk on the east to Lake Erie on the west, was the only barrier to the predatory incursions and warlike expeditions of the French and Indians from the Canadian territory on the north. Anomalous as it may appear, that was made so largely by reason of the battle on Lake Champlain between the Algonquins and Hurons on the one side, and the Iroquois on the other, in which Champlain's use of firearms, to the utter surprise and loss to the Iroquois of three of their chiefs, made them thereafter deadly enemies of the French.

This hostility of the Iroquois to the French was one of the principal causes which prevented the French from gaining or maintaining a permanent settlement within the confines of the Province of New York. Among other causes, however, were the abandonment or loss of Ticonderoga

and Crown Point in 1759, the year following the defeat of the British under General Abercromby at Ticonderoga by the French under the command of Montcalm. This gallant officer achieved with his small force of less than 4,000 men so signal a victory over the British, numbering about 15,000, as to prove very dispiriting to William Pitt, who in a communication to Grenville said: "I own the news [from the Champlain valley] has sunk my spirits and left very painful impressions on my mind."

Notwithstanding the signal victory of the French under Montcalm at Ticonderoga in 1758, Governor Vaudreuil, said to be jealous of Montcalm, one of the ablest soldiers France had ever sent into the field, assigned de Bourlamaque to the command of the French posts in the Champlain valley in place of Montcalm, who was needed for the defense of Quebec; and shortly after ordered de Bourlamaque "not to think of defending Forts Carillon and Frédéric, but to abandon them as the British approached and fall back to Isle aux Noix." This was done, as General Amherst, who succeeded Abercromby in command of the British forces, advanced from Lake George with large reinforcements, comprising an army of 5,743 regulars, including Royal Americans and Colonial troops. As the British under General Amherst were about to assault the works at Ticonderoga, de Bourlamaque retired from Fort Carillon to Fort Frédéric; and thence, on July 31, 1759, after blowing up the latter fort, withdrew to Isle aux Noix with his artillery and such provisions as he could transport. This was approximately 150 years, to a month, of French occupancy since the discovery of the lake by Champlain.

The period of French domination was followed by British possession and occupation and the thrilling events of the Revolutionary struggle for the independence of the Colonies, with Vermont an independent republic, not yet admitted into the Union nor recognized by the other thirteen states, but still loyal to the cause which led to their independence. The various military expeditions through the Champlain valley, and the two celebrated naval engagements on the lake, had an important bearing upon

the sovereign control of that part of our National domain, and exerted a marked influence on American institutions in the formative period of their history. Three nations there contended for the possession of that "Gateway of the Nation." The military ruins still to be seen attest its strategic importance in three wars for the sovereign control of that territory.

Long prior to the discovery of Lake Champlain it was the theater of the fierce and bloody encounters upon its waters of the three most powerful of the savage nations, namely, the Iroquois, the Algonquins and the Hurons. Many are the legends handed down from that remote period of the struggles that made it impossible for any of these aboriginal nations to gain a permanent settlement along the shores of the lake; struggles which resulted in driving them back to the strongholds and fastnesses of the mountain sides overhanging the lake, and into the valleys and up the hillsides surrounding it. It was a paradise for the aborigines, whose native costumes, and adventurous but precarious life were a startling revelation to such an explorer as Champlain, coming as he did from the refinements of the French courts of the 16th and 17th centuries. These warlike tribes continued to traverse the lake long after its discovery. Their canoes formed picturesque flotillas on its blue waters surrounded by densely shaded, lofty and alluring mountains, which ever since have been the admiration of tourists.

The first attempted settlement of the whites in the valley was at Isle La Motte, once the camping ground of the Algonquin and Iroquois Indians, where a Jesuit mission station was established in 1642. A fort was built there by Sieur de la Motte in 1665–6, which was dedicated to Ste. Anne on the 26th day of July, 1666, when high mass was celebrated for the first time, in the presence of the famous Carignan-Salières Regiment of 600 veterans and 150 Indians that had rendezvoused there at the command of M. de Tracy.

Thereafter Fort Ste. Anne was the stopping place for such expeditions as those under Captain John Schuyler in 1690, Major Peter Schuyler in

1691, Captain John Schuyler on September 2, 1698, and Richard Montgomery and General Philip Schuyler in 1775.

Parkman has said: "Through the midst of the great Canadian wilderness stretched Lake Champlain pointing straight to the heart of the British settlements — a watery thoroughfare of neutral attack, and the only approach by which without a long detour by wilderness or sea a hostile army could come within striking distance of the colony."

In 1731 the settlement was begun at Windmill Point, where a stone windmill was built. In 1731 Fort St. Frédéric was built at Crown Point in honor of the French Secretary of Foreign Affairs, Frédéric Maurepas, by Marquis de Beauharnois, Governor-General of Canada; and in 1755 Fort Carillon was built at Ticonderoga, and attempted settlements were made at each of these places and at Chimney Point; the latter place was said to be abandoned when visited by Robert Rogers, the famous scout, in 1756.

In 1755 Baron Dieskau, in command of 3,573 men, including such troops as could be assembled at Montreal, made an expedition through the lake to Crown Point and Ticonderoga, where he left detachments of troops; and marching southward, engaged the British troops under command of General William Johnson at the head of Lake George, where General Dieskau was wounded. The latter was taken a prisoner to the tent of General Johnson; his forces were repulsed and retreated to Ticonderoga. Montcalm succeeded him in command, proceeded up the lake with his forces in 200 canoes and arrived at Fort Carillon in July, 1757. After some months devoted to preparation, he succeeded in taking Fort William Henry.

Captain Robert Rogers and Captain Israel Putnam, while the French were at Lake George, attempted to capture Fort St. Frédéric, but without avail. Of this entire period the historian, Peter S. Palmer, says: "The lake now presented a most lively appearance; canoes, bateaux and schooners were constantly passing and repassing between Canada and Crown Point and Ticonderoga, transporting troops from point to point, and were loaded with supplies and ammunition. It so con-

tinued during the Revolutionary period." Following the French and Indian War, settlements were made about Lake Champlain, the most important of which was that of Major Philip Skene at Skenesborough, now Whitehall, in 1761, although a settlement was undoubtedly effected at Swanton Falls sometime prior thereto, and several other settlements were formed about the lake from that time on. One of the most thrilling episodes in Champlain history was the capture of Ticonderoga by Ethan Allen and the Green Mountain Boys, on May 10, 1775, and on the following morning Colonel Warner captured Crown Point.

On May 14th of that year Captain Benedict Arnold proceeded with a small force on a schooner down the lake toward St. John's, where he seized a sloop, and immediately returned up the river and reached Crown Point in safety. These daring exploits won popular confidence in the ultimate success of the Colonies, and it was decided to assemble such troops as were available at Ticonderoga and Crown Point. In the meantime boats were built at Skenesborough, Ticonderoga and Crown Point for transportation down the lake to meet the forces assembling under Governor Sir Guy Carleton on the Richelieu river. Brigadier-General Richard Montgomery embarked at Crown Point on September 4, 1775, with such troops as were there, and was followed by General Philip Schuyler with the remaining troops. General Schuyler overtook Montgomery at Isle La Motte, and they proceeded to Isle aux Noix, which they fortified to prevent the passage of any sloop up the river into the lake. General Montgomery afterwards captured St. John's and Montreal, and proceeded to Quebec, where he afterwards lost his life in attempting to scale the Heights of Abraham, while General Schuyler, owing to ill health, returned to Albany.

In the spring of 1776 General Sullivan, finding the American forces reduced by sickness, desertion and death, decided to abandon the conquest of Canada, and to return to Ticonderoga. The sick were taken on board boats at St. John's the last of June and transported to Isle aux Noix, Point au Fer, and Isle La Motte. Point au Fer was fortified, and the sick there cared for until they could be sent to Crown Point, which

transfer was made under most unfavorable circumstances, in leaky boats, with more or less exposure to the inclemency of the weather. Benjamin Franklin, in returning from Montreal to Ticonderoga in June, 1776, was conveyed in a similar manner, in an open boat, although seventy years of age and not in the best of health.

The preparation for the naval engagements on Lake Champlain taxed the resources of the colonists about Lake Champlain in the building and equipping of a small fleet in command of Benedict Arnold, which engaged the enemy at Valcour Island on October 11, 1776. Captain Pringle was in charge of the British fleet, which was larger and better equipped and heavier gunned than the American fleet. The skill and bravery exhibited by Benedict Arnold on that occasion won for him the plaudits of General Washington and the Continental Congress, and his escape with such of his vessels as were not destroyed, is considered one of the remarkable achievements in the annals of American naval warfare. Several places in and about the lake were made memorable by that engagement, which consisted of two engagements, one on the 11th and one on the 13th of October, and extended through a large portion of the lake; and though he was unsuccessful in overcoming the stronger British fleet, he acquitted himself with such adroitness and valor as to satisfy the colonists that in such commanders as he there were not lacking naval and military qualities of a high order.

Captain A. T. Mahan, in an article in *Scribner's Magazine* for February, 1898, says: "Considering its raw material and the recency of its organization, words can scarcely exaggerate the heroism of the resistance which undoubtedly depended chiefly upon the military qualities of its leader; the little American navy on Lake Champlain was wiped out, but never had any force, big or little, lived to better purpose or died more gloriously, for it saved the lake for that year."

Crown Point fell as a result of the defeat of the American navy, and was occupied by the British for two weeks, when General Carleton became satisfied that Ticonderoga was sufficiently manned by the force under General Gates to withstand an assault. On November 3d General

Carleton withdrew his troops to Canada, and the force under General Gates at Ticonderoga immediately took possession of it.

During the following year Lake Champlain was the scene of the most important military expedition, under the command of General John Burgoyne, who with his troops embarked at St. John's on vessels, and proceeded through the lake, feasting 400 Indians, including the Iroquois, Algonquins, Abenakis and Ottawas, at a camp upon the River Boquet, at Willsborough, on June 21, 1777, on which occasion he appealed to them to unite with his Majesty's forces in America in making war against the common enemy. Answer was made to this speech by the chief of the Iroquois, in which he said: "In proof of the sincerity of our professions, our whole villages able to go to war, are come forth." Burgoyne was censured in Parliament by Fox, Burke and Chatham, for employing Indians as a part of his military forces. His defeat at Saratoga wrought his discomfiture and his condemnation by Parliament.

After the withdrawal of his forces from Lake Champlain, it continued to be the scene of military expeditions and "mysterious naval movements of the British," whose vessels frequently entered the lake and "kept the northern frontier," says Palmer, "in a state of ceaseless inquietude and alarm."

The British did not give up possession of Point au Fer until 1788, five years after the treaty of peace. Thereafter Lake Champlain passed into the sovereign control of the United States and so remained until the second war with Great Britain.

The naval engagement on Lake Champlain in the War of 1812 was one of the two principal engagements of the American navy, and was conducted with much skill on the part of Commander Thomas Macdonough, in command of the American fleet, against Captain George Downie, in command of the British fleet, which was larger and heavier gunned. Mr. Walter H. Crockett, in his "History of Lake Champlain," says that the American fleet consisted of fourteen craft, aggregating 2,244 tons, manned by 882 men and carrying 86 guns, and that the British fleet was composed of 16 vessels, aggregating 2,402 tons, carry-

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PRESIDENT WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

ing approximately 937 men and 92 guns.* The engagement lasted two hours and a half, and nearly every spar on both fleets was shot away. Macdonough's victory was complete, and a gold medal was awarded to Macdonough by Congress, thanking him for his "decisive and splendid victory." Theodore Roosevelt, in his "Naval War of 1812," pays this tribute to him: "Macdonough, in this battle, won a higher fame than any other commander of the war. * * * Down to the time of the Civil War he is the greatest figure in our naval history." This victory cleared Lake Champlain of British war vessels, and made the lake famous the world over.

Since that time its sovereign control by the United States has been secure, and its waters became the highways of a peaceful and prosperous commerce, and its attractiveness and beauty have been such as to engage the attention of Americans and tourists from other lands, who are wont to compare it with the Lakes of Como, Lugano and Maggiore, the resorts for centuries of pleasure seekers of European nations.

* Neeser's "Statistical Tables of the U. S. Navy" states that Downie had 16 vessels, carrying 95 guns and 897 men.

II. EVOLUTION OF THE CELEBRATION PROJECT

II. EVOLUTION OF THE CELEBRATION PROJECT

THE DECISIVE EVENTS which have been noted may serve to point out the successive periods of domination in the Champlain valley, by the aborigines, by the French, the British, and the American patriots. Without entering here more fully upon the general course of history, it will be seen that the Champlain valley, even in its wars, rivals in importance any other portion of our national domain, the greater battlefields of the Civil War alone excepted. But the significance of its history is not merely in its military record. It has been closely identified with many of the great civic events and political movements which have exerted a marked influence upon the character of our institutions. In its story are inseparably woven events of colonial, state, national and international significance, many of which have had a direct bearing on the course of our national life and in moulding our institutions.

The marking of anniversaries of historic events with celebrations of an historic character, has long been, in many lands, a popular and a worthy form of commemoration. The use of historic costumes, of floats and other devices in brilliant pageants, has especially in recent years come into high favor, notably on great historical occasions at London, Warwick, St. John and Quebec. At the last two named, the celebrations commemorated the exploits and fame of Samuel Champlain. The people of the Champlain valley, desirous of suitably observing the 300th anniversary of its discovery, early conceived the idea of an historical celebration, which should combine historical or symbolic pageantry with appropriate religious and literary features.

The interest of the American people in such celebration as that at Yorktown in 1881, the centennial of the inauguration of George Washington as the first President of the United States at New York in 1889, the historic phases of the Philadelphia Exposition of 1876, the Columbian

Exposition at Chicago in 1893, the St. Louis Exposition of 1904, and still others, leaves no room for doubt but that Americans, quite as generally as the people of other nations, are deeply concerned in whatever has contributed in any way to the extent and development of their country and to the formation and character of its civil and religious institutions. They believe that the more these are studied and the better they are understood, the stronger will be the reliance of the people on the broad and humane principles that underlie the fabric of our republican form of government, for whose preservation should be begot in the minds of all classes unwavering loyalty and the willingness to pour out the last full measure of personal devotion. The historic portions of our country, young in years though they be, have been the theaters where have been enacted deadly tragedies, involving human life and our national sovereignty and are therefore suggestive of many examples of true and lofty patriotism, " the type most needed in this age and most useful to mankind," as was said by the historian, Lecky, in defining an ideal. The discovery, subjugation and settlement of various parts of the country involved efforts, sacrifices and hardships on the part of many, worthy of emulation, and these through pageant, realistic presentation, or otherwise, cannot too often be called to the attention of successive generations, destined to occupy and ultimately to control this land, dedicated as it is to the principles of civil and religious liberty.

Love of country is born of a knowledge of its institutions, its traditions and history, wherein are revealed the lives of its people and their heroic achievements. Such motives as these from time to time have actuated the people of this country to celebrate some of the important events in our history and led to the inception of the Tercentenary Celebration of the Discovery of Lake Champlain by Samuel Champlain in the month of July, 1609, which with attending circumstances proved to be crucial in determining the character of the language, laws and institutions of the people of the Province of New York. It was thought that such a celebration might also very properly commemorate some of the thrilling events of state, national and international import, that occurred in the

Champlain valley during the two centuries following its discovery, for no other part of our domain is richer in historic lore. This conception of the scope of the celebration was largely realized as will be seen from a perusal of the programme of exercises that followed.

The Quebec Tercentenary, under the direction of the well known manager, Frank Lascelles, a graduate of Oxford, who was consulted on several occasions in relation to the scope of the Champlain celebration, was such a success that the people of Vermont and New York concluded that a celebration less pretentious and less spectacular, but still realistic enough to picture the discovery and aboriginal life of the Champlain valley and extensive enough to recall some of the stirring events which have made Lake Champlain famous in two hemispheres, might very properly engage the attention and warrant the participation of these states and of the Federal Government in its preparation and fulfillment.

To Vermont belongs the credit of taking the first official action in the matter. Early in November, 1906, the Hon. Robert W. McCuen, a member from Vergennes, introduced in the House of Representatives of Vermont, a resolution which, as finally adopted and approved by Governor Proctor, November 15th, read as follows:

JOINT RESOLUTION FOR THE APPOINTMENT OF A COMMISSION FOR THE THREE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE DISCOVERY OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives:

WHEREAS, The discovery of Lake Champlain was an event in history fully as important as many others that have been recognized by various States, as well as by the National Government, and

WHEREAS, The three hundredth anniversary of such discovery will occur on July 4, 1909, it is hereby

Resolved, By the Senate and House of Representatives: That this event should be observed in a fitting manner, and to bring about an observance commensurate with its importance there is hereby provided a commission consisting of the Governor, who shall be chairman, *ex officio*, and six other members to be appointed by the Governor before January 1, 1907, one of whom shall act as secretary. Said

commission is hereby empowered to adopt such measures as in its judgment may be reasonable or necessary to bring about the fitting observance of such event. And, as the interests of the State of New York and the Dominion of Canada are allied with those of Vermont in such observance, it is hereby recommended that said commission confer with the proper authorities of New York and Canada to ascertain what action they or either of them will take with Vermont in making the observance of this event successful and a credit to all: and that the commission report the result of such efforts, together with its recommendations to the General Assembly of 1908.

The members of said commission shall receive no pay for services rendered, except their necessary expenses.

The secretary of said commission shall be allowed such sum for services rendered as may be fixed by said commission.

The Auditor of Accounts is hereby authorized to draw an order for such expenses and allowance when approved by the Governor.

THOMAS C. CHENEY,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.

GEORGE H. PROUTY,
President of the Senate.

Approved November 15, 1906.

FLETCHER D. PROCTOR,
Governor.

Immediately upon its approval, Governor Proctor called the matter to the attention of Senator Henry W. Hill, of Buffalo, who was at Montpelier, Vt., at the time, and suggested that he prepare and introduce a similar resolution in the Legislature of New York.

Governor Proctor, who was *ex officio* chairman of the Vermont Commission, appointed as the other members thereof the following gentlemen: Walter E. Howard, Lynn M. Hays, Horace W. Bailey, M. D. McMahon, R. W. McCuen and Walter H. Crockett.

Some members of the Vermont Commission presented the matter to Governor Hughes, Senators H. Wallace Knapp, Henry W. Hill and others, at Albany, and also to Sir Wilfred Laurier at Ottawa. Both executives were impressed with the importance and desirability of such

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GOVERNOR CHARLES E. HUGHES

GOVERNOR GEORGE H. PROUTY

Chairman of the Vermont Commission

a celebration. On April 15, 1907, Senator Hill offered in the Senate of New York the following concurrent resolution, which passed the Senate that day and the Assembly on the next day:

WHEREAS, The discovery of Lake Champlain by Samuel Champlain in July, 1609, antedates the discovery by the whites of any other portion of the territory now comprising the State of New York, and was an event worthy of commemoration in the annals of the State and nation; and

WHEREAS, The State of Vermont, in 1906, appointed a commission consisting of the Governor of that State and six other commissioners, to confer with commissioners to be appointed on the part of New York and the Dominion of Canada, to ascertain what action, if any, ought to be taken by such States and the Dominion of Canada for the observance of such tercentenary; therefore, be it

Resolved (if the Assembly concur), That a commission, consisting of the Governor, who shall be chairman *ex officio*, two citizens to be designated by him, the Lieutenant-Governor, the Speaker of the Assembly, two Senators, to be designated by the Lieutenant-Governor, and two members of the Assembly, to be designated by the Speaker, be appointed to represent the State of New York at such conference, with power to enter into negotiations with the commissioners representing the State of Vermont and those representing the Dominion of Canada for the observance of such tercentenary, and that such commission report the results of their negotiations, together with their recommendations thereon, to the Legislature of 1908.

That such commissioners receive no pay for their services and that their necessary expenses be paid by the State, but such payment shall not exceed the amount expressly appropriated therefor;

Resolved (if the Assembly concur), That the resolution relating to the same subject, introduced by Senator Hill, passed by the Senate on the tenth day of April, and concurred in by the Assembly, be and is hereby rescinded.

In support of the resolution Senator Hill dwelt upon the fact that Champlain was the first white man to enter what is now New York State. He called attention to the great part the Champlain valley has sustained as a highway both for the passage of war parties and of armies, and of the messengers of peace, of civilization and of commerce. Its agreeable summer climate and scenic charm were additional arguments in favor of the proposed celebration.

Under this concurrent resolution of April 15, 1907, was created the Lake Champlain Tercentenary Commission of New York State. The report of that first or preliminary commission was sent to the Senate by Governor Hughes on March 23, 1908. As it contains a full record of the action taken in behalf of New York State, up to the time when it was sent to the Senate, and includes many matters germane thereto, it may properly constitute the next chapter in our narrative and is given in full, in the following pages.

III. REPORT OF THE FIRST LAKE CHAMPLAIN TERCENTENARY COMMISSION

April 15, 1907, to March 23, 1908

III. REPORT OF THE FIRST LAKE CHAMPLAIN TERCENTENARY COMMISSION

To the Legislature of the State of New York:

The Lake Champlain Tercentenary Commission of New York State respectfully submits the following report of action taken, and suggestions for proposed action in the matter for which the Commission was created.

April 15, 1907, Mr. Hill offered in the Senate the following Concurrent Resolution, authorizing the appointment of a commission to confer with Commissioners from Vermont and the Dominion of Canada in relation to the observance of the tercentenary of Lake Champlain:

RESOLUTION CREATING THE COMMISSION

WHEREAS, The discovery of Lake Champlain by Samuel Champlain, on July 4, 1609, antedates the discovery by the whites of any other portion of the territory now comprising the State of New York, and was an event worthy of commemoration in the annals of the State and nation, and

WHEREAS, The State of Vermont, in 1906, appointed a commission consisting of the Governor of that State and six other commissioners, to confer with commissioners to be appointed on the part of New York and the Dominion of Canada, to ascertain what action, if any, ought to be taken by such States and the Dominion of Canada for the observance of such tercentenary;

Therefore, be it Resolved (if the Assembly concur), that a commission, consisting of the Governor, who shall be chairman *ex officio*, two citizens to be designated by him, the Lieutenant-Governor, the Speaker of the Assembly, two Senators, to be designated by the Lieutenant-Governor, and two members of the Assembly, to be designated by the Speaker, be appointed to represent the State of New York at such conference, with power to enter into negotiations with the commissioners representing the State of Vermont and those representing the Dominion of Canada for the observance of such tercentenary, and that such commission report the results of their negotiations, together with their recommendations thereon, to the Legislature of 1908.

That such commissioners receive no pay for their services and that their necessary expenses be paid by the State, but such payment shall not exceed the amount expressly appropriated therefor.

The foregoing resolution was adopted by the Senate April 15, 1907, and by the Assembly concurring without amendment April 16, 1907.

For the expenses of the Commissioners appointed under this resolution, $2,000, or so much thereof as may be necessary, was appropriated by Chapter 578 of the Laws of 1907.

Governor Hughes appointed as members of said Commission the Hon. Frank S. Witherbee of Port Henry, and the Hon. John H. Booth of Plattsburgh.

The Lieutenant-Governor designated the Hon. Henry W. Hill of Buffalo, and the Hon. John C. R. Taylor of Middletown.

The Speaker of the Assembly named the Hon. Alonson T. Dominy of Beekmantown, and the Hon. James A. Foley of New York city.

JOINT MEETING OF THE NEW YORK AND VERMONT COMMISSIONS

At a joint meeting of the New York and Vermont Commissions, held at Hotel Champlain, Bluff Point, September 6, 1907, His Excellency Governor Hughes presiding, Governor Proctor, of Vermont, and six members of the Vermont Commission were present, as were also all of the New York Commission, except the Lieutenant-Governor, the Speaker, and the Hon. Frank S. Witherbee, absent in Europe. Mr. Victor H. Paltsits, State Historian of New York, also attended by invitation. Mr. Frank H. Severance of Buffalo was chosen Secretary of the New York State Commission.

The Chairman stated the general purpose of the Commissions and the desirability of reaching definite suggestions for carrying out the work. On motion of Senator Hill, a sub-committee of three was created, to be appointed by the Chair, the Governor being Chairman *ex officio* of the said sub-committee, who should confer with the Secretary of State at Washington as to advisable steps to be taken in regard to bringing the proposed celebration to the attention of the Republic of France, the Kingdom of Great Britain and the Dominion of Canada.

The sub-committee subsequently appointed consisted of Hon. Henry W. Hill, *Chairman;* Hon. Frank S. Witherbee and Hon. John H. Booth.

A TOUR OF INSPECTION

A tour of inspection of historic sites on Lake Champlain having been determined upon, members of the two Commissions, including the Governor of New York, the Governor of Vermont, and a few guests, left Hotel Champlain on the morning of September 7, 1907, on two yachts.

As they passed northward, places of historic interest were pointed out, and every island, every bay and headland, was found to have its associations. The attention of your Commission was especially directed at the outset to Valcour island, just off the New York shore near Plattsburgh. This island, now in part owned by the Federal Government, has played an important part in three wars. On October 13, 1759, Captain Loring of Amherst's army pursued a French schooner and three sloops under the shelter of Valcour. Two of the sloops were here sunk, and the third was run aground by her crew. The naval engagement of October 11, 1776, between the American and British fleets, was off Valcour; which was also within the theater of the engagement of September 11, 1814.

Other islands in this part of the lake share the history of these events. It was from Schuyler's island, October 12, 1776, that Benedict Arnold wrote to General Gates, announcing the loss of two vessels of the American fleet.

The commissioners crossed the bay which was the scene of Macdonough's brilliant victory of September 11, 1814, in which the American loss was, according to Neeser's "Statistical Tables of the U. S. Navy," 52 killed and 59 wounded, and the British loss, according to the same authority, 84 killed and 110 wounded. Special note was taken of Crab Island, where the Americans placed their sick, September 7th to 10th, and where the convalescent soldiers built and

manned a battery. Here is the burial-ground where were interred the soldiers and marines killed in the battle of September 11, 1814.

Just beyond we passed Cumberland Head, with associations not only of the War of 1812, but of the Revolution. Here it was, in June, 1777, that Burgoyne's army rested for several days.

Further north, on the New York side, Point au Fer was passed. This famous point, visited by many of the early expeditions, was fortified by General Sullivan in 1776. In June of the next year it was occupied by Burgoyne; and the British remained in possession until 1788, after the close of the war.

Near the north end of the lake, among other places noted by your Commission, is Windmill Point, so named from a mill and settlement built there by the French in 1731. The Canadian boundary line runs about two and a half miles north of this point. An interesting association relates to a visit made to this place in the autumn of 1766 by Sir Henry Moore, Governor of New York Colony, and Sir Guy Carleton, Governor of the Province of Quebec. Their object was to ascertain where the boundary ran which had been fixed by royal order at the 45th degree. "After encountering many difficulties," the Governor of New York subsequently wrote to the Lords of Trade (November 7, 1766), "we fixed the limits on the River Sorell [now known as the Sorel, or Richelieu, the outlet of Lake Champlain], about two and a half miles below Windmill Point, which is further to the northward than we imagined to find it from the observations which were said to be made there by the French some few years ago."

During this visit of the two Governors at Windmill Point they were visited by a number of French gentlemen from Quebec, who sought a confirmation of their rights in seigniories granted to them before the conquest of Canada, and now found to extend south of the Canadian boundary line. The adjustment of these old seigniorial grants, and questions relating thereto, ran through many years, and constitutes a considerable chapter in the international history of this region. The

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SENATOR ELIHU ROOT OF NEW YORK

HON. JACOB M. DICKINSON

Secretary of War

boundary line was fixed by an Order in Council ("Report of the Lords of the Committee of Privy Council"), August 12, 1768.

Your commissioners made their first landing at Sandy Point, on Isle La Motte, the site of the first French settlement in the valley; thence, after dinner at the home of the Hon. Nelson W. Fisk, Isle La Motte, going to Burlington, where the Commissions were the guests of the Burlington Commercial Club and of the Ethan Allen Club. Various points of interest in the city and vicinity were visited, and the following day as many of the commissioners as could arrange went by steamer to Crown Point and afterward to Ticonderoga, where the sites and ruined fortifications were inspected.

CONFERENCE WITH THE SECRETARY OF STATE

On December 4, 1907, the Hon. Henry W. Hill and the Hon. Frank S. Witherbee, of the above-named sub-committee, visited Washington, where Messrs. Lynn M. Hays and Walter H. Crockett of the Vermont Commission joined them in a visit to the Secretary of State, the Hon. Elihu Root, with whom a conference was held, at which there were also present, besides the commissioners, Senators Proctor and Dillingham and Representative David J. Foster.

The commissioners laid the proposed plan of celebration and commemoration before the Secretary of State, with a view of ascertaining the action which he would approve in the matter on the part of the Government of the United States. The Secretary inquired what New York State and Vermont were likely to do in the way of appropriations; and was informed that both States were expected to make suitable appropriations, and that it was deemed important that representatives of the Governments of France, of Great Britain and Canada be invited through the Federal Government to be present as its guests at such celebration.

Secretary Root expressed his approval. In his view the Federal Government might with propriety invite such representatives; and he

stated his willingness to recommend to the President that a suitable appropriation be made for their entertainment.

The Secretary of State further expressed to the commissioners his most cordial approval of the proposed celebration, and deep interest in it, especially on account of its international features, and because of its historical character, illustrating as it would, the periods of discovery and settlement, and the development of American institutions.

ACTION TAKEN AT ALBANY, DECEMBER 21, 1907

At a joint meeting of the New York and Vermont Commissions, held at Albany, December 21, 1907, the following resolutions, which had been adopted by the special sub-committee and reported to a meeting of the whole Commission at the Executive Mansion, Governor Hughes presiding, were adopted:

Resolved, That it is the judgment of the sub-committee of the Lake Champlain Tercentenary Commission that the tercentenary of the discovery of Lake Champlain and the historic events following during the Colonial and Revolutionary periods, and also of the War of 1812, be celebrated in an appropriate and fitting manner in July, 1909, in the valley of Lake Champlain, with appropriate exercises to be determined upon by the Commission having that matter in charge.

Resolved, That a permanent memorial to commemorate the discovery by Samuel Champlain be erected at some point in the Champlain Valley; and that the State of New York make suitable appropriation for such celebration; and also a suitable appropriation toward defraying the cost of said memorial, sharing therein with the State of Vermont and any other contributors thereto.

Resolved, That a suitable memorial be prepared on the part of the Commission of the State of New York and on the part of the Commission of the State of Vermont, if they concur, to be presented through the Secretary of State to the Federal Government, requesting that the Federal Government, through the Department of State, or a commission, as it may decide, participate in the proposed celebration; and that the Federal Government be requested to make suitable appropriation therefor; and that the Federal Government be requested to invite the participation of Canada; and also to invite and entertain representatives of the Republic of France, the Kingdom of Great Britain and the Dominion of Canada.

SUNDRY SUGGESTIONS

In free discussion among the members of the Commissions it was developed that in the judgment of the Commissions the proposed celebration should include exercises to be held at Ticonderoga, Crown Point, Plattsburgh, Burlington, Isle La Motte, and, if found feasible, at a convenient point in Canada. Other suggestions were:

That on Sunday, July 4, 1909, religious services of a character appropriate to the anniversary be held, if possible, at suitable points, especially at Cliff Haven, at Isle La Motte, and in the cathedral at Burlington, under the auspices of the Roman Catholic church.

Also, that said celebration shall include such musical features as may be found desirable, and, if possible, an aquatic pageant, with fireworks, electrical display, and other appropriate features. It is understood and expected that the annual meetings of regattas of canoe, motor-boat or yacht clubs may be held at this time on Lake Champlain, contributing attractive features to the celebration.

It was further suggested, with the approval of the members present, that the fraternal orders represented in the Champlain Valley be invited to join in the celebration and to appear in regalia in appropriate parades as opportunity may offer.

After some discussion as to the practicability of participation by patriotic societies, it was voted that the Secretary of the New York Commission procure data relative to the patriotic societies represented in the Champlain Valley and submit it at a future meeting of the Commission, that the Commission may act with more adequate information on this subject.

A MEMORIAL VOLUME RECOMMENDED

A further suggestion, which appeals with force to your Commission, is that there should be provided for, to be published by the State of New York, a suitable memorial volume, to be issued as soon as practicable after the celebration, which shall contain a general report of your Commission; a report of the celebration and memorial exercises; a suitable

historical sketch of the Champlain region; a bibliography of the works of Champlain and works relating to him; a cartography of Lake Champlain; and such other features as may be determined upon.

APPROVAL OF THE EXECUTIVE EXPRESSED IN THE ANNUAL MESSAGE TO THE LEGISLATURE

That the Governor of New York State heartily approves of the proposed celebration is shown in his message transmitted to the Legislature on January 1st last.

"Fitting preparation," he said, "should be made for the celebration in the year 1909 of the 300th anniversary of the discovery of Lake Champlain. This," he adds, "is an event of interstate and international importance, and a Commission representing this State is co-operating with a Vermont Commission in perfecting suitable plans. It is hoped that the Federal Government will give assistance, and that through its offices the Government of the Dominion of Canada and the Republic of France will be invited to participate."

THE VERMONT COMMISSION

The Vermont Commission, it should be noted, was created by the act of the Vermont Legislature, session of 1906–1907. It is officially designated "The Lake Champlain Tercentenary Commission of Vermont," and is constituted as follows: *Chairman*, His Excellency the Hon. Fletcher D. Proctor, Governor of Vermont; *Chairman pro tem.*, Walter E. Howard, Middlebury; *Secretary*, Lynn M. Hays, No. 196 Main street, Burlington; and Messrs. Horace W. Bailey, Newbury; M. D. McMahon, Burlington; R. W. McCuen, Vergennes; and Walter H. Crockett, St. Albans. This Commission, it may be observed, is a permanent organization for the accomplishment of the object for which it was created; with power to enter into and perfect arrangements with a similar Commission representing New York State, when it shall have been created; and to plan, superintend and carry out the proposed celebration and erection of a memorial on the part of Vermont.

POPULAR INTEREST IN THE MATTER

As the public, not only in New York State and Vermont, but in neighboring States as well, have learned of these preliminary preparations, great interest has been shown in the matter.

In Vermont the press very generally has joined in expressions of approval of the project. The Vermont Commission has been prompt to signify its readiness to co-operate in every way possible with New York. Its sub-committee, consisting of the Hon. Walter E. Howard, *Chairman;* Messrs. Lynn M. Hays and Walter H. Crockett, have reported a resolution in which they " recommend to the Vermont Commission that the 300th anniversary of the discovery of Lake Champlain by Samuel Champlain be celebrated in a manner fitting the occasion by the State of Vermont, acting in conjunction with the State of New York." The full Vermont Commission have also planned to organize a publicity bureau for the purpose of creating sentiment in the interests of the proposed celebration.

In New York State, also, the press in many sections has shown marked interest in and approval of the project. So, too, have various patriotic and historical societies.

ACTION OF PATRIOTIC SOCIETIES

The following resolutions, adopted by the Daughters of the American Revolution, Buffalo Chapter, on November 22, 1907, were officially endorsed by the New York State Conference, National Society Daughters of the American Revolution, and in substance have been adopted by several other of the patriotic societies having chapters in this State:

WHEREAS, Buffalo Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, has learned with deep interest of the preliminary steps taken by the State of New York, regarding a contemplated celebration jointly with the State of Vermont and Province of Quebec, of the discovery and first exploration of Lake Champlain, said suggested celebration to occur on the 300th anniversary of the discovery, in July, 1909; and

WHEREAS, We regard this discovery, and the events flowing therefrom, as of paramount importance in the history of this State. In the Colonial, as in the Revolutionary period and that of the War of 1812, the valley of Lake Champlain was the theater of many stirring operations and decisive engagements. With its beautiful waters, its hills and headlands, its storied islands and ruined fortifications, the annals and traditions of the Daughters of the American Revolution are intimately woven; therefore

Resolved, That we, members of the Buffalo Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, hereby urge upon the Legislature of the State of New York the desirability of heartily endorsing the proposed plan of celebration;

Resolved, That in our view it is especially desirable that in connection with the proposed celebration, one or more of the historic sites in the Champlain Valley be acquired by the State of New York for the suitable preservation of its landmarks and the enjoyment of the public; or that, if this should not prove feasible, that the erection of some permanent memorial be included in the action of the State.

The following letter from the Secretary of the Society of Colonial Wars in the State of New York, further indicates the interest that has been aroused and the co-operation which awaits the action of your honorable body:

SOCIETY OF THE COLONIAL WARS IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK,
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY, ROOM 62,
45 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK,
February 20, 1908.

Hon. HENRY W. HILL, *Chairman of the Sub-Committee, New York Lake Champlain Tercentenary Commission, Senate Chamber, Albany, N. Y.:*

DEAR SIR.— I have the honor to transmit to you the following resolution adopted by this Society through the Council:

WHEREAS, The Society of Colonial Wars in the State of New York has been informed of the proposed celebration jointly by the States of New York and Vermont, and the Province of Quebec, in commemoration of the discovery of Lake Champlain, to occur on the 300th anniversary thereof in July, 1909;

Now, therefore, be it Resolved, That the Society of Colonial Wars in the State of New York hereby declares that it is in hearty sympathy with such proposed celebration and that it is its intention to hold a reunion at Lake Champlain in

connection therewith in July, 1909, and that it appoint a committee to confer as to the management therefor.

Yours very truly,

HENRY GANSEVOORT SANFORD,

Secretary.

Other organizations as well, especially the historical and patriotic societies represented in the Champlain Valley, have expressed their ardent interest in the project and willingness to co-operate as may be desired.

HISTORIC IMPORTANCE OF THE CHAMPLAIN REGION

Your honorable body are familiar in general with the historic importance of the region in which it is proposed to hold this celebration and erect a memorial. It may be permitted, however, on the part of your Commission to direct especial attention in this report to a few features of its history, which endow the Champlain Valley with extraordinary importance in the annals of New York State.

The entrance into the valley which now bears his name by the great explorer, Samuel Champlain, in July, 1609, constitutes the opening of the first chapter in the history of New York State.

It antedated by some months the discovery and exploration of the Hudson river, and it resulted in a sequence of events extending over a century and a half, in delivering the region which is now the great commonwealth of New York from its condition of aboriginal darkness. After Champlain came the missionary, and with him and after him there came the trader; and presently from Lake Champlain to the Niagara river the power of France strove with that of England for the control of what is now New York State.

Your Commission would call your particular attention to the extraordinary significance of the anniversary which it is desired to celebrate.

In discovering the lake that bears his name, Champlain also discovered the region that became New York State.

He was the first white man to behold any portion of our State, or to set foot therein.

His visit in July, 1609, was not only the beginning of recorded history in New York State, but of a new era for the Western continent.

FIRST CHRISTIAN WORSHIP IN VERMONT

For many years after this initial voyage the waters of the Champlain Valley were the highway of many expeditions notable in Colonial history. None was more notable than that which in the summer of 1666 erected on Isle La Motte the old Fort Ste. Anne, and set up there the first Christian altar in what is now the State of Vermont. Throughout the following years of Indian warfare many a desperate enterprise occurred in this valley; and later, as the English colonists to the South found themselves in opposition to the power of France in Canada, the passing years saw an endless succession of war expeditions up and down the valley.

CROWN POINT AND TICONDEROGA

Towards the end of the period of French control of the Champlain region, in 1731, the French made their most southern fortifications at what is now known as Crown Point. When your Commission visited this historic site, it found, in a most interesting state of preservation, not only the ruins of British military constructions, but of the earlier French outlines. The territory covered by these landmarks, or identified with them, passed from the ownership of New York State to Union and Columbia Colleges. The property was partitioned in 1812, and in 1828 the trustees of Columbia College deeded the property to Sylvester Churchill. It subsequently passed through various hands, and is now owned by Mr. Fred Nadeau, who resides in the neighborhood.

Similarly at Ticonderoga, where your Commission carefully inspected the ruins, one finds reminders alike of American, of British and of French occupancy. The title of Ticonderoga may be said to have been successively vested in the Indian aborigines, in the French down to 1759,

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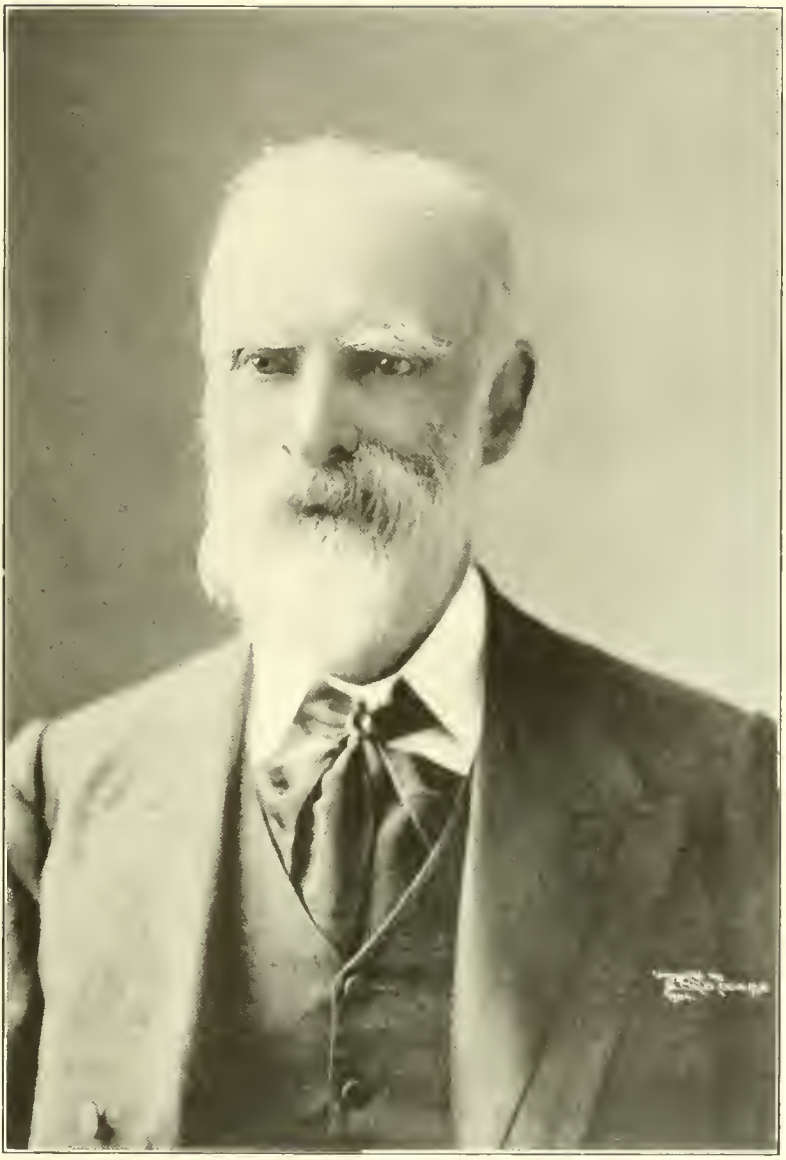
AMBASSADOR J. J. JUSSERAND



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RT. HON. JAMES BRYCE

British Ambassador

in the English to 1775, with changing fortunes to the end of the Revolution; then (after perhaps a period of Federal control), in the State of New York, the Regents of the University, and Columbia and Union Colleges. In 1818, Mr. William F. Pell purchased the property of some five hundred acres, including the old ruins and fortifications, from the two colleges mentioned, since which date it has been in the possession of his family, the ownership at present being vested in five of his descendants.

HISTORIC ASSOCIATIONS

That the places included in the proposed celebration are rich in historic associations may be judged by citing a few of the many significant facts that might be presented.

Sandy Point on Isle La Motte, near the outlet of the lake, holds the ruins of Fort Ste. Anne, the first spot in which mass was said in the present State of Vermont. Its military associations under the French include the names of de Tracy, Lévis, Bourlamaque and Bougainville. Of even more significance is it in the annals of the Roman Catholic church. The great missionary, Dollier de Casson, ministered to the garrison there in 1667; and later three famous Jesuits, Fathers Frémin, Pierron and Bruyas, labored there. In 1892 the site of the old fort was bought by the Rev. de Goesbriand, first bishop of Burlington, with a further purchase in 1895. A chapel with a statue of Ste. Anne, a great cross and other structures were erected and blessed. It is a point of religious pilgrimage, and yearly on the feast of Ste. Anne, July 26th, thousands of devout pilgrims visit the spot to pray at the shrine, where are preserved relics of Ste. Anne and the Virgin.

IN DEFENSE OF NEW YORK'S RIGHTS

Of surpassing interest to the American student and an especial source of pride to the resident of New York State, are the expeditions sent out by the feeble Colony of New York to maintain their rights against the encroachments or murderous incursions of the French and Indian allies

to the north. When these enemies burned Schenectady and slaughtered its inhabitants in February, 1690, New York was stirred to a just retaliation; and it was through the Champlain Valley that John Schuyler (grandfather of Philip Schuyler of Revolutionary fame) led his little force, in a fleet of bark canoes, against the enemy in Canada. His men were few, but they struck a sturdy blow for the rights of New York.

In 1691, Major Peter Schuyler led still another expedition against the hostile settlements, also by the Lake Champlain route. Numerous other expeditions followed, in subsequent years. The annals of Colonial New York show how, time and time again, Lake Champlain was both highway and battle-ground where the rights of New York were defended and established.

EXPLOITS IN THREE WARS

Lake Champlain throughout its whole length was the theater of important engagements and expeditions during the Revolutionary War. One needs but to mention Ethan Allen at Ticonderoga, Seth Warner at Crown Point, Benedict Arnold at St. John's. The battle which the latter fought October 11, 1776, near Valcour Island, off Plattsburgh, was one of the earliest naval battles in our history, and one of the most heroic. The wreck of one of Arnold's vessels, the *Royal Savage*, still lies near Valcour Island.

Plattsburgh and Cumberland Bay are memorable for engagements in the War of 1812, both on land and lake. Here it was, September 11, 1814, that Macdonough won a brilliant victory over the British squadron under Downie. It was one of the decisive engagements which brought that war to a close with credit to the Americans.

As one passes up the lake to the south, the points of historic significance multiply; and recall, besides the later wars, the old French war with the exploits of "Rogers the Ranger;" the defense of Ticonderoga by Montcalm (July 8, 1758), when Abercromby stormed the works only to retire, crestfallen and exhausted, with a loss of some 2,000 men. The next year, again in July (23d) British arms at Ticonderoga under Amherst scored a victory, and virtually ended the dominion of the

French in the valley; and British it remained until that May morning (the 10th) in 1775, when Col. Ethan Allen made his sudden advent and demanded its surrender " in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress."

Crown Point, the old French Fort Frédéric, is peculiarly a landmark to the student, for it was not only the southernmost outpost of the French of Canada, but as early as 1742 it was reported to be, " with the exception of Quebec, the strongest work held by the French in Canada." Furthermore, it was of great strategic importance, for it commanded the open highway between French and English North America. Abandoned by the French in 1759, it was occupied by Gen. Amherst (August 1st), who gathered there 15,000 troops, and rebuilt it, stronger than before. During the Revolution the Americans held it until Burgoyne with 7,000 troops invested it (June 27, 1777), when the Americans abandoned it and retired to Ticonderoga.

LANDMARKS THAT SHOULD BE PRESERVED

That the preservation of historic sites within our own boundaries meets the approval of the American people, and is a source of satisfaction to them, is proved by innumerable instances. Never do we hear any advocacy in favor of abandoning sites already acquired and suitably cared for, either by State or Nation. But very often do we hear regret expressed that more sites, rich in historic associations, have not been thus acquired and safeguarded for the future.

Of no points in New York State is this regret oftener expressed, than in regard to Crown Point and Ticonderoga. Indeed, the scenic beauties of these places would win for them approval as public parks, even had they no historic associations. But in addition to their great natural beauty, and comparative accessibility for large numbers of people, they offer to the visitor a wealth of historic association equaled by few if any other spots in our State.

The ruins at Crown Point are the best preserved examples in America of the military construction of their day and kind.

WHAT IT IS PROPOSED TO CELEBRATE

In the view of your Commission, the events above mentioned are a few of the many occurring in the valley of Lake Champlain which make it a worthy scene of a notable memorial celebration. We would celebrate the tercentenary of its discovery; but that anniversary, which falls July, 1909, is also a fitting occasion for recalling, in speech and written record, in festival and in pageant, some of the other nation-building events in the three centuries of history of that region. For several of those events, as our report has shown, the month of July is the anniversary time, as well as of that first voyage through the lake by the explorer. In 1909, too, we would celebrate the 100th anniversary of the introduction of steam navigation on Lake Champlain. For more than a century this lake has been a part of New York State's system of improved waterways, and for 89 years it has been joined by canal with the canal system of the State and the Hudson river.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN IN LITERATURE

One needs but to turn to the literature of travel and description to find abundant records of the Champlain Valley in the narratives of travelers, especially Europeans. For many years, because of its beauty, its history, and its directness or convenience, the tour through Lake Champlain was a favorite one with foreign as well as American travelers. Peter Kalm, the famous Swedish botanist, describes at length his visit to the valley in 1749. Isaac Weld and John Maude, English artists, who traveled in America at the close of the eighteenth century, describe it at length. Dr. Timothy Dwight, the famous president of Yale College, made elaborate record of its conditions as he found them in 1798.

Shortly after the close of the War of 1812, an English officer, Lieutenant Francis Hall, of the 14th Light Dragoons, traveled through the Champlain Valley and recorded with unusual detail the state of things as they then were. His narrative, printed in London in 1818, is a valued source of information for this particular period.

In 1842, Charles Dickens enjoyed the beauties of the lake tour, and in his "American Notes," in marked contrast to many of his critical comments, he wrote in superlative praise of the steamboat service that he found on Lake Champlain.

PROGRESS OF THE CHAMPLAIN REGION

These and many other travelers who have written of Lake Champlain have left a valuable record of conditions as they were at different periods. We have a picture of the lake when its shores were practically all wilderness. We see the bark canoe followed in turn by the rude batteau, the heavy sloop, then by various sail-craft; later by the pioneer steamboat, and finally by the era of modern travel and conveyance, whether for passenger or freight, whether for business or pleasure, with all the useful appliances of steam and electricity.

Even more striking has been the evolution of the shores, where the remote pioneer settlements have been succeeded by scores of thriving communities.

The Champlain Valley embraces a populous and progressive portion of the Empire State. Our citizens in that valley have a just pride in its past, and are ready to promote in any way possible, such commemorative celebration as the State may determine upon.

NEW YORK AND CHAMPLAIN

New York State has never erected any memorial to the great explorer who first reached her shores.

So far as your Commission is aware, the only monument to Samuel Champlain that has been erected in the United States is the modest but creditable statue unveiled in the village of Champlain in this State on July 4, 1907. The exercises included impressive religious services, a parade, military drills, etc., and a formal unveiling of the statue. Thousands of visitors shared in the exercises, especially those of French-American ancestry, whose pride and enthusiasm indicate the ardent

indorsement which may be expected from this source for the proposed tercentenary celebration.

CHAMPLAIN ANNIVERSARIES ELSEWHERE

Already the Dominion of Canada is preparing for a fitting celebration, the coming summer, of the 300th anniversary of the founding of Quebec.

Your honorable body will recall that the Maritime Provinces of Canada held a most successful celebration in June, 1904, of the 300th anniversary of the founding of Port Royal and other events associated with Champlain, who first entered the Bay of Fundy in June, 1604. The memorial and festive features of this tercentenary celebration, so happily carried out by the people of New Brunswick, awakened very general interest.

The events of 1608, which the Dominion of Canada proposes to celebrate in 1908, stimulate and extend this popular interest, and direct attention in a marked degree to the historical importance of those events of 1609 which we recommend for distinguished observance by New York State in 1909.

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE ANNIVERSARY OF 1909

Your Commission respectfully submit the foregoing report to the consideration of the Legislature of New York. The anniversary, which we desire shall be suitably observed, has great significance. Important as it is to the student of history, it makes a wider and stronger appeal to that large body of our citizens whose forefathers fought in the wars of the Champlain region, or were among the pioneers who transformed it from the wilderness.

But chief of all the considerations which we urge upon your attention is the international character of the proposed celebration. The history of the Champlain valley belongs to the history of three great nations, whose cordial relations we believe will be promoted by the suitable observance of this significant date.

RECOMMENDATION

To that end your Commission, after careful investigation, reaches the conclusion that the 300th anniversary of the discovery of Lake Champlain, should be suitably celebrated by New York State; and to that end we respectfully recommend the enactment of the following bill:

AN ACT TO PROVIDE FOR THE CELEBRATION OF THE TERCENTENARY OF THE DISCOVERY OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN, THE APPOINTMENT OF A COMMISSION, PRESCRIBING ITS POWERS AND DUTIES AND MAKING AN APPROPRIATION THEREFOR.

The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

SECTION 1. The governor shall appoint five citizens of this state, the president pro tempore of the senate shall appoint three members of the senate, and the speaker of the assembly shall appoint three members of the assembly, who shall constitute and be known as the commission for the public celebration of the tercentenary of the discovery of Lake Champlain. The members of such commission shall serve without pay but shall receive their necessary traveling and other expenses.

SEC. 2. The object of such commission shall be to plan and conduct a public celebration of the tercentenary of the discovery of Lake Champlain by Samuel Champlain in the month of July, sixteen hundred and nine, and such other historical events following such discovery as such commission may deem of general public interest or worthy of commemoration.

SEC. 3. Such commission shall organize by electing a chairman, secretary, treasurer and such other officers as it may deem necessary; and may adopt such rules and regulations as it may deem proper for carrying into effect the purposes for which it is created, and shall have power to enter into negotiations and co-operate with the state of Vermont, the government of the United States, the Dominion of Canada and the Province of Quebec, or either or any of them, and with the various patriotic and historical societies of the state and nation, in such celebration and may appoint committees of citizens from the various municipalities of the state. Such commission shall also have the power, either by itself or in co-operation with the state of Vermont, the government of the United States, the Dominion of Canada and the Province of Quebec, or any or either of them, to erect a suitable permanent memorial to the said Samuel Champlain, in the valley

of Lake Champlain. Such commission may also appoint committees from its members and may employ such assistants as it may deem necessary, fix their compensation and define their powers and duties within the provisions of this act.

SEC. 4. Such commission shall audit and pay all bills and expenses incurred under this act and file the vouchers therefor with the comptroller of the state; keep an accurate record of all its proceedings and transactions, and shall submit to the legislature of nineteen hundred and ten a full and complete report thereof. It shall have no power or authority to contract for the expenditure of any sum in excess of the amount herein appropriated, except such funds as have actually been paid into its treasury by public or private contribution for the erection of a memorial as herein provided, and it shall keep an accurate account of the receipt and disbursement of such contributions, if any, and include the same in its report to the legislature.

SEC. 5. The sum of one hundred thousand dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary, is hereby appropriated, out of any moneys not otherwise appropriated, for the purposes of this act, and payments shall be made by the state treasurer to the treasurer of such commission on the warrant of the state comptroller on the requisition of the chairman of such commission. In addition to the sum herein appropriated, the commission is authorized and empowered to receive and expend public and private contributions for any of the purposes hereinbefore set forth.

SEC. 6. This act shall take effect immediately.

The foregoing is respectfully submitted.

CHARLES E. HUGHES.
LEWIS STUYVESANT CHANLER.
HENRY W. HILL.
JOHN C. R. TAYLOR.
J. W. WADSWORTH, JR.
ALONSON T. DOMINY.
JAMES A. FOLEY.
FRANK S. WITHERBEE.
JOHN H. BOOTH.

FRANK H. SEVERANCE,
Secretary.

ALBANY, *March* 23, 1908.

HON. RODOLPHE LEMIEUX

SIR LOMER GOUIN

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LIEUTENANT DE VAISSEAU BENOIST D'AZY
OF THE FRENCH EMBASSY

IV. FEDERAL RECOGNITION AND AID

IV. FEDERAL RECOGNITION AND AID

NOTE HAS ALREADY BEEN MADE of the joint action of the first New York Commission and the Vermont Commission, prior to March, 1908. On December 4, 1907, Messrs. Hill and Witherbee of the New York Commission, and Hays and Crockett of the Vermont Commission, visited the Secretary of State, the Hon. Elihu Root, at Washington. At the conference which he granted to the Commissioners were also present Senators Proctor and Dillingham, and Representative David J. Foster. Mr. Root listened attentively to the project as outlined to him, and expressed his approval and his willingness to recommend a suitable appropriation for the entertainment of representatives of Great Britain and France. Under date of April 10, 1908, a joint memorial, signed by all the members of both Commissions, was sent to the Secretary of State. It embodied the report and recommendations of the first New York Commission, as already printed in these pages. The memorial stated that a sub-committee of the Vermont Commission had called on President Roosevelt, who gave to the project his hearty support. It further stated that the amount of appropriation recommended by the New York Senate Finance Committee was $50,000, or so much thereof as might be necessary, in place of $100,000 as stated in the first draft of the bill; and it concluded with the following request:

In view of the international character of the event which it is proposed to celebrate, your commission feel that it is desirable to include in the celebration, as guests of the United States, representatives of France, Great Britain, and Canada. It is also especially desired, and your memorialists most respectfully ask, that suitable provision be made for attendance at said celebration, or participation therein, of such civil, military, and naval representatives of the government of the United States as may be hereafter designated. In accordance with the suggestion made on the occasion of the visit of the sub-committee representing the two states, that the matter of inviting and entertaining representatives of France, Great Britain, and Canada be under the direction of the Department of State, and that the United

States government make adequate provision therefor, we, the undersigned members of the two commissions, hereby respectfully request that you lay this matter before the President and Congress of the United States, with such recommendation as may seem advisable.

In the hope that action may be taken at the present session of Congress, we do respectfully subscribe ourselves. * * *

The memorial was referred to the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, but because of the lateness of the date no action was taken at that session. At the second session of the 60th Congress, February 15, 1909, Mr. Foster of Vermont, from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, submitted a report which reviewed the action already taken by the two States most concerned, and recited at length the facts which were deemed to warrant a Federal appropriation for purposes of entertainment in connection with the proposed celebration. On the recommendation of the committee, a bill was passed, appropriating $20,000 for the purposes specified.

H. WALLACE KNAPP

Chairman of New York Commission

V. LEGISLATION AND ORGANIZATION

HENRY W. HILL

Secretary of New York Commission

V. LEGISLATION AND ORGANIZATION

THE LEGISLATIVE ACT which created a commission endowed with power to organize and carry out the proposed celebration, became a law April 22, 1908, and is Chapter 149 of the Laws of 1908, as follows:

CHAPTER 149, LAWS OF 1908

AN ACT TO PROVIDE FOR THE CELEBRATION OF THE TERCENTENARY OF THE DISCOVERY OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN, THE APPOINTMENT OF A COMMISSION, PRESCRIBING ITS POWERS AND DUTIES AND MAKING AN APPROPRIATION THEREFOR.

Became a law April 22, 1908, with the approval of the Governor. Passed, three-fifths being present.

The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

SECTION 1. The governor shall appoint five citizens of this state, the president pro tempore of the senate shall appoint three members of the senate, and the speaker of the assembly shall appoint three members of the assembly, who shall constitute and be known as the Lake Champlain tercentenary commission. The members of such commission shall serve without pay but shall receive their actual and necessary traveling and other expenses, in the performance of their official duties.

SEC. 2. The object of such commission shall be to plan and conduct a public celebration of the tercentenary of the discovery of Lake Champlain by Samuel Champlain in the month of July, sixteen hundred and nine.

SEC. 3. Such commission shall organize by electing a chairman, secretary, treasurer and such other officers as it may deem necessary; and may adopt such rules and regulations as it may deem proper for carrying into effect the purposes for which it is created, and shall have power to enter into negotiations and co-operate with the state of Vermont, the government of the United States, the Dominion of Canada and the province of Quebec, or either or any of them. Such commission shall also have the power, either by itself or in co-operation with the

state of Vermont, the government of the United States, the Dominion of Canada and the province of Quebec, or any or either of them, to erect a suitable permanent memorial to the said Samuel Champlain, in the valley of Lake Champlain. Such commission may also appoint committees from its members and may employ such assistants as it may deem necessary, fix their compensation and define their powers and duties within the provisions of any appropriation made for the commission.

SEC. 4. Moneys appropriated for the commission shall be paid by the treasurer on the warrant of the comptroller, issued upon a requisition signed by the president and secretary of the commission, accompanied by an estimate of the expenses for the payment of which the money so drawn is to be applied, and vouchers for such expenditures shall be filed with the comptroller, who shall audit the same. The commission shall keep an accurate record of all its proceedings and transactions, and shall submit to the legislature of nineteen hundred and ten a full and complete report thereof. Within thirty days thereafter the commission shall make a verified report to the comptroller of the disbursements made by it and return to the treasurer the unexpended balance of any money drawn in pursuance of this act. It shall have no power or authority to contract for the expenditure of any sum in excess of the amount herein appropriated, except such funds as have actually been paid into its treasury by public or private contribution for the erection of a memorial as herein provided, and it shall keep an accurate account of the receipt and disbursement of such contributions, if any, and include the same in its report to the legislature.

SEC. 5. This act shall take effect immediately.

Chapter 465 of the Laws of 1908, being a general appropriation act for the support of government, contained the following provision:

For the Lake Champlain tercentenary commission, thirty-five thousand dollars ($35,000), which shall be available on the first day of October, nineteen hundred eight, and the further sum of fifteen thousand dollars ($15,000), which shall become available on and after January first, nineteen hundred nine.

By Chapter 433 of the Laws of 1909, there was also appropriated the sum of $75,000 for the Lake Champlain Tercentenary Commission and in that chapter was inserted the following provision:

Any unexpended balance of such appropriation, after payment of the expenses of said commission, and any moneys derived from the sale of any property held by such commission, as well as all funds paid into its treasury by public or private

WALTER C. WITHERBEE

Treasurer of New York Commission

contributions for the erection of a permanent memorial to Samuel de Champlain in the valley of Lake Champlain, shall be aggregated and kept as a special fund to be known as the Samuel de Champlain Memorial Fund, to be used by said commission in co-operation with the State of Vermont, the government of the United States, the Dominion of Canada, the Province of Quebec, and various patriotic societies, or any or either of them, in the erection of a suitable permanent memorial to Samuel de Champlain in the valley of Lake Champlain.

Subsequently — March 18, 1910 — the act of 1908 above printed was amended as follows:

CHAPTER 44, LAWS OF 1910

AN ACT TO AMEND CHAPTER ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-NINE OF THE LAWS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHT, ENTITLED "AN ACT TO PROVIDE FOR THE CELEBRATION OF THE TERCENTENARY OF THE DISCOVERY OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN, THE APPOINTMENT OF A COMMISSION, PRESCRIBING ITS POWERS AND DUTIES AND MAKING AN APPROPRIATION THEREFOR," IN RELATION TO THE POWER OF THE COMMISSION AND EXTENDING THE TIME FOR MAKING ITS REPORT TO THE LEGISLATURE.

Became a law March 18, 1910, with the approval of the Governor. Passed, three-fifths being present.

The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

SECTION 1. Section four of chapter one hundred and forty-nine of the laws of nineteen hundred and eight, entitled "An act to provide for the celebration of the tercentenary of the discovery of Lake Champlain, the appointment of a commission, prescribing its powers and duties and making an appropriation therefor," is hereby amended to read as follows:

SEC. 4. Moneys appropriated for the commission, shall be paid by the treasurer on the warrant of the comptroller, issued upon a requisition signed by the president and secretary of the commission, accompanied by an estimate of the expenses for the payment of which the money so drawn is to be applied, and vouchers for such expenditures shall be filed with the comptroller, who shall audit the same. Any unexpended balance of such appropriation after payment of the expenses of said commission, and any moneys derived from the sale of any property held by such commission, as well as all funds paid into its treasury by public or private contributions for the erection of a permanent memorial to Samuel

de Champlain in the valley of Lake Champlain, shall be aggregated and kept as a special fund to be known as the Samuel de Champlain Memorial Fund, to be used by said commission acting independently or in co-operation with the state of Vermont, the government of the United States, the Dominion of Canada, the province of Quebec, and various patriotic societies, or any or either of them, in the erection of a suitable permanent memorial to Samuel de Champlain in the valley of Lake Champlain. The commission shall keep an accurate record of all its proceedings and transactions, and shall submit to the legislature of nineteen hundred and eleven a full and complete report thereof. Within thirty days thereafter the commission shall make a verified report to the comptroller of the disbursements made by it. It shall have no power or authority to contract for the expenditure of any sum in excess of the amount heretofore appropriated, except such funds as have actually been paid into its treasury by public or private contribution for the erection of a memorial as herein provided, and it shall keep an accurate account of the receipts and disbursements of such contributions, if any, and include the same in its report to the legislature.

SEC. 2. This act shall take effect immediately.

See supplementary chapter 181 of the laws of 1911 on pp. 349–350 *infra*.

In compliance with the statute, Governor Hughes appointed, as members of said Commission, the following:

WALTER C. WITHERBEE - - - - - - -	Port Henry, N. Y.
JOHN H. BOOTH - - - - - - - - -	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
JOHN B. RILEY - - - - - - - - - -	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
LOUIS C. LAFONTAINE - - - - - - -	Champlain, N. Y.
HOWLAND PELL - - - - - - - - - -	New York City.

The president *pro tempore* of the Senate appointed the following:

H. WALLACE KNAPP. - - - - - - - -	Mooers, N. Y.
HENRY W. HILL - - - - - - - - -	Buffalo, N. Y.
JAMES J. FRAWLEY - - - - - - - - -	New York City.

The Speaker of the Assembly appointed the following:

JAMES SHEA - - - - - - - - - - -	Lake Placid, N. Y.
JAMES A. FOLEY - - - - - - - - -	New York City.
ALONSON T. DOMINY. - - - - - - - -	Beekmantown, N. Y.

The Hon. Alonson T. Dominy died on September 9, 1908, without having served on this Commission, and the Hon. William R. Weaver

JAMES J. FRAWLEY

Member of New York Commission

of Peru was appointed in his stead. At a subsequent meeting, on motion of Commissioner Riley, seconded by Commissioner Booth, the following minute on the death of Mr. Dominy was adopted, and a copy ordered sent to his widow:

The members of the New York Lake Champlain Tercentenary Commission sincerely mourn the untimely death of Alonson T. Dominy and tender his bereaved family their heartfelt sympathy.

His noble traits of character early attracted attention. He was entrusted with many important public duties in the performance of which he rendered a distinct public service. Always the friend of the poor and unfortunate, his charity knew neither race nor creed. Loved and respected by all, his death is an irreparable loss to the Commission and to the State.

At the first meeting, held in Plattsburgh, August 13, 1908, organization was effected by the choice of Hon. H. Wallace Knapp as permanent chairman, Senator Henry W. Hill as secretary, and Hon. Walter C. Witherbee as treasurer.

At a subsequent meeting, after conferring with the State Comptroller, Mr. Witherbee was also made auditor for the Commission.

At early meetings of the Commission, the following committees were constituted:

Parades: Messrs. Riley, Booth and Colonel Cowles, U. S. A.
Transportation: Messrs. Witherbee, Riley and Heard.
Indian Pageant: Messrs. Lafontaine, Knapp and Myers.
Banquet: Messrs. Frawley, Witherbee, Riley, Knapp and Burdick.
Literary and Speakers: Messrs. Hill, Riley and Foley.
Reception and Government Guests: Messrs. Knapp and the Commission as a whole.
Naval Parades: Messrs. Weaver, Pell, Shea and Commodore Wadhams.
State Troops: Messrs. Pell, Weaver and Adjutant-General Henry, of the State of New York.
Fireworks: Messrs. Foley, Booth and Myers.
Decorations: Messrs. Shea, Riley, Booth, Cummings, Witherbee and Burdick.
Invitations: Messrs. Booth, Hill, Shea and Lafontaine.
Commissary: Messrs. Witherbee, Loomis and Shea.

Badges: Messrs. Hill, Hays and Smith.
Publicity: Messrs. Hill, Frawley, Shea, Foley and Weaver.
Entertainment: Messrs. Riley, Booth, Cummings, Higgins, Witherbee and Lafontaine.
Music: Messrs. Foley, Witherbee and Lafontaine.

Other special committees were created from time to time, as occasion demanded.

The completed Commissions of the two States which took up the work of the celebration, were as follows:

LAKE CHAMPLAIN TERCENTENARY COMMISSION OF NEW YORK

H. WALLACE KNAPP, Chairman	Mooers, N. Y.
HENRY W. HILL, Secretary, 511 Mutual Life Building	Buffalo, N. Y.
WALTER C. WITHERBEE, Treasurer	Port Henry, N. Y.
JAMES SHEA	Lake Placid, N. Y.
JOHN H. BOOTH	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
LOUIS C. LAFONTAINE	Champlain, N. Y.
JAMES J. FRAWLEY, 21 Park Row	New York City.
JAMES A. FOLEY, 314 East 19th Street	New York City.
JOHN B. RILEY	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
HOWLAND PELL, 7 Pine Street	New York City.
WILLIAM R. WEAVER	Peru, N. Y.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN TERCENTENARY COMMISSION OF VERMONT

Governor GEORGE H. PROUTY, Chairman	Newport, Vt.
LYNN M. HAYS, Secretary	Burlington, Vt.
FRANK L. FISH, Treasurer	Vergennes, Vt.
WALTER H. CROCKETT	St. Albans, Vt.
HORACE W. BAILEY	Newbury, Vt.
GEORGE T. JARVIS	Rutland, Vt.
JOHN M. THOMAS	Middlebury, Vt.
WILLIAM J. VAN PATTEN	Burlington, Vt.
ARTHUR F. STONE	St. Johnsbury, Vt.
F. O. BEAUPRE	Burlington, Vt.

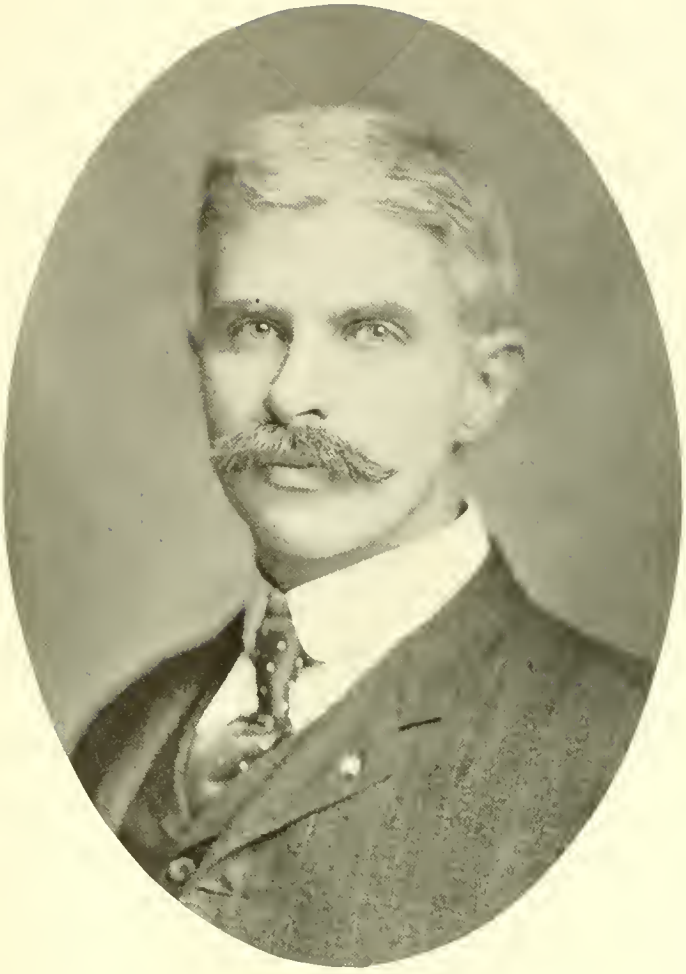
JAMES A. FOLEY

Member of New York Commission

JAMES SHEA

Member of New York Commission

VI. WORK OF THE NEW YORK COMMISSION



WILLIAM R. WEAVER

Member of New York Commission

VI. WORK OF THE NEW YORK COMMISSION

THE COMMISSION took up its work promptly and prosecuted it with diligence. More than thirty meetings were held from August, 1908, to June, 1910. Both as a matter of convenience and in order to familiarize themselves with local conditions, the meetings were held by the Commissioners at various places in the Champlain Valley; and also at Albany and in New York. Numerous joint meetings with the Vermont Commission were held, one of them on November 10, 1908, at Montpelier, and others, later, at Albany, Burlington and Plattsburgh.

Early in its deliberations the Commission recognized that two distinct problems awaited its action. They were, first, to provide for a suitable celebration of the historic anniversaries connected with the Champlain region; and second, a no less important function was to bring about the erection of a suitable permanent memorial to Champlain. The consideration of both of these matters occupied the attention of the Commission at many of its meetings; but for the purpose of this report the celebration ceremonies will first be reviewed, followed by a summary of the action which has been taken relative to the memorial.

The Commission early in its deliberations recognized that the proposed celebration presented many unusual features, which would tax their ingenuity to provide for. Here were two States, whose local interests were to be equitably considered. On both sides of the lake were numerous communities, each with local claims for consideration, and all to be included in any programme of exercises, whether literary or spectacular. Although local claims were repeatedly urged with much insistence upon the attention of the Commission, and although no little tact and firmness were called for in the adjustment of rival interests, yet it is but fair to say that throughout the two years of its activities, the Commission met the problems as they rose with a judicial disposition and carried through

its tasks to the general satisfaction of the various committees most concerned; while from the viewpoint of the general public the celebration, in its conception, scope of entertainment, and high level of literary contribution, equalled anything of the sort ever undertaken on the American continent.

The details of the Commission's work were multifarious. At early sessions, consideration was had of some of the larger matters which demanded attention, such as effective and economical advertising, negotiations with transportation lines, the securing of attractive amusement features, which should at the same time be appropriate to the occasion and of a dignified character; and the perfection of a literary programme.

As the work of the Commission progressed, the details multiplied, so that in the weeks immediately preceding the event the Commissioners found themselves dealing with such matters as electrical decorations, flag decorations in the various towns to be included in the celebration; the provision of grand stands, and speakers' stands; hotel accommodations for specially invited guests; vehicles for their local transportation and comfort; the employment of detectives and of secret service men on occasions when great crowds were expected; the hiring of bands; employment of official stenographers; the making of provision for Associated Press representatives; the granting of special privileges to photographers; and even, in some cases, making arrangements for the placing of extra cots where hotel accommodations were small; for the lighting of roads with gasoline torches, and the placing of water barrels alongside the way to relieve the thirst of the multitude.

At the second meeting of the Commission, held at the Hotel Belmont, New York city, September 30, 1908, the arrangement of the literary exercises was placed in the hands of a committee headed by Senator Hill; associated with him were Judge Booth and Mr. Lafontaine. They were authorized to arrange programmes for the exercises at the different places on the lake. This committee, realizing the importance of the duty thus laid upon it, sought to secure the co-operation, not only of several of America's foremost literary men, but of the highest official

HOWLAND PELL.

Member of New York Commission

representatives of the nations and states concerned. This committee recognized the great scope presented by the history of the Champlain Valley and sought to include in the exercises suitable recognition of the several great historic events of the region. The ceremonies were to commemorate not merely the three hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the lake, but a remarkable chain of events following that discovery, which were of great significance in the history of three nations. Especially was the Revolutionary period rich in incident, including the military engagements in which Arnold's vessel, the *Royal Savage*, was sunk near Valcour island; and the renowned capture of Ticonderoga by Ethan Allen.

Crown Point and Ticonderoga recall to the student the early strife of French and Indian; then comes the British supremacy on the lake; later still, Plattsburgh and Cumberland Bay are memorable for engagements in the War of 1812; and it was the purpose of this committee to recognize the significance of each of these events and to pay proper tribute to the gallantry alike of French and British, and of the American patriots.

Among the specially invited guests were several to whom peculiar interest attached. They included Samuel Verplanck Hoffman, president of the New York Historical Society, who has in his possession the original astrolabe of Champlain. Another gentleman, whose attendance was asked, was the Hon. S. A. Beaman of Malone, late county judge of Franklin county, New York, whose grandfather piloted Ethan Allen into Fort Ticonderoga on the memorable day of its capture. Among the bidden guests were also Commodore J. W. Moore, United States Navy, retired; Rodney Macdonough, a descendant of Commodore Macdonough; Major-General and Mrs. Fred D. Grant; and the Hon. George Clinton of Buffalo, a grandson of DeWitt Clinton, father of the canal system of New York State.

Mr. Witherbee of the Commission, associated with Mr. Myers, was charged with the duty of extending the official and other special invitations. They visited Washington and made the necessary arrangements that through the State Department invitations should be sent to the diplomatic representatives of France and Great Britain and the Premier and

Governor-General of Canada and to the Premiers and Lieutenant-Governors of the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. The mayors of many American and Canadian cities were also invited.

Prior to the celebration the New York Commission held some two score meetings. During the winter of 1908–9 the Commission usually met at Albany. Alexander R. Smith, Esq., of New York, was employed to assist in the work of the Commission, and was of great service in many ways to the Commission. On May 5, 1909, a meeting was held at Ticonderoga, where the Commission visited the historic spots to select sites for pageants, grand stands, etc. The following day the Commission visited Plattsburgh. On May 31st, at Burlington, a joint meeting was held with the Vermont Commission. Numerous meetings were held in June at Plattsburgh and, as the celebration week approached, at Hotel Champlain, which became for the time being headquarters for the Commission.

Of the mass of details which were considered and perfected at these meetings, a few only need be specifically mentioned.

It was decided at an early date to lay especial stress upon the religious features of the anniversary, and Commissioner Lafontaine was appointed a committee of one to visit the Archbishop of Quebec and invite him to share in the religious celebration at Isle La Motte on July 4th.

In the report of the celebration which follows, the exercises which were held at various places in the Champlain Valley on that day, are duly recorded. Nothing which the Commission provided as a feature of the celebration proved more satisfactory, alike to the Commission itself and to the people who shared in the services.

The co-operation of Federal troops and of military bodies from the militia of Vermont, the National Guard of New York and from the voluntary military organizations of Canada, was early considered and arranged for by the Commission. Commissioners Witherbee and Pell visited Governor's Island and received assurances of the co-operation of this arm of the Government service so far as circumstances would permit. An invitation was sent to the Fifth Royal Canadian Highlanders, a volunteer Scottish Canadian regiment at Montreal, the Commission

furnishing their transportation. The co-operation and financial assistance of the Federal Government were guaranteed at an early day. Commissioners Walter C. Witherbee and Henry W. Hill were delegated on December 5, 1908, to visit Washington and confer with Federal authorities in regard thereto.

To the secretary of the Commission was delegated in general the supervision of all matters pertaining to publicity. Under this head and with the assistance of special committees, an effective advertising project was entered into, including the advertising of the celebration in street cars in New York and other cities, the printing and distribution of large editions of folders, attractively illustrated and containing much valuable historical information. The services of a press-clipping bureau were enlisted and specially prepared articles were distributed setting forth various features of the occasion. In connection with this work several publications developed of no little literary value. A timely publication of permanent value was "A Chronological History of the Champlain Valley," compiled by Mrs. George Fuller Tuttle of Plattsburgh. Mention should be made of Walter H. Crockett's valuable "History of Lake Champlain," and of "La Grande Semaine," compiled and edited by J. Arthur Favreau, Secretary of the Société Historique Franco-Américaine; "Champlain, a Drama in Three Acts," by J. M. Harper, and "Lake George and Lake Champlain," by W. Max Reid. The July number of the *Travel Magazine* was largely devoted to the history of Lake Champlain and the celebration. Many of the leading newspapers devoted illustrated pages to the subject just prior to the celebration, as did also several of the magazines with popular or more distinctively historical or literary features. The Education Department of New York State recognized the occasion by issuing an attractive and useful pamphlet on the subject. A few days before the celebration began a publicity bureau was organized for co-operation with the members and for the systematic dissemination of reports, the extension of courtesies to representatives of the press, etc. Much of the detail of this work was admirably carried through by Mr. L. E. Shattuck. The Commission caused a commemoration medal to be struck bearing the

conventional portrait of Samuel Champlain on the obverse and a representation of his entrance into the lake on the reverse. A small number of these medals were struck in gold and white metal, but the greater part of them were in bronze. One of the medals and a copy of all printed matter issued by the Commission has been deposited in the State Library at Albany.

Among the many things undertaken in the way of advertising or decoration may be mentioned the five oil portraits of Champlain, painted by Mrs. L. Kirby-Parrish. These were used in decorative designs. After the celebration, one of them was presented by the Commission to Commissioner Lafontaine, one to the Catholic Summer School at Cliff Haven and one to Commissioner Booth, to be given by him to one of the French societies at Plattsburgh.

The general celebration plans recognized the desirability of general co-operation by organized bodies resident in the Champlain region. Labor organizations, fraternal societies, the local granges, and numerous other organizations shared in one phase or another of the celebration. The Plattsburgh Rod and Gun Club arranged a shooting tournament and exhibition of expert team shooting. The sum of $300 was given in prizes for racing contests between sailing or motor boats.

Suitable displays of fireworks were made on successive evenings at Ticonderoga, Crown Point, Plattsburgh and Rouse's Point. In several of the towns local committees raised independent funds for their town celebrations in addition to the work of the State Commission. The citizens of Plattsburgh subscribed $10,000 as an independent fund; Burlington subscribed a like amount, which was doubled by individual subscriptions. Isle La Motte, the smallest of the towns sharing in the general celebration, raised $500 as its contribution to the occasion. At Rouse's Point the local village board appointed committees and made an appropriation for the day. Similar action was taken at other places on the lake. These special funds were devoted usually to decorations and prizes for aquatic races and other contests.

In planning and carrying forward the Tercentenary Celebration, special mention should be made of the co-operation of the people of the

JOHN H. BOOTH

Member of New York Commission

Champlain valley and of the timely suggestions made and valuable assistance rendered in various ways to the Commission by Governor Charles E. Hughes, Lieutenant-Governor Horace White, Major-General Charles F. Roe, Brigadier-General Nelson H. Henry, Adjutant-General; Hon. Jacob M. Dickinson, Secretary of War; Colonel H. O. S. Heistand, Adjutant-General U. S. A.; the United States Senators and Members of Congress from New York and Vermont; Hon. Fletcher D. Proctor, ex-Governor of Vermont; Hon. George H. Prouty, Governor, and other members of the Vermont Tercentenary Commission; Hon. Joseph C. Sibley; Colonel Calvin D. Cowles and Colonel William Paulding, both U. S. A.; the Hon. Frank S. Witherbee, of Port Henry; Hon. Nelson W. Fisk, of Isle La Motte, Vt.; Ira H. Shoemaker, Esq., industrial agent of the D. & H. R. R.; Mr. A. A. Heard, General Passenger Agent of the D. & H. R. R.; Daniel A. Loomis, Superintendent of the Champlain Transportation Company; Hon. John R. Myers, of Rouse's Point; Hon. Andrew S. Draper, Commissioner of Education; Dr. William A. E. Cummings, President of the Ticonderoga Historical Society; Hon. Francis Lynde Stetson, President, and Hon. Benjamin E. Hall, and Edmund Seymour, Esq., of the board of Governors of the Lake Champlain Association; Hon. Victor H. Paltsits, State Historian; Hon. Smith M. Weed of Plattsburgh, Col. Robert M. Thompson of New York, Stephen H. P. Pell, Esq., of New York, Hon. John F. O'Brien, Hon. Thomas F. Conway and many others, including various patriotic societies.

Governor Hughes received the Commissioners on December 5, 1908, listened to their report of progress to that date and of their plans, and gave to the work his hearty endorsement.

The Commission arranged with the trunk lines reaching the valley for round trip excursions at one and one-half fares, with suitable time extension on the tickets. The steamer *Ticonderoga* was engaged for five days and placed wholly at the service of the Commission. The greater part of the Hotel Champlain at Bluff Point was similarly secured by the Commission for its guests.

It was found necessary in some places to repair the docks and at Ticonderoga practically to build a new one. This work was carried out under the direction of the Commission.

By the middle of June these and numberless other details had been satisfactorily arranged. At the suggestion of the Secretary the Commission requested Dr. John M. Clarke, State Geologist, to prepare a paper on the geology of the Champlain valley, to be published with the official report of the celebration.

On May 29th, Secretary Hill announced the completion of the literary programme, giving the schedule of speakers at Crown Point, Ticonderoga, Plattsburgh and other points, and the Banquet Committee announced the progress of arrangements for the banquet to the President at Hotel Champlain. These arrangements, as the following pages record, were ultimately carried out with but little change.

As the work of the two commissions matured, the results attained through their joint efforts were formulated in a bi-State programme of exercises, arranged to be held at the various places on July 4th to 9th, inclusive.

Religious exercises were appointed for Sunday, July 4th, with some devotional features for other days, to be conducted and shared in by distinguished prelates, among them some of the most eminent church dignitaries of Canada and the United States.

The week-day programmes presented a combination of spectacular, musical, patriotic and literary features. The purely spectacular entertainments, many of which were of an historical character, proved highly instructive as well as entertaining to the multitudes. Other features of the programme, which appealed chiefly to the eye, were necessarily of a popular character, but were carried out with exceptional skill and effect.

The participation of the militia of Canada, Vermont and the National Guard of New York, and of detachments of the United States army and navy, was everywhere throughout the week one of the most enjoyable features of the programme.

JOHN B. RILEY

Member of New York Commission

The crowning success, however, lay in the literary offerings and the participation of the executive heads of government. New York and Vermont, and Canada, were thus officially represented; and the presence and utterances of the diplomatic representatives of Great Britain and of France, and of the President of the United States and members of his cabinet, lent to the celebration an extraordinary dignity and significance. Through these high official representatives were heard, as it were, the voices of three great nations offering to each other sincere assurances of esteem and amity. The occasion of such pledges marked in the eyes of the world a new step in the progress of the nations towards the era of peace and good-will.

The official programme of these exercises was as follows:

BI-STATE PROGRAMME OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN TERCENTENARY CELEBRATION EXERCISES

SUNDAY, JULY 4, 1909

Commemoration Exercises will occur in many of the churches in the cities, towns and villages in and about the Lake and elsewhere in the States of New York and Vermont

MONDAY, JULY 5, 1909 — CROWN POINT FORTS, N. Y.

11.00 A. M. Sham Battle.

12.00 NOON. Interval for lunch.

1.30 P. M. Salute by the United States Naval Flotilla to the Governors of New York and Vermont.

2.00 P. M. Indian Pageants, under the leadership of L. O. Armstrong, by the Descendants of the Native Tribes occupying the Champlain Valley.

3.00 P. M. Literary Exercises, including

A Brief Address by Governor Charles E. Hughes.

Historical Addresses by Hon. Seth Low of New York, and Judge Albert C. Barnes of Chicago.

An Original Poem, entitled, "Song for the Tercentenary of Lake Champlain," by Clinton Scollard of Clinton, N. Y.

BI-STATE PROGRAMME — *Continued*

4.30 P. M. Evening parade.
5.00 P. M. Governor and Commissions depart for Ticonderoga.
6.00 P. M. Interval for Supper.
7.45 P. M. Indian Pageants.
9.00 P. M. Fireworks.

TUESDAY, JULY 6, 1909 — TICONDEROGA, N. Y.

7.30 A. M. Departure of Special Guest Train from Albany over the D. & H. R. R. for Ticonderoga and Plattsburgh.

10.00 A. M. Review of 10th Regiment, N. G. N. Y., by Governors Hughes and Prouty.

11.00 A. M. Sham Battle along Old French Lines.

12.00 NOON. Lunch to Guests on Steamer *Ticonderoga.*

1.00 P. M. Literary Exercises at Grand Stand, including brief addresses by Vice-President James S. Sherman, Governor Charles E. Hughes of New York, and Governor George H. Prouty of Vermont.

An Historical Address, entitled, "The Story of Lake Champlain," by Dr. Hamilton W. Mabie of New York.

An Original Ballad, entitled, "Ticonderoga," by Percy MacKaye of Cornish, New Hampshire.

2.30 P. M. Salute to the President of the United States, by the United States Naval Flotilla, and Addresses by President Taft and other distinguished guests.

3.45 P. M. Departure of Presidential Party, Governors Hughes and Prouty, Commissions and invited guests.

4.00 P. M. Indian Pageants.

6.00 P. M. Interval for Supper.

7.45 P. M. Indian Pageants.

8.45 P. M. Fireworks.

LOUIS C. LAFONTAINE

Member of New York Commission

BI-STATE PROGRAMME — *Continued*

WEDNESDAY, JULY 7, 1909 — PLATTSBURGH, N. Y.

9.45 A. M. Address by the President at Cliff Haven.

10.30 A. M. Indian Pageants at Mouth of Saranac River, Plattsburgh.

10.30 A. M. Private Reception by the President to the Representatives of Foreign Governments and Members of the New York Legislature at Hotel Champlain.

12.30 P. M. Luncheon.

1.30 P. M. Special Train, Hotel Champlain for Plattsburgh Barracks.

2.00 P. M. Parade and Review of Military, Civic and Fraternal Organizations at Plattsburgh Barracks.

3.00 P. M. Literary Exercises at Plattsburgh Barracks, including brief addresses by

President William Howard Taft.

The Hon. J. J. Jusserand, the French Ambassador.

Rt. Hon. James Bryce, the British Ambassador.

Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, Postmaster-General of Canada.

Speaker Joseph G. Cannon, Governors Hughes and Prouty.

A Formal Historical Address, entitled "The Iroquois and the Struggle for America," by the Hon. Elihu Root, U. S. Senator from New York.

An Original Poem, entitled, "Champlain and Lake Champlain," by Daniel L. Cady of New York.

5.00 P. M. Evening Parade at Plattsburgh Barracks.

7.45 P. M. Indian Pageants at Mouth of Saranac River, Plattsburgh.

8.00 P. M. Banquet to the President at Hotel Champlain, with post-prandial speeches by the President, Vice-President, and distinguished guests.

9.00 P. M. Fireworks at Mouth of Saranac River, Plattsburgh.

BI-STATE PROGRAMME — *Continued*

THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1909 — BURLINGTON, VT.

9.00 A. M. Presidential Party, Ambassadors, State Commissions and Invited Guests leave Hotel Champlain by Steamer for Burlington where they arrive at 10.00 A. M., and are escorted from King Street Wharf to City Hall Park by Vermont Division of National Guard, Col. J. Gray Estey commanding.

10.30 A. M. Literary Exercises in City Hall Park, Gov. G. H. Prouty presiding.

Prayer, Rt. Rev. Arthur C. A. Hall, D. D., Protestant Episcopal Bishop of the Diocese of Vermont.

Welcome to Vermont, Gov. George H. Prouty.

Welcome to Burlington, the Hon. James E. Burke, Mayor.

Remarks, Gov. Charles E. Hughes of New York.

Address, Rt. Hon. James Bryce, British Ambassador.

Remarks, M. Jusserand, French Ambassador.

Remarks, the Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, Postmaster-General of Canada.

An Original Poem, by Bliss Carman.

Remarks, the Hon. William H. Taft, President of the United States.

12.00 NOON. Review of Parade by Presidential Party, Foreign Guests, and Governors Hughes and Prouty.

1.00 P. M. Luncheon to Presidential Party and Ambassadorial and Official Guests at the Ethan Allen Club by His Excellency Gov. Prouty of Vermont.

1.00 P. M. Luncheon to New York State Legislature at the Gymnasium Building, University of Vermont.

2.30 P. M. Indian Pageants, including the Indian Drama, "Hiawatha," at water front.

4.00 P. M. Departure of New York Legislative Guests for Plattsburgh.

5.00 to 6.00 P. M. Inspection of the City by the Presidential Party and Foreign Guests.

6.30 P. M. Banquet at University Gymnasium, with full post-prandial features, including a speech by President Taft.

8.30 P. M. Indian Pageants, including the Indian Drama, "Hiawatha," at water front.

HON. HORACE WHITE

Lieutenant-Governor of New York during the celebration

BI-STATE PROGRAMME — *Continued*

FRIDAY, JULY 9, 1909 — ISLE LA MOTTE, VT.

8.00 A. M. Presidential, Ambassadorial and Official Parties leave Burlington via Steamer *Ticonderoga*, joined by New York State Commission and Guests at Plattsburgh en route for Isle La Motte.

9.00 A. M. Departure of Special New York Legislative Guest Train from Hotel Champlain for Albany, N. Y.

10.30 A. M. Solemn High Mass Sung by Right Reverend Thomas M. A. Burke, Bishop of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Albany, N. Y.

11.45 A. M. Literary Exercises, Gov. George H. Prouty presiding.
Prayer, Rev. John M. Thomas, D. D., President of Middlebury College.
Welcome to Vermont, Governor George H. Prouty.
Welcome to Isle La Motte, by Senator Henry W. Hill of Buffalo.
Remarks, Gov. Charles E. Hughes of New York.
An Original Poem, by Prof. John Erskine of Columbia University.
Address by Hon. Wendell P. Stafford, Justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia.
Chorus, St. Albans Choral Union.
Benediction, Rev. John M. Thomas, D. D.

1.30 P. M. Interval for Luncheon.

2.30 P. M. Dedication of Boulder in Memory of Col. Seth Warner and Capt. Remember Baker by the Patriotic Women of Vermont.

3.30 P. M. Indian Pageants.

4.30 P. M. Departure of Presidential Party and Distinguished Guests for Plattsburgh, N. Y., and Burlington, Vt.

BI-STATE PROGRAMME — *Continued*

FRIDAY, JULY 9, 1909 — ROUSES POINT, N. Y.

7.45 P. M. Indian Pageants.
9.00 P. M. Fireworks.

SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1909

10.00 A. M. Water Carnival, consisting of motor-boat and canoe races and other aquatic sports, at Rouse's Point, N. Y.

10.00 A. M. Unveiling of a Tablet to the Memory of the Soldiers of the War of 1812, on the main building of the University of Vermont, which was used as barracks for the troops in the second war against Great Britain, at Burlington, Vt.

The Vice-President of the United States and Speaker Joseph G. Cannon of the House of Representatives were unfortunately not able to share in the exercises, which otherwise were carried out substantially as above indicated.

A copy of the official invitation to the general exercises of the Tercentenary celebration will be found elsewhere herein.

HON. GEORGE R. MALBY, M. C.

Part Two

THE CELEBRATION

69

HON. DAVID J. FOSTER, M. C.

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HON. FRANK PLUMLEY, M. C.

I. GENERAL FEATURES: MILITARY AND NAVAL, AND THE INDIAN PAGEANTS

LYNN M. HAYS

Secretary of Vermont Commission

I. GENERAL FEATURES: MILITARY AND NAVAL, AND THE INDIAN PAGEANTS

THE CELEBRATION PROGRAMME as arranged, presented several unusual features. In order to bring as many of the lakeside communities as possible into participation, it was necessary to provide a peripatetic entertainment — in President Taft's much-quoted phrase, " a traveling show," which after offering its programme at one place, could move on and entertain again at another town, but always with new features and with a different audience. These conditions presented problems to the commissioners far more perplexing than would have been the planning of a celebration at one place; but the very elements which at first were thought to be obstacles, were utilized as aids and accessories; and, with the blue lake itself as stage and the Green Mountains as scenery, the celebration was carried through without fault or failure, each day's programme gaining by the experience of what had gone before, until on the last day — as perfect with soft airs, sunshine and cerulean vault over all, as was ever granted for the enjoyment of humankind — this great, moving, open-air drama reached its climax on the historic and hospitable shores of Isle La Motte.

There were in effect six acts to the drama: The exercises at Crown Point, at Ticonderoga, at Bluff Point and Plattsburgh, on the New York side; and at Burlington and Isle La Motte, in Vermont. Everywhere throughout the valley and during the whole week, cities and villages were *en fête*. There was good-natured rivalry in the arrangement of local programmes of sports and contests, and in decorating the streets and buildings. Especially to be noted was the combined use everywhere of the American flag and the flags of France — not merely the tricolor emblem of the great French republic, but historic banners of many colors and devices. Very popular and effective in these decorations were the old French flag of blue with the white cross of St. Louis; and the royal

emblem of blue, or sometimes of cream color, emblazoned with golden fleur-de-lis, the flag of Henry IV. of France, which Champlain, as a personal representative of the king, was entitled to carry.

The occasion took on a dual significance in that it celebrated not only the 300th anniversary of the discovery of the lake, but the 133d anniversary of the independence of the United States.

At Ticonderoga, at Crown Point, and elsewhere, allusions were sometimes made, in the course of the exercises, to certain events in the valley regarding which the historians are not in agreement. One of these much-disputed points relates to the date of Champlain's entrance into the lake. Another regards the place of his battle with the Iroquois. Certain authorities conclude that it occurred in Bulwagga Bay. This view, it is understood, is held by many residents of Port Henry, Crown Point and vicinity. Others, among them numerous residents of Ticonderoga, side with such authorities as find the scene of the conflict to have been at or near the outlet of Ticonderoga creek. Still another much-discussed question is in regard to the burial place of Lord George Augustus Howe, whose remains are claimed by some to have been found during excavations a few years ago, in Ticonderoga village; whereas others find satisfactory proofs that his body was carried to Albany and buried there, under the chancel of St. Peter's church. These and perhaps other points still in dispute offer a profitable field of further inquiry for the student of Champlain history.

Two features of the programme that everywhere interested and delighted the public were: First, the military and naval representation; and, second, the Indians in their realistic history dramas. As these phases of the general programme were repeated at several places on the successive days, a general account of each will here suffice. The comprehensive report of the Military and Naval Committee, covering this feature of the programme for the entire week, is as follows:

FRANK L. FISH

Member of Vermont Commission

REPORT OF THE MILITARY AND NAVAL COMMITTEE.

The military and naval features of the Lake Champlain Tercentenary Commission were of great interest to those who witnessed them and added much to the success of the celebration.

THE ARMY

The Hon. Jacob M. Dickinson, Secretary of War, gave instructions, early in the spring, to have the Army participate in the celebration, and he arrived at Fort Ticonderoga July 6th, on the presidential train from Washington and was present at all the subsequent ceremonies.

The details of the movements of the United States troops were arranged by Colonel H. O. S. Heistand, Adjutant-General, by order of Major-General Leonard Wood, commanding the Department of the East.

A squadron of the Fifteenth United States Cavalry, under command of Captain W. T. Littebrant, proceeded from Fort Ethan Allen in the end of June on a practice march. Reaching Larrabee's Point June 25th, the lake was crossed the next day to Ticonderoga where a camp was established until June 28th. The squadron proceeded along the west shore of the lake, by easy marches, to Plattsburgh Barracks, where it arrived July 3d. The squadron received the presidential train at Bluff Point, Tuesday evening, July 6th, and escorted the President to the Hotel Champlain. On July 7th the squadron again acted as escort to the President from the Hon. Smith M. Weed's house to Plattsburgh Barracks and later took part in the parade and review. Resuming the practice march on July 7th, the squadron crossed the lake at Chazy Landing, and camped for two nights at Isle La Motte, near the site of old Fort Ste. Anne, and acted as escort to Governors Hughes and Prouty at the celebration held there Friday, July 9th. The squadron returned to Fort Ethan Allen by the road over the islands.

The Fifth United States Infantry, Colonel Calvin D. Cowles, was stationed at Plattsburgh Barracks and participated in all events of the celebration there, and also in the parade at Burlington, Vt., on July 8th. Colonel Cowles was in command of all the United States troops and Grand Marshal of the parade in Plattsburgh, July 7th. He did all in his power to assist the commission in the erection of the grand stand and details of the parade, and deserves their sincere thanks.

The Twenty-fourth United States Infantry, Colonel William Paulding, a colored regiment, came by rail from Madison Barracks July 3d, and took part in the parade and review July 7th, returning July 8th. The infantry regiments were

accompanied by their machine gun platoons and mule pack trains, which presented a most business-like appearance.

THE NAVY

The United States Navy was represented by a flotilla consisting of the torpedo boat *Manley* and two steam cutters, the *Plattsburgh* and the *Burlington*, under command of Lieutenant George W. Steele, Jr., U. S. N., with Midshipman Gerard Bradford, U. S. N., and sixteen sailors. The department was unable to send any larger boats on account of the limited depth of water in the Champlain canal, but the little flotilla was of great interest to the people along the canal and shores of Lake Champlain, as it was the first time the Navy had been represented in those regions since the period of the War of 1812, when its achievements won the praise and gratitude of the Nation. Lieutenant Steele had his flotilla present for the celebrations at Crown Point, N. Y., Fort Ticonderoga, N. Y., Plattsburgh, N. Y., Burlington, Vt., Isle La Motte, Vt., and Rouse's Point, N. Y. Salutes were fired in honor of President Taft and Governor Hughes, and the *Manley* escorted the steamboat *Ticonderoga* and steam yacht *Valcour* while the President was on board. A guard of honor of blue jackets, under command of Midshipman Gerard Bradford, U. S. N., was landed and posted before the speakers' stand at Fort Amherst, Fort Ticonderoga, and before the reviewing stand at Plattsburgh Barracks. The guard excited much favorable comment from its excellent appearance and from the fact that United States sailors were an unusual sight in those places. The thanks of the commissioners are due to Lieutenant Steele for the duty he performed in connection with the New York Commission.

THE NATIONAL GUARD

The arrangements for the participation of the State troops in the celebration were made by Major-General Charles F. Roe, Brigadier-General Nelson H. Henry, Adjutant-General, and Brigadier-General James H. Lloyd, commanding the Third Brigade, and the thanks of the commission are due these officers. General Lloyd inspected sites for camps early in the season and orders were issued for the regiments of that brigade to encamp at Crown Point and Plattsburgh Barracks for field service. The commander-in-chief, Governor Hughes, accompanied by Mrs. Hughes and Colonel George C. Treadwell, Military Secretary, arrived at Bluff Point on the evening of Sunday, July 4th, and was received by the members of the commission, and his Aides, Captain Louis W. Stotesbury, Seventh Regiment, A. D. C., and Captain William R. Fearn, Seventy-first Regiment, A. D. C. General Roe arrived at the Hotel Champlain July 3d, and

PRESIDENT JOHN M. THOMAS

Member of Vermont Commission

General Henry joined the presidential train at Albany as escort to President Taft, who was accompanied by Captain A. W. Butt, U. S. A., Major Oliver B. Bridgman, Squadron "A," A. D. C., escort to the British Ambassador; and Commander Robert P. Forshew, Second Battalion, Naval Militia, A. D. C., escort to the French Ambassador, were on their special cars attached to the presidential train, which arrived at Addison Junction July 6th at 2.30 P. M. First Lieutenant Frederick M. Crossett, Eighth Artillery District, A. D. C., escort to the representatives of Canada, arrived with his party in special cars from Montreal at Bluff Point on Tuesday evening, July 6th. General Lloyd was in camp with his troops.

The Tenth Regiment, N. G. N. Y., Colonel John I. Pruyn, went into camp at Crown Point near old Forts Frédéric and Amherst on Sunday, June 27th. On Monday, July 5th, when the steam yacht *Valcour*, loaned to the commission by Hon. Joseph C. Sibley, arrived at the wharf at Crown Point, with the New York State official party, the Governor was received by a guard of honor from the regiment and escorted to the platform to witness the Indian pageant and from there to the speaker's stand inside Fort Amherst. After the literary exercises the Governor reviewed the regiment on the adjoining parade ground. Early Tuesday morning, July 6th, the regiment was transported on the steamer *Ticonderoga* to Fort Ticonderoga, and marching along the old military road, bivouacked near the railroad station. At 11 A. M. the regiment was reviewed on the north field by Governor Hughes and Vice-Admiral Stokichi Uriu, Imperial Japanese Navy. After the review the regiment was deployed in extended order before the French lines and fought a realistic sham battle through the woods to the old earthworks. When the presidential train arrived at Addison Junction, at 2.30 P. M., President Taft was received by a company detailed as Guard of Honor, and then reviewed the regiment in line on the school lot. At 3.30 P. M. two battalions entrained for their home stations, leaving one battalion for guard duty. There were over 10,000 people on the garrison grounds and they witnessed the manœuvres of the regiment with great interest. Colonel Pruyn, the officers and men deserve great credit for the excellent appearance they made in spite of the rainy weather and muddy ground. The battalion detailed for guard duty performed their task in a most business-like and prompt manner, and remained until the departure of the official party on the steamer *Ticonderoga* at 4.30 P. M.

The Second Regiment, N. G. N. Y., Colonel James W. Lester, went into camp at Plattsburgh Barracks, Saturday, July 3d, and remained there for eight days; the regiment participated in the parade and review July 7th and created much favorable comment for its fine appearance and full ranks. This camp was

beautifully located near the shores of the lake, and was of great interest to the many thousand visitors to Plattsburgh during the celebration. The First Regiment, N. G. N. Y., Colonel Charles H. Hitchcock, relieved the Second Regiment on July 10th and also spent eight days in field practice. Although the celebration was over there were many visitors, and the people of Plattsburgh were pleased to have two such fine regiments of the State Guard encamped near their city.

THE CANADIAN TROOPS

Two regiments of Canadian troops, the Fifth Royal Canadian Highlanders, Lieutenant-Colonel George S. Cantlie, and the Governor-General's Foot Guards, Lieutenant-Colonel D. R. Street, arrived in Plattsburgh Wednesday morning, July 7th, and were a most interesting feature of the parade and review. The brilliant red uniforms of the Guards with their high bearskin shakos and the picturesque Scotch Highlanders, with their pipers, made a striking contrast with the olive drab of the National Guard and dark and light blue of the United States infantry and cavalry. The Highlanders returned to Montreal by special train at 11 P. M. the day of the parade. The Guards spent the night at Plattsburgh Barracks and were transported with the Fifth United States Infantry early in the morning of July 8th on the steamer *Ticonderoga* to Burlington, Vt., where they participated in the parade in that city, returning to Ottawa by special train late that night.

THE REVIEW AT PLATTSBURGH BARRACKS

The review and evening parade held on the parade ground of Plattsburgh Barracks, on Lake Champlain, with the Green Mountains in the distance, was one of the finest military displays ever seen in this country. Although there were only about 3,500 men present, the different masses of the troops in their varied uniforms presented a most striking appearance. It was stated that this was the first occasion in the history of the country that a President of the United States had reviewed two Canadian regiments with regular and State troops. The military manœuvres were carried out in such a perfect manner as to call for enthusiastic applause from the 20,000 spectators. The grand stand, with the guard of blue jackets on the west side of the parade ground, held 2,500 guests of the commission, and also presented a picturesque scene. The President of the United States, the Secretary of War, Governor Hughes and his staff, Governor Prouty and his staff; the British Ambassador, the French Ambassador with his naval attaché, Lieutenant Benoist d'Azy, and the military attaché, Captain de Chambrun, in the full uniforms of their respective services; the Canadian representatives with their military aides in the uniforms of the British Army; Vice-Admiral Uriu in the uniform of

HORACE W. BAILEY

Member of Vermont Commission

the Japanese Navy; the New York senators and assemblymen, the joint tercentenary commissioners of New York and Vermont, and many ladies in bright summer costumes, were on the stand. The official order of the parade in Plattsburgh and the official orders from the Department of the East and from the Adjutant-General's office at Albany are herewith attached.

Respectfully submitted,

HOWLAND PELL,
Chairman.

[The orders of parade, etc., are here omitted.]

List of Officers Present at the Lake Champlain Tercentenary Celebration, July 4 to 10, 1909

FIFTH UNITED STATES INFANTRY

1. Colonel C. D. Cowles.
2. Major B. H. Dutcher, Medical Department.
3. Major W. F. Martin.
4. Captain E. Wittenmyer.
5. Captain H. O. Williams.
6. Captain E. T. Hartmann.
7. Captain R. Field.
8. Captain A. F. Prescott.
9. Captain H. C. Price.
10. Captain J. K. Partello.
11. Chaplain H. A. Chouinard.
12. First Lieutenant A. E. Deitsch.
13. First Lieutenant S. H. Hopson.
14. First Lieutenant A. L. Singleton.
15. First Lieutenant W. D. Wills.
16. First Lieutenant J. E. McDonald.
17. First Lieutenant N. J. Wiley.
18. First Lieutenant D. Whiting.
19. Second Lieutenant W. Goodwin.
20. Second Lieutenant K. Truesdell.
21. Second Lieutenant T. L. Crystal.
22. Second Lieutenant A. C. Tipton.

FIFTH UNITED STATES INFANTRY — *Continued*

23. Second Lieutenant A. Rutherford.
24. Second Lieutenant C. H. White.
25. Second Lieutenant P. Larned.
26. Second Lieutenant J. F. Curry.

together with four hundred and ninety (490) enlisted men of the Fifth Infantry, and Hospital Corps stationed at Plattsburgh Barracks, N. Y., took part in both parades.

All above named officers took part in parades at Plattsburgh, N. Y., and Burlington, Vermont, except Captain Hartmann, who did not take part in the parade at Burlington, Vermont.

The band, Fifth Infantry, also took part in both parades.

List of Officers Present at the Lake Champlain Tercentenary Celebration, July 4 to 10, 1909

TWENTY-FOURTH UNITED STATES INFANTRY

1. Colonel William Paulding.
2. First Lieutenant Eben C. Hill, M. R. Corps.
3. Major Samson L. Faison.
4. Major Carl Reichman.
5. Chaplain W. W. E. Gladden.
6. Captain and Commissary Hunter B. Nelson.
7. Second Lieutenant Frank Moorman, B. Q. M. & C.
8. Second Lieutenant John C. French, B. Q. M. & C.
9. Captain William B. Cochran.
10. Captain Robert J. Maxey.
11. Captain Charles E. Hay, Jr.
12. First Lieutenant Robert S. Knox.
13. First Lieutenant Charles J. Nelson.
14. First Lieutenant Franklin T. Burt.
15. First Lieutenant Bowers Davis.
16. Second Lieutenant Torrey B. Maghee.
17. Second Lieutenant Arthur E. Burton.
18. Captain John B. Sanford, Twenty-fifth Infantry.

and three hundred and fifty-seven (357) enlisted men.

WALTER H. CROCKETT

Member of Vermont Commission

GEORGE T. JARVIS

Member of Vermont Commission

FIFTEENTH UNITED STATES CAVALRY

1. Captain William T. Littebrant.
2. First Squadron Adjutant Emory Pike.
3. First Lieutenant Philip Mowry.
4. Second Lieutenant Clark P. Chandler.
5. Second Lieutenant Leland Wadsworth, Jr.

and one hundred and one (101) enlisted men.

The above-named men took part in the parade at Plattsburgh Barracks, N. Y., July 7, 1909, only.

The band, Twenty-fourth United States Infantry, also took part in the parade at Plattsburgh, N. Y., on July 7, 1909.

List of Officers of Headquarters Third Brigade, National Guard, New York, Present at the Lake Champlain Tercentenary Celebration, July 4 to 10, 1909

Brigadier-General J. H. Lloyd, National Guard, New York.
Major F. A. McNeely, Adjutant-General.
Major J. P. Treanor, Inspector-General.
Major J. H. Manning, Commissary.
Major H. W. Bendell, Surgeon.
Major A. W. La Rose, Quartermaster.
Major C. H. Gaus, Ordnance Officer.
Major Lansdale Green, Engineer.
Captain S. H. Cluett, Assistant to Quartermaster.
First Lieutenant Griswold Green, Aide.
First Lieutenant H. A. Todd, Aide.

List of Officers Present at the Lake Champlain Tercentenary Celebration, July 4 to 10, 1909

SECOND REGIMENT, NATIONAL GUARD, N. Y.

1. Colonel James W. Lester.
2. Lieutenant-Colonel Loyal L. Davis.
3. Major James M. Andrews.
4. Major Thomas W. Hislip.
5. Major Selden W. Mott.
6. Captain Thomas G. Dickson.

SECOND REGIMENT, NATIONAL GUARD, N. Y. — *Continued*

7. First Lieutenant Frank J. Yendley.
8. First Lieutenant Daniel F. Yial.
9. First Lieutenant John H. Barker.
10. Captain George M. Alden.
11. Second Lieutenant William E. Walker.
12. Second Lieutenant Frank D. Morehouse.
13. Second Lieutenant William A. Taylor.
14. Captain George W. Sturtevant.
15. Captain Asa B. Peake.
16. Captain John McGoffin.
17. Captain William Leland Thompson.
18. Captain F. De Forrest Kemp.
19. Captain George Hughes.
20. Captain Albert Wells.
21. Captain Clarence E. Holden.
22. Captain Ransom H. Gillett.
23. Captain Thomas Carney.
24. Captain Louis E. Potter.
25. Captain Daniel J. Hogan.
26. First Lieutenant John McQuade.
27. First Lieutenant Andrew T. McLean.
28. First Lieutenant Frank M. Hay.
29. First Lieutenant John Givney.
30. First Lieutenant Everett Pateman.
31. First Lieutenant Le Roy Geesler.
32. First Lieutenant Clarence C. Turn.
33. First Lieutenant J. Scott Button.
34. First Lieutenant William P. Dauchy.
35. First Lieutenant Roscoe Hayes.
36. First Lieutenant George W. Robinson.
37. First Lieutenant Robert S. Hall.
38. Second Lieutenant George Hartwell.
39. Second Lieutenant Thomas J. Connery.
40. Second Lieutenant Porter S. Oakly.
41. Second Lieutenant George T. Roddy.
42. Second Lieutenant Charles F. Reynolds.
43. Second Lieutenant John Livingston.

WILLIAM J. VAN PATTEN

Member of Vermont Commission

SECOND REGIMENT, NATIONAL GUARD, N. Y. — *Continued*

44. Second Lieutenant Manie H. Stuny.
45. Second Lieutenant Albert Brown.
46. Second Lieutenant Henry V. Putnam.
47. Second Lieutenant William H. Curtis.
48. Second Lieutenant Clarence C. Collins.

and eight hundred and seventy-five (875) enlisted men.

The above-named men took part in the parade at Plattsburgh Barracks, N. Y., July 7, 1909.

The band, Second Regiment National Guard, New York, also took part in the parade at Plattsburgh Barracks, N. Y., on July 7, 1909.

TENTH INFANTRY, NATIONAL GUARD, N. Y.

Colonel John I. Pruyn.
Lieutenant-Colonel Charles E. Davis.
Major Charles B. Staats.
Major John F. Klein.
Major Albert Saulpaugh, Jr.
Captain Frank S. Harris.
Captain William B. Coates.
Captain Edward V. Howard.
Captain Charles E. Walsh.
Captain Arthur W. Nugent.
Captain John F. Fairchild.
Captain Edward Oliver.
Captain Allan L. Reagan.
Captain Ralph M. Glover.
Captain George F. Chanler.
Captain Thomas J. Dooley.
Captain William L. Burnett.
Captain Percy W. Decker.
First Lieutenant Christopher Gresham.
First Lieutenant Charles H. Canfield.
First Lieutenant Wilbur B. Hammond.
First Lieutenant William F. Wheelock.
First Lieutenant Albert E. Denison.
First Lieutenant Willard H. Donner.
First Lieutenant Albert C. Bogert.

TENTH INFANTRY, NATIONAL GUARD, N. Y. — *Continued*

First Lieutenant Gilbert V. Schenck.
First Lieutenant Hiram D. Rogers, Jr.
First Lieutenant Asahel G. Harvey.
First Lieutenant Frank J. Meagher.
First Lieutenant Edward R. Thorne.
Second Lieutenant Charles A. Baker.
Second Lieutenant Richard C. McCoy.
Second Lieutenant Daniel J. Cassidy.
Second Lieutenant Michael J. Reagan.
Second Lieutenant Albert S. Callan.
Second Lieutenant William McVicar.
Second Lieutenant Henry C. Perley.
Second Lieutenant Jacob S. Kingsbury.
Second Lieutenant William Buchheim.
Second Lieutenant Herbert C. Alden.
Second Lieutenant Frederick W. Cobb.
Second Lieutenant Robert G. Robinson.
Chaplain Albert F. Tenney.

Non-commissioned staff, band, detachment of hospital corps, and 12 companies, with an enlisted strength of 719 men.

The band of the 10th Infantry, N. G., N. Y., also participated in the exercises at Plattsburgh, N. Y., and Burlington, Vt.

Names of Commanding Officers of the Governor-General's Foot Guards and the Fifth Royal Canadian Highlanders, and Number of Enlisted Men who took part in the Tercentenary Celebration, July 4 to 10, 1909

GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S FOOT GUARDS

Lieutenant-Colonel D. R. Street, commanding. Twenty-two (22) officers and three hundred and eleven (311) enlisted men.

FIFTH ROYAL CANADIAN HIGHLANDERS

Colonel George S. Cantlie, commanding. Twenty-eight (28) officers and four hundred and thirty-eight (438) men.

F. O. BEAUPRE

Member of Vermont Commission

The Governor-General's Foot Guards and band took part in both parades at Plattsburgh Barracks, N. Y., and Burlington, Vt., July 7 and 8, 1909.

The Fifth Royal Canadian Highlanders and band took part in the parade at Plattsburgh Barracks, July 7, 1909.

THE NAVAL EXHIBIT

Of well nigh as great interest in a popular sense was the United States naval exhibit. Although necessarily small and restricted to boats which could enter the lake by canal from the south, it had this peculiar feature, that it was the first naval exhibition on the waters of Champlain since the battles of the War of 1812. After considerable negotiating, the Federal Government specified for the occasion the torpedo boat *Manley* and two steam cutters, which, in honor of the occasion, were named, respectively, the *Plattsburgh* and the *Burlington*, each mounting a one-pounder gun and carrying 180 rounds of ammunition. This flotilla left the Brooklyn Navy Yard June 19th in command of Lieut. G. W. Steele, with Midshipman Gerard Bradford second in command, reaching the lake by way of the Hudson and the Champlain canal.

It had been hoped to secure the revenue cutter *Sandoval*, but it was found that she could not pass through the canal on account of her length and draught.

A project which it was hoped could be carried out in connection with the celebration was the raising of the *Royal Savage*, Benedict Arnold's flagship which went aground and was abandoned in the engagement fought on Lake Champlain, off the southwest point of Valcour Island, October 11, 1776. For one and a third centuries the hull of this vessel has lain in shallow water and has many times been examined by lake men of the vicinity. She was a little craft according to modern standards, only 45 feet long and 15 feet beam. Application was made to the Navy Department for permission to raise her for exhibition in connection with the Champlain celebration. Permission was readily gained. Messrs. Witherbee, Riley and Booth were charged with the arrangements for raising the *Royal Savage*, and also for the suitable use of the remains of the vessel *Congress*, preserved at Chimney Point, Vt. On further exami-

nation of the *Royal Savage*, however, divers found that the hull was deeply imbedded in the sand and although apparently in a good state of preservation the work presented such difficulties that the project was abandoned.

One feature of the celebration early determined upon was a series of historical entertainments to be given by a band of Indians. Such a company, of wide fame, which had shared in the pageants and entertainments at the Quebec Tercentenary was secured, under the management of Mr. L. O. Armstrong. It was arranged that they should present three separate spectacles, enacted with the necessary scenic and natural settings of lake and shore. The subjects determined upon were: Champlain discovering the lake which bears his name; Champlain's battle with the Iroquois; and, third, the great historic drama of "Hiawatha." These historic plays were to be given at Crown Point, Ticonderoga, Plattsburgh, Burlington, and Isle La Motte, two performances at each place on five successive days of the celebration week. The following narrative of this most spectacular feature of the celebration is submitted:

THE INDIAN PAGEANTS AT LAKE CHAMPLAIN

During the memorable week of the commemoration of the tercentenary there floated on the placid waters of the beautiful lake, an island, the inhabitants of which were 168 Iroquois, the descendants of those who fought against Champlain in July, 1609. So realistic was the island in its construction that when anchored near the land at 100 feet distance, it was only after keen examination that one detected the artificial. The island represented the ancient settlement and sacred island of Tiotiake, now Montreal Island. The Iroquois call it Tiotiake to this day.

The idea of presenting the pageant in the form of a floating exhibition, to the different cities of Lake Champlain was at first thought very difficult or impossible but it was carried out very effectually, as one writer put it, "by the combined imagination and unceasing practical energy of Mr. L. O. Armstrong," with the ever present help and support of the Commissions of the States of Vermont and New York.

The setting of the play and the construction of the float is well worth a brief description. Six hulls, afterwards to be used as house boats, were lashed together as three separate catamarans; the beams joining the catamarans were 10 inches

ARTHUR F. STONE

Member of Vermont Commission

square. These were hinged together with cables making three catamarans in length. The whole was decked over forming a stage 300 feet by 70 odd feet. A sloping hinged addition along one side formed a realistic sandy beach upon which bark was laid flat to prevent the foot sinking in the sand — at least that was the idea that was very well conveyed. This beach could be raised at will when the floating island was traveling so that the sea would not break it off. In the centre of the stage was a stockade of 15-foot poles lashed in the Indian style. At each end amongst fine cedar and birch trees which by some remarkable means were kept growing green and fresh to the end of the journey around the lake, were Iroquois long houses five or six in number and a larger number of birch wigwams. With the island went the *Don de Dieu*, Champlain's flagship, some American gunboats and the firework boats, all under the command of Commodore Armstrong.

The play opened with a trade meeting, an annual affair between the Hochelagas and Algonquins, Hurons and their allies. A fire was solemnly lighted and the peace-pipe smoked. The Indians were in splendid costumes; those who were not naked to the waist (with breech cloths) wore skin suits. It was the richest array of eagle feathers that the writer had ever seen. At this meeting the great peace chief of the Hochelagas speaks eloquently of the good feeling existing among the Indians and which had existed for so long. A race is run by the champion Black Wolverine of the Algonquins and Hiawatha, the champion of the Hochelagas. A captive stag is let loose, and he is to be run down. The racer who brings in the antlers is the winner. During the absence of the runners on this all-day race, a well contested and most warmly applauded canoe race between the tribes takes place around the island. The war canoes with seventeen fully painted and bedecked Indians was a sight to be remembered. The winner of the race for the deer, Hiawatha, staggers in at length carrying the skin and antlers of the deer on his shoulders. He is joyously received by his tribe but the Black Wolverine takes his defeat in a very bitter way. There has been a great deal of slumbering envy and malice for some time on the part of Algonquins and Hurons against the Iroquois who are wealthy as compared to their poorer northern neighbors. The red feather is taken from his own head dress by Awitharoa and placed upon the head of Hiawatha who was made a chief as the swiftest of warriors and is now to be privileged to light the sacred fire, to call a council if necessary and to sit therein with the other chiefs of the tribe. Hiawatha has won for himself the undying enmity of the Black Wolverine.

An ancient tribal custom and a pretty one is the next scene. It is the corn dance or harvest festival. Three young maidens are chosen and dressed to represent the spirits of corn, maize and bean. Illustrative songs and dances, with the grinding of corn by pounding it in receptacles of wood or stone, form part of the ceremonies.

An effective scene is one in which a moose skin covers two men, the man in advance furnishing the fore-legs and the man in the rear the hind-legs. Hiawatha detects the deception and a hunt is made for the spies. War finally breaks out and the most realistic siege of the stockade takes place; it is full of life and splendid action. The Iroquois are driven from Montreal Island to Lake Champlain. Finally here Hiawatha learns that peace is better than incessant war and after many years succeeds in establishing the Confederacy of the Five Nations.

This story is told in the "Master of Life," a well written book, the author of which is Mr. W. D. Lighthall of Montreal. Mr. L. O. Armstrong added to the story of the book the Battle of Lake Champlain and the arrival of Corlaer from the Hudson. It was remarkable that Mr. Armstrong should have succeeded in furnishing a descendant of the early French settlers to take the part of Champlain, and it was a fortunate coincidence that he should secure a young Hollander who has been accepted by and is living with the tribe in Caughnawaga to play the part of Corlaer.

The "Spectator" in the *Outlook* wrote as follows of the play:

Perhaps the Spectator may be prejudiced, for he spent three days with the Indians, but for him one of the most interesting features was the Indian representation of the story of Hiawatha, the reputed organizer of the Five Nations. In their pageant, given daily on a floating stage three hundred feet long, which was towed from place to place, they gave a dramatic portrayal of the subject of Senator Root's historical address. Amid the surroundings of a fortified Indian village which included an elm-bark long house and elm-bark tepees, set down in a grove of evergreen, 150 Mohawks acted the story of the formation of the great Indian confederacy whose friendliness for the English, Senator Root pointed out in his historical address, was largely responsible for the fact that English rather than French is spoken south of the Canadian line. The tale depicted on Lake Champlain by the red men from Caughnawaga was not Longfellow's. It was explained to the Spectator that several tribes have myths about a personality bearing the name of Hiawatha who was of high character and ability, and tried to lead his people toward the higher plane of civilization called Peace. According to the story of the play, which is woven around historical facts, Hiawatha, in his youth, desired to perform deeds which would add to the glory of his people. The life of a warrior seemed to be the way of accomplishing his purpose. The Great Spirit, however, in a revelation told him that the true road to prosperity and content was the way of peace. Thereafter he sought to maintain peace. His people, attacked by the Hurons, were driven from the island which is now the seat of the city of

Montreal, into the Champlain country, and later into the valley of the Mohawk, where the tribe received the name of Mohawk. Hiawatha set out to form a combination of the strongest tribes in the East, with the intention of creating a political confederacy which should be so strong that no alien tribe would venture to attack any of them. This is the prototype of the modern method of bringing about peace in business. History shows, and Senator Root indicated, that this confederation possessed a higher form of civilization than the scattered tribes around it. Its political forms were advanced. Its members depended upon agriculture for their food supply, rather than upon the less certain sources of fishing and hunting. They lived in fixed abodes — the long houses of elm bark. When Champlain and his white companions in July, 1609, armed with guns, accompanied the Hurons and Algonquins along the shores of Lake Champlain and launched bolts from their "firesticks" upon the Iroquois near Ticonderoga, to the discomfiture of the historic opponents of the Hurons, they unwittingly paved the way for the alliance of the Iroquois with the English, an alliance which ultimately led to the defeat of the French. This illustration of the great matters which are kindled by little fires was portrayed by the Indians with a zest that drew great audiences and held them spell-bound. The thread of the story was strung with bright-colored beads which illustrated the manners and customs of the Indians. There were enacted the smoking of the peace pipe, stag and canoe races, a hunting contest, a corn festival (which is still celebrated at the harvest season by hundreds of pagan Indians in Canada), death chants, war dances, battles, sacrifices, and the ceremony of adoption.

If the pageant symbolizing the significance of Lake Champlain's part in the history of America interested the Spectator, he must confess that the descendants of the Iroquois who presented it, interested him even more. Their ability and character were such as to help one to understand the civilization of their famous sires. Those who spoke English possessed a vocabulary and enunciated their words with a clarity which astonished the Spectator. Industrious, kindly, courteous, not a single angry or profane word did the Spectator hear uttered by an Indian during the three days that he spent in their company. Among those who took part in the pageant were a school teacher; grizzled veterans of the American Civil, the Boer, and other wars, who had won medals in the service; expert bridge-builders; and, among the women, a young, full-blooded Indian woman who is employed as a stenographer and typewriter in the main office of one of Canada's great railways. There were said to be descendants of Joseph Brant and Eunice Williams also among the performers. The evident enjoyment of the Indians in the presentation of their ceremonials gave these added interest. It was a proud moment when, in a sham battle, they swarmed up the slope of Ticonderoga, climbed

over the parapet, scattering more than a hundred spectators, pulled down the flag, and, standing on the crest of the restored bastion, with a mighty shout waved their spears and bows in the face of the belated troops of the National Guard. The repetition of Ethan Allen's successful sally compensated them for their defeat by the guardsmen the previous day in the sham battle at Crown Point.

The libretto of the play of " Hiawatha " the Mohawk, " depicting the siege of Hochelaga and the battle of Champlain," will be found in the appendix to this volume.

II. CHAMPLAIN SUNDAY

II. CHAMPLAIN SUNDAY

Sermons by Cardinal Gibbons and Others

THE EXERCISES of celebration week opened on Sunday, July 4th, with impressive services in Roman Catholic and Protestant churches throughout the region. At Plattsburgh, Burlington, and other towns, a beautiful " order of worship for religious exercises in connection with the observance of the tercentenary of the discovery " was employed in Protestant Episcopal and churches of other denominations. In Vermont, Governor Prouty had proclaimed this July 4th as " Champlain Sunday," and the special occasion was generally observed even in communities remote from the lake. The order of service was largely musical and responsive, being varied at the discretion of the different congregations and adapted to circumstances; but, as observed generally throughout the region, it was that prepared by Rev. John M. Thomas, D. D., President of Middlebury College and one of the Vermont Tercentenary Commissioners, and was as follows:

ORDER OF SERVICE

ORGAN VOLUNTARY.

THE DOXOLOGY.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. *Amen.*

SENTENCE. (By the minister)

Our help is in the Name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth. The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him, to all that call upon Him in truth. He will fulfill the desire of them that fear Him: He also will hear their cry, and will save them.

ORDER OF SERVICE — *Continued*

THE INVOCATION.

Eternal God, our Maker and our Lord, Giver of all grace, from whom every good prayer cometh, and who pourest Thy Spirit upon all who seek Thee; deliver us, when we draw nigh to Thee, from coldness of heart and wanderings of mind; that with steadfast thoughts and pure affections we may worship Thee in spirit and truth, and that by the remembrance of the days of old, and of the brave men who have nobly served Thee, their country, and their fellow men, our hearts may be stirred to grateful trust in Thy providence; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

HYMN. "O God of Bethel, by Whose Hand." (Tune, *Azmon.*)

O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led!

Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us, each day, our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

Oh, spread thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore!
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
Our portion evermore. *Amen.*

ORDER OF SERVICE — *Continued*

RESPONSIVE READING. (Psalm CVII: 1–16, 23–43.)

O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; for his mercy endureth forever.

Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy;

And gathered them out of the lands, from the east, and from the west; from the north, and from the south.

They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way: they found no city to dwell in.

Hungry and thirsty: their soul fainted in them.

Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble: and he delivered them out of their distresses.

And he led them forth by the right way: that they might go to a city of habitation.

O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness: and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

For he satisfieth the longing soul: and filleth the hungry soul with goodness.

Such as sit in darkness and in the shadow of death: being bound in affliction and iron;

Because they rebelled against the words of God: and contemned the counsel of the Most High.

Therefore he brought down their heart with labour: they fell down, and there was none to help.

Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble: and he saved them out of their distresses.

He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death: and brake their bands in sunder.

O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness: and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

For he hath broken the gates of brass: and cut the bars of iron in sunder.

They that go down to the sea in ships: that do business in great waters;

These see the works of the Lord: and his wonders in the deep.

For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind: which lifteth up the waves thereof.

They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble.

ORDER OF SERVICE — *Continued*

They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man: and are at their wit's end.

Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble: and he bringeth them out of their distresses.

He maketh the storm a calm: so that the waves thereof are still.

Then are they glad because they be quiet: so he bringeth them unto their desired haven.

O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness: and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

Let them exalt him also in the congregation of the people: and praise him in the assembly of the elders.

He turneth rivers into a wilderness: and the watersprings into dry ground;

A fruitful land into barrenness: for the wickedness of them that dwell therein.

He turneth the wilderness into a standing water: and dry ground into watersprings.

And there he maketh the hungry to dwell: that they may prepare a city for habitation.

And sow the fields, and plant vineyards: which may yield fruits of increase.

He blesseth them also, so that they are multiplied greatly: and suffereth not their cattle to decrease.

Again, they are diminished and brought low; through oppression, affliction, and sorrow.

He poureth contempt upon princes: and causeth them to wander in the wilderness, where there is no way.

Yet setteth he the poor on high from affliction: and maketh him families like a flock.

The righteous shall see it, and rejoice: and all iniquity shall stop her mouth.

Whoso is wise, and will observe these things: even they shall understand the loving kindness of the Lord.

GLORIA PATRI.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. *Amen.*

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HON. SETH LOW

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JUDGE ALBERT C. BARNES

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DR. HAMILTON W. MABIE

JUDGE WENDELL P. STAFFORD

ORDER OF SERVICE — *Continued*

SCRIPTURE LESSON. (Deuteronomy VIII.)

ANTHEM. (A Te Deum, Gloria in Excelsis, or other appropriate anthem.)

THE PASTORAL PRAYER. (A prayer of thanksgiving and supplication, which may include the following):

A THANKSGIVING FOR PEACE.

Almighty and everlasting God, who makest wars to cease unto the ends of the earth; we praise and magnify that great mercy, whereby Thou hast not only freed our borders from every enemy, and given us rest and quietness, but out of Thine abundant goodness art shedding down the same blessed tranquillity upon the nations round about us; and we humbly beseech Thee, that, being subdued by Thy truth, they may evermore dwell together in love as one family of mankind; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

A PRAYER FOR OUR COUNTRY.

O most powerful Lord God, blessed and only Potentate, who hast granted unto our country liberty, and established our Nation in righteousness by the people's will: Guide and direct the multitudes whom Thou hast ordained in power, by Thy pure wisdom and Thy just laws; that their counsels may be filled with knowledge and equity, and the whole estate of the Commonwealth be preserved in peace, unity, strength, and honour: And take under Thy governance and protection, Thy servants, the President, the Governor of this State, the lawgivers, the judges, the counsellors, the magistrates, and all who are entrusted with authority; so defending them from all evil and enriching them with all needed good, that the people may prosper in freedom beneath an equal law, and our Nation may magnify Thy Name in all the earth; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

A PRAYER FOR CHAMPLAIN SUNDAY.

Almighty God, who in the former time didst lead our fathers forth into a wealthy place; give Thy grace, we humbly beseech Thee, to us their children, that we may always approve ourselves a people mindful of Thy favor and glad to do Thy will. Bless our land with honorable industry, sound learning, and pure manners. Defend our liberties, preserve our unity. Save us from violence, discord and confusion, from pride and arrogancy, and from every evil way. Fashion into one happy people the

ORDER OF SERVICE — *Continued*

multitudes brought hither out of many kindreds and tongues. Endue with the spirit of wisdom those whom we entrust in Thy Name with the authority of governance, to the end that there be peace at home, and that we keep a place among the nations of the earth. In the time of prosperity, fill our hearts with thankfulness; and in the day of trouble, suffer not our trust in Thee to fail; all which we ask for Jesus Christ's sake, Thy Son, our Lord. *Amen.*

THE LORD'S PRAYER. (To be said by Minister and People.)

Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy Will be done in earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, As we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, But deliver us from evil: For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. *Amen.*

HYMN. "O God, Beneath Thy Guiding Hand." (Tune, *Duke Street.*)

O God, beneath thy guiding hand,
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea,
And when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshipped Thee.

Thou heardst, well pleased, the song, the prayer —
Thy blessing came; and still its power
Shall onward through all ages bear
The memory of that holy hour.

What change! through pathless wilds no more
The fierce and naked savage roams:
Sweet praise, along the cultured shore,
Breaks from ten thousand happy homes.

Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves,
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.

And here Thy name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove
And spring adorns the earth no more. *Amen.*

ORDER OF SERVICE — *Continued*

THE OFFERING. [At the discretion of the minister and the congregation, the offering may be devoted to the fund for the erection of a permanent memorial to Samuel Champlain.]

THE SERMON. [A patriotic discourse related to the discovery of the territory of Lake Champlain by Samuel Champlain, or other historical events.]

PRAYER.

Grant, we beseech Thee, Almighty God, that the words, which we have heard this day with our outward ears, may through Thy grace be so grafted inwardly in our hearts, that they may bring forth in us the fruit of good living, to the honour and praise of Thy Name; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

O God, from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed; Give unto Thy servants that peace which the world cannot give; that both our hearts may be set to obey Thy commandments, and also that by Thee, we, being defended from the fear of our enemies, may pass our time in rest and quietness; through the merits of Jesus Christ our Saviour. *Amen.*

HYMN. "America."

My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
  Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrim's pride!
From every mountain side
  Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee —
Land of the noble, free —
  Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
  Like that above.

ORDER OF SERVICE — *Continued*

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
  Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake:
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
  The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
  To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
  Great God, our King! *Amen.*

BENEDICTION.

THE PRAISE OF FAMOUS MEN.

Let us now praise famous men,
And our fathers that begat us.
The Lord hath wrought great glory by them
Through His great power from the beginning.
Such as did bear rule in their kingdoms,
Men renowned for their power,
Giving counsel by their understanding,
And declaring prophecies:
Leaders of the people by their counsels,
And by their knowledge of learning meet for the people,
Wise and eloquent in their instructions:
Rich men furnished with ability,
Living peaceably in their habitations:
All these were honored in their generations,
And were the glory of their times.
There be of them, that have left a name behind them,
That their praises might be reported.
These were merciful men,
Whose righteousness hath not been forgotten.

ORDER OF SERVICE — *Continued*

With their seed shall continually remain a good inheritance,
And their children are within the covenant.
Their seed standeth fast,
And their children are within the covenant,
Their seed standeth fast,
And their children for their sakes.
Their seed shall remain forever,
And their glory shall not be blotted out.
Their bodies are buried in peace;
But their name liveth for evermore.
The people will tell of their wisdom.
And the congregation will shew forth their praise.
— [*From "The Wisdom of the Son of Sirach," Ch. XLIV.*]

Nowhere did the observance of the day present a more impressive spectacle than at Burlington where an assemblage estimated above five thousand gathered in the open air at the lake front and shared in a vesper service arranged in honor of Champlain. Among the officiating clergy were the Revs. W. J. O'Sullivan, of Montpelier, Vt., and T. M. Aubin, of Swanton, Vt. A large part of the worshippers had come from Montreal as participants in a pilgrimage. The climax of the service was reached when the vast throng joined in a mighty chorus in the impassioned strains of "Holy God, We Praise Thy Name."

Bishop Thomas M. A. Burke, of Albany, was the officiating deacon, with Right Rev. A. Racicot, auxiliary of Montreal, and Right Rev. Monsignor John J. Walsh, of Troy, assisting.

Earlier in the day, high mass was said at St. Joseph's church and a pontifical mass at St. Mary's Cathedral. A feature of the service at St. Joseph's was the confirmation of more than one hundred children.

Special services were held at St. Paul's Episcopal church, where the sermon was delivered by Bishop Arthur C. A. Hall, of Vermont.

Rev. G. G. Atkins, D. D., preached at the First Congregational church, and Rev. S. M. Crothers, D. D., of Harvard, at the Unitarian church in Burlington, Vt.

Across the lake at Cliff Haven, another large congregation gathered on the beautiful grounds overlooking the water, flanked by cedar groves. The largest concourse of people ever assembled on the grounds of the Summer School was present, not only of Roman Catholics, but of many non-Catholics, desirous of witnessing the impressive ceremonies. At the appointed hour, a procession moved along the lakeside path to the grove, where was erected a great altar of white birch, with miniature gothic arches. On either side of the tabernacle stood three large candelabra; above them was a golden crucifix, and back of it, slightly elevated, a pedestal of white birch was surmounted by the statue of Our Lady of the Lake. The delicate blue robe of the statue contrasted with the background of green and white, the whole making a picture of exceeding beauty. The procession was headed by a cross bearer, followed by acolytes, ladies in white, and the choir of surpliced choristers. Then came the clergy, the officiating bishop, the officer of the mass, and last, His Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons. The celebrant was the Right Rev. Thomas F. Hickey, Bishop of Rochester. He was assisted by many clergymen and church prelates. Among those in attendance were: The Rt. Rev. John J. Collins, Bishop of Jamaica, W. I.; the Rt. Rev. Charles H. Colton, Bishop of Buffalo; the Rt. Rev. Patrick W. Ludden, Bishop of Syracuse; the Rev. P. S. McSherry, Bishop of South Africa; and numerous bishops and clergy from Canada. The music was in charge of St. Patrick's choir of Montreal, of one hundred voices. After the mass a procession escorted Cardinal Gibbons to the New York cottage, his temporary residence. Later the benediction of the Sacrament took place in the open-air sanctuary.

The Rt. Rev. Dennis J. McMahon, President of the Catholic Summer School at Cliff Haven, addressed the congregation in the following words:

My dear friends, it is certainly with a great deal of pleasure that to-day we celebrate the feast of the festival of the independence of our country. It is very fitting that this day should also be the day upon which we should celebrate the tercentenary of the discovery of this lake upon which we live. It is a great pleasure

for us to have so many of our friends and those of our own religion coming from distant points, from Boston, aye, from Texas, even from California, in order that they may join with us in this great feast of to-day. A year ago Canada celebrated the feast, not exactly the same one, but it was in honor of him who discovered the lake which bears his name, and so Canada to-day joins with us by sending us these sweet singers, this chorus that gladdens the hearts of all of us, and I am sure sends praises up to the Almighty. We have to thank very kindly and with a great deal of gratitude the rector of St. Peter's church of Montreal, and the singers as well, who have come here to do us honor on this festival. We have also to thank the priests and the bishops who have come likewise to join with us — the Bishop of Cape Town, from South Africa, the Bishop of Jamaica, from the West Indies, and our own good Bishop Colton of Buffalo, and the Monseignors also have come to give us their meed of honor, their meed of respect, by reason of their presence at the great feast we are celebrating to-day; and need I say besides the celebrants of the mass, we have one of our old time friends of the Summer School who was with us from the beginning, and our praises are well due to him, the primate of America, whose name is in the hearts as well as in the thoughts of everyone of us in this country when we speak of the Catholic church, our own dear Cardinal Gibbons, who at a great deal of trouble to himself, at an advanced age, has come so long a distance in order that he may join with us on this occasion. Therefore we thank him, as we thank this large attendance that comes from all parts of this country here to join in this celebration. Praises be to God for the independence of our country, praise and honor as well to that man who discovered the lake upon whose shores we pass such a delightful day. We have to thank God in the mass this morning for all the favors that we in the Summer School have received on the shores of this lake, so many during these fifteen years or more, and I want to say of all the celebrations I think this one to-day is without a peer in the past history of this lake. I ask you all earnestly and fervently to send up your prayers for the benefit of this school under whose auspices this celebration is held and also for the Right Reverend and Most Reverend prelates who are with us here to-day.

The sermon on this occasion, preached by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, was as follows:

THE SERMON BY CARDINAL GIBBONS.

The Gospel appointed to be read in the mass of to-day is a statement from the 16th chapter of the Gospel according to Saint Matthew. "At that time Jesus came into the quarters of Cæsarea Phillippi, and he asked his disciples, saying, Who do men say that the son of man is? They stated, some John the Baptist,

others Elias, and others Jeremiah, or one of the prophets. Jesus saith to them, Whom do you say I am? Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art Christ, the son of the living God; and Jesus answering said to him, Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona, because flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but my Father who is in heaven, and I say to thee that thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it, and I will give unto thee the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound also in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed also in heaven."

Right reverend fathers, dearly beloved brethren, friends and patrons of the Summer School, let us transport ourselves this morning to a period of two thousand years ago, and let us stand in spirit not by the shores of this beautiful lake but in the city of Rome, and let us stand upon one of Rome's seven hills, and look down upon that great Pagan city teeming with a population estimated by the historian Gibbon at some three million of inhabitants. We find that city given up to every kind of idolatry; they worshipped the sun and the moon and the stars of the even; they worshipped the mountains and the lakes; every striking object in nature had its divinity. They worshipped everything except God alone, to whom all divine homage is due; in the language of the apostle of the Gentiles, they changed the glory of the incorruptible God into the image and likeness of corruptible man, and of birds and of beasts and of creeping things, and they worshipped the creature instead of the Creator, who is blessed forevermore.

What I say of Rome I might say of the Roman Empire, because Rome was mistress of the world. That empire extended into Asia as far as the banks of the Euphrates; it extended into Africa to Mauretania and in Europe as far as the river Danube. The whole world with the exception, I might say, of Palestine, was buried in the darkness of idolatry. Such was the condition of things and of society when Christ uttered the words recorded in this day's gospel; and he calls around him twelve poor, illiterate men, men without learning, men without wealth, men without the prestige of fame, men without any family or social or political influence, men destitute of any of these qualities which at all times are considered essential for the success of any great enterprise. He calls upon them to effect the most mighty moral revolution that ever occurred in the history of mankind; he calls upon them to uproot idolatry from the face of the earth, and to establish in its stead the worship of the one true and living God; he calls upon them to uproot those human passions from the breasts of men, and to plant in their stead the love of our Savior Jesus Christ. The apostles had implicit confidence in their divine Master; they had seen the miracles which he wrought; they knew that he was God; they knew that his word was power, that his work was omnipotence; they

knew that he who said of old, " Let there be light " and light was; who said, " Let the earth bring forth its fruit," and it came forth, — they knew that he would now through their instrumentality cause the light to shine in the darkened intellects of men, and the fruits of sanctification to grow abundant in their hearts; and therefore they go forth into the world, nothing hesitating, determined to put every portion of the Roman Empire under the sweet sway of the gospel of Jesus Christ; and they dismembered all the Roman Empire by themselves. Peter, whose name is mentioned to-day in the gospel is the first to speak or to proclaim the gospel of Christ in the streets of Jerusalem, and he by one sermon converts three thousand souls, and no doubt many of those that were converted were witnesses of his crucifixion, and perhaps even had a share in his death. He afterwards proceeds to Antioch, where he establishes himself, and finally is martyred in Rome. Paul, the great apostle of the Gentiles, traversed through various portions of Asia and Europe, carrying to them the torch of faith. Saint James evangelized Galilee and Judea, Saint John preaches the gospel in Ephesus and the surrounding country; and the gospel was carried to remote India. You might say of them in the language of the inspired prophet their word had gone forth to the whole world and their voice to the very bounds thereof.

But if we are surprised, my brethren, with what I might call the pure audacity of a few ignorant, uninfluential men undertaking the herculean task of converting the nations, we are still more surprised at the success which attends their labors. In a very few years after Christ's death we find the Christian religion spread throughout the Roman Empire. Saint Paul, about thirty years after the crucifixion of our Savior, wrote these words to the Romans: " We give thanks," he says, " through Jesus Christ that your faith is spoken of throughout the world," and of course spoken of by men that were in sympathy and in communion with the faith of Rome. Justin Martyr, whose death occurred about sixty-six years after the death of Saint John the Evangelist, uses these words: " There is no race," he says, " or tribe or people, whether Greeks or barbarians, among whom prayer and sacrifice are not offered up to God through Christ and him crucified." And Tertullian, who was born about 160 of the Christian era, does not hesitate to write these words to the Roman emperor: " We are of yesterday and we have filled your empire, your cities, your towns, your hamlets, your forum, your Senate, your armies, as Christians; we have left nothing to you except your empty temples." And Saint Irenaeus employs the same idea in different language, and he is careful to remind us of the unity of the faith that then prevailed, for he says: " As the light which comes from the sun is always the same because it comes from the same luminary of the day, so is the light of faith everywhere the same because it proceeds from Jesus Christ, the sun of justice."

What a contrast, brethren, presents itself to our minds between the bloody victories achieved by the great generals of antiquity on the one hand and the peaceful victories acquired by the apostles and their immediate successors, whether we consider the weapons with which they fought their battles which they won or the duration of their victories. Alexander the Great conquered kingdom after kingdom, but scarcely was he cold in his grave when his empire was dismembered and divided among his lieutenants. He conquered by the sword, and by the sword he kept his subjects in bondage, and yet, as I say, in a few years all that great empire passed away. The apostles conquered kingdoms to their divine master, not by force but by persuasion; not by the material sword, but by the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God; not by shedding the blood of other men but by the shedding of their own blood; not by enslaving bodies of men, but by rescuing their souls from spiritual bondage; and that great republic of the church which they established exists unto this day, and has extended her lines far and wide, and is kept together not by frowning fortifications, not by standing armies, but by the irresistible influence of moral and religious sanction.

What does this prove, my brethren? It proves that peace hath her victories as well as war — yea, victories more substantial and more enduring. It proves that all schemes that are conceived in passion and carried out by lawless ambition are destined, like the mountain torrent, to carry ruin before them and leave desolation after them, whilst the peaceful mission of men assembled together as we are under the inspiration of heaven is destined, like the gentle dew of heaven, to bring down blessings from God and bear abundant fruit in due season.

Now, my dear friends, no dispassionate man when he studies the history of the early church can fail to discern the divine stamp of God upon its brow. When we consider the weakness of the apostles and the great victories which they gained, when we consider the opposition which they met at every step, the difficulties they encountered, the hostility which they met from the government itself, and from the people, from the populace, and from the learned, from every class of society — above all, when we call to mind that they preached a religion of morality to people whose religion had not only tolerated but sanctioned the most degrading morals, we are bound to confess that the finger of God is here, and that the religion of Christ is the religion of God himself. My brothers, the wisdom of God is manifested in the very disproportion we find between the means and the end. Suppose, for instance, that Christ had come in all the power of imperial majesty surrounded by legions of soldiers, with all the power of Cæsar on his part; suppose he came to establish the Christian religion with this force, what would the world say? The world would say, "There is no miracle here, for the faith of Christ was established not by the finger of God, but by the arm of the flesh." Or, suppose again, that

Christ had impressed into the service of his church the learned men of those days, the Ciceros, the Virgils, the Ovids and men like Tacitus, who wielded their pens and spoke eloquent language to the people in defense of the Christian religion, the world would say, "There is no miracle here, for the church of Christ was established not by the folly of the cross but by the persuasive words of human wisdom." Or, again, suppose Christ had come with all the wealth of a millionaire, dispensing money and bribes and largesses in every direction, if that were the case the people would say with truth, "There is no miracle here, for the church was established not by the pearl of great price, but by the gold that glitters." But when we see the religion of our Savior established by weakness and poverty and by these elements that are regarded with contempt by the world, then we are reminded of the words of the apostle of the Gentiles: "The foolish things of this world hath God chosen that he might confound the wise, and the weak things of this world hath God chosen that he might confound the strong, and the things that are contemptible and the things that are not, hath God chosen that he might confound the things that are, that no glory should glory in his sight."

We are here to-day assembled, my dear friends, as the Right Reverend clergyman has said, we are here assembled to commemorate the three hundredth anniversary of the discovery of Lake Champlain by the illustrious man who gave his name to this lake. Champlain was a grand character; he was not only an explorer but he was, like the apostles themselves, endowed with the spirit of an apostle, and his great aim in life, in all his missions, in all his journeys, was the conversion to Christianity of the aboriginal tribes, and we may form some idea of the Christian character of that man by one sentence which he uttered when he said that "the conversion of one soul is of more value than the founding of an empire." And there are heroes in this day. We owe indebtedness to France for the great men she sent to our country. Many great apostles preceded and accompanied and followed Champlain across the Atlantic. They traversed our country. They discovered our mountains and valleys, our lakes and our rivers. They carried in one hand the torch of faith and in the other the torch of science, and as an evidence of the profound learning which characterized those men, I may remark that the charts of this country which they sent to the mother country may be regarded even at this day as models, and models of topographical accuracy. And now, my friends, if those men, if Champlain and the great missionaries who accompanied him, accomplished so much in their day, when they had no other ships except frail canoes, when they had no other roads except eternal snows and virgin forests and desert wastes, if they had no compass but the naked eye, if they had no other guide except faith and hope and God, if they accomplished so much in their day, how much more should not we now accomplish in our day by the aid of railroads and

steamships and other appliances of Christian civilization? Yes, we bless you, all men of genius, and we bless your inventions, and we will impress you into the service of the church, and we will say with the Psalmist, " the sun and moon bless the Lord; lightnings and clouds bless the Lord; fire and heat bless the Lord; all ye works of the Lord praise the Lord, bless him and exalt him above all forever."

And may I not say with truth, friends and patrons of this great Summer School, may I not say without exaggeration, that you also participate in the spirit of the apostles and in the spirit of Champlain. What were the two most powerful agencies that moved that great Champlain? He was actuated by a desire for the glory of France and the glory of God. Are you not actuated, brethren, by a love of your country not less ardent than his love for his country, and have you not in your breast that same zeal for God which burned also in his breast? Oh, brethren, when the bishop and the clergy and the people are united, as you are in any cause looking toward the advancement of religion and morality and the betterment of society, there is no such word as fail. You are doing the works of God, and God is with you, and when God is with us who can be against us? And why should you not co-operate with your clergy as you are doing? Why should you not, I say, co-operate; and you do co-operate; and by this co-operation you form a triple cord that cannot be broken, you form a triple alliance far more formidable and more powerful and more enduring than the triple alliance of kings and princes, because yours is not an alliance of flesh and blood, but it is an alliance cemented by the divine virtues of faith and hope and charity. And why, I say, should you not co-operate with your bishops and clergy? Are you not all children of the same father? Are you not all brothers and sisters of the same Christ? Are you not all sanctified by the same spirit, no matter what may be your particular avocation. There are diversities of spirits of the apostles of Christ; there are diversities of ministers of the same Lord; there are diversities of operations for the same God that worketh all in all. Unite with us then, brethren, and to-day on this joyous and memorial occasion record two vows; fidelity to your country and fidelity to your God.

Love your country, brethren. No man should be a drone in the social bee hive in our country. No American citizen should be an indifferent spectator of the social and moral and religious and economic and even political problems that are agitated around us. As we are all supported in the possession of life and property by the arm of a strong and enlightened government, so should we all co-operate in sustaining the hand that holds the reins of government. Above all, my brethren, love the holy church, which is the great bulwark of society, and, I say, the essential means of perpetuating our beautiful and noble system of government. Love your church. Love her institutions. Take an active, personal, loyal interest in every-

thing that concerns the welfare of religion and of God Almighty, and you will register a vow to-day and say from your hearts in the words of the apostle of the Gentiles: "Who shall separate me from the love of God and of his holy church? Shall tribulation or distress or nakedness or persecution of the soul? No. I am persuaded that neither life nor death nor angels nor principalities nor powers nor heighth nor might nor depth nor any other creature shall be able to separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord." May God bless you.

Elsewhere around the lake, wherever there was a Roman Catholic parish or mission, the services of this day made special recognition of the Champlain anniversary. At the shrine of Ste. Anne, on Isle La Motte, elaborate services of much interest were held. These are further noted on a subsequent page of this report, in connection with an account of the historical exercises on that island.

In Plattsburgh, the morning service at Trinity Episcopal church was conducted by Coadjutor Bishop Richard H. Nelson of Albany, who preached the following sermon:

SERMON OF BISHOP NELSON

TEXT: *Micah* IV: 2—"And many nations shall come and say, Come and let us go up to the Mountain of the Lord, and to the House of the God of Jacob."

The North American continent appears to have been held in reserve for the working out of a Divine purpose to which all nations of the earth have contributed and in which all are destined to share. Toward this land many forces have converged, and out of much strife a nation has arisen which is destined to pay its indebtedness to many peoples by a rich contribution to the world's civilization.

The special event which we commemorate this year must be studied in its relation to the various attempts made by European nations to establish themselves on these shores, and to claim for their respective monarchs a continent which no one of them was destined to retain.

For a generation after the discovery of America, Spain and Portugal remained in undisputed possession of the newly found continent. Under a grant from Pope Alexander VI in 1493, the unexplored regions of the earth were divided by a meridian passing one hundred leagues west of the Azores and Cape Verde Islands. All the countries west of this were assigned to Spain, and those to the east were given to Portugal, except so far as any lands were already occupied by Christian nations. The pretensions of Spain and Portugal were not recognized by other

European nations, and it was not long before equally large claims were made by two kingdoms whose ancient rivalry was destined to perpetuate itself in a long and bitter contest for the sovereignty of America.

In speaking of England and France as the two principal rivals for the possession of the New World, we are not unmindful of the valuable contributions made by Holland and other kingdoms in the way of discovery, settlement and development of resources. But, after all due allowance is made for the influence of others, it remains true that the real struggle for sovereignty lay between those two nations which had for generations breathed mutual defiance across the English channel.

In 1523, a French expedition under Verrazano explored the Atlantic coast from the Carolinas to Newfoundland and claimed it for France. Ten years later Jacques Cartier discovered the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and soon after ascended the great river as far as Hochelaga, or Montreal, proclaiming it as the property of the French king. Passing over the ill-fated attempts of the Huguenots under the direction of Admiral Coligny to settle at various points along the coast, we may next note the remarkable man whose discoveries and accomplishments we are now commemorating.

Samuel Champlain was the founder of Quebec, the discoverer of the lake which bears his name, the explorer of the St. Lawrence river to Lake Ontario, and of the Ottawa river to its source, and he was the first white man to reach the Georgian Bay.

He was not merely a bold explorer, but a far-sighted statesman, who for thirty years strove to establish a sound colonial policy which might have preserved for France one of its richest inheritances. By a wise instinct, he established friendly relations with the Indians living north of the St. Lawrence river, and while this alliance with the Algonquins and Hurons brought him into conflict with the Iroquois, it secured for the French the indispensable aid of the northern tribes in developing the vast resources of the fur trade.

Parallel to these explorations and claims of France we must follow the attempts of English adventurers to secure a foothold in the New World. The first definite claim of England is to be found in the Royal Patent issued in 1578 to Sir Humphrey Gilbert, "For the inhabiting and planting of our own people in America." Sir Humphrey Gilbert took possession of Newfoundland in 1583 regardless of the earlier French claims. Sir Walter Raleigh's attempts to plant colonies in the Island of Roanoke in 1585 and 1587 came to nothing, but it should be noted that these were regarded as justifying England's claim to the coasts of North America to which region was given the general name of Virginia. The English settlements at Jamestown in 1607 and at Plymouth in 1620 gave substance to claims which had hitherto been little more than compliments to the queen.

In all this earlier work of exploration and settlement the fur trade bore a very important part, and no history of the conflict between English and French interests would be complete without at least an outline of the rivalry between the "Gentlemen Adventurers of England" and the North West Company.

"The Gentlemen Adventurers of England" were incorporated in 1667 and three years later were chartered as the Hudson Bay Company, Prince Rupert being among the notable charter members.

It is curious to note that the founder and most active agent of this company was a Frenchman, Pierre Esprit Radisson, whose apparent disloyalty to his own country has been explained in recent years by evidence which shows that he was the tool of Louis XIV, in what that monarch was pleased to regard as statecraft. At all events, he served both nations and was rewarded by neither, although his career is as full of romantic interest as he was himself full of indomitable courage.

The claims of the Hudson Bay Company were fiercely disputed by the French fur traders, and late in the Eighteenth century the North West Company was organized to resist the encroachments of the English. After many years of bloody warfare the two companies united in 1821 under the name of the Hudson Bay Company and continued an organization which has been aptly described as the latest survival of feudalism.

We must now turn to another part of the continent in order to realize how England and France were the chief claimants for sovereignty in the North American continent.

The colonization of the lower Mississippi was begun by the French in 1699, New Orleans being founded in 1718. Working northward from these points, the French established military posts on the Great Lakes, as well as on the Wabash and Illinois rivers. In 1749 they crossed Lake Erie and built their forts on the Alleghany river. This invasion of the English settlements resulted, as is well known, in the French and English wars, which extended from the western borders to the shores of Lake Champlain, and ended in the capture of Quebec and Montreal. When we consider that in addition to Canada, France once claimed all of the United States west of the Mississippi, and that the purchase of the greater part of this from the French government was not effected until 1803, it may be sufficiently clear that the claim of France's sovereignty in what is now the United States was as extensive and as persistent as that of England.

I have no time to enter into a discussion of the reason which led to the loss of Canada to the French, or the loss of the American colonies to England. In both cases the blindness of the home governments and the greed of their representatives in this country co-operated to bring about the revolt of a liberty loving people, and the rejection of a feudal system which had been already repudiated in its home.

The result has been that, on the American side a republic has grown up, representing the best English traditions of personal freedom and constitutional government. On the Canadian side we see to-day a union of English and French in a great dominion in which the one-time rivals are united in developing the resources of a country whose future no one may venture to forecast. The question is sometimes asked, " Will the United States and Canada ever become one nation? " I feel that the question is as idle as it is impertinent. There is no ground for believing that either party is seriously desirous of such a union. As neighbors we may expect friendly rivalry along the lines of hereditary enterprise, but union is as improbable as war between Canada and the United States. Our interests are mutual, and we may rest content with mutual efforts to develop our resources and to learn from each other lessons of industry and patriotism.

The religious side of our subject is by no means the least interesting, and I am sure that no one who is familiar with the history of the past three hundred years can fail to note how deeply the religious element entered into all the events which I have attempted to sketch.

If the French fur traders performed marvels of physical endurance in penetrating the northern wilderness, the heroic Jesuits were not infrequently found in advance of them, being driven by their fearless zeal. If the New Englanders, and the Dutch and the English were men of thrift and industry, they were also men of deep religious faith and principle. Religion has played an important part in the history of this nation, and I believe that in the years to come America will contribute largely to the establishment and growth of God's kingdom on earth. More than this, I am confident that in this land of many converging nations, we may hope to see the working out of God's purposed unity for all who believe in Him.

I have tried to show that England and France were the two chief claimants for political control in this country. It may not be beside the mark to note that there is a religious spirit common to the English and French which may be expected to have its effect upon the future of Christianity in this land and in the world.

Both England and France are Catholic countries. I hope that I do not need to define that word Catholic nor to apologize for using it in the sense in which it has been recited for many centuries in the two great forms of the Christian creed. Both France and England are Catholic countries. They have always shown their belief in and reverence for a church which is of Divine institution and which has preserved its continuity with the church of apostolic days. But while holding firmly to the idea of a historic Catholic church, both England and France have persistently withstood invasions of their national rights by the spiritual head of the church in another country.

CLINTON SCOLLARD

DANIEL L. CADY

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BLISS CARMAN

PROF. JOHN ERSKINE

PERCY MAC KAYE

England's claim to be a free national branch of the Catholic church began before Magna Charta, and won its complete recognition in 1532. Parallel to the English claim is that of France. The Gallican liberties were recognized by Pope Alexander IV, when in deference to the wishes of Louis IX he acknowledged in 1260 that royal officers must enforce the laws of France even against the clergy. In 1269 the Pragmatic Sanction provided against any exaction of money by a Roman court when opposed by the King and the Church of France. The same spirit of resistance to foreign invasion will be noted in the reign of Philip of Valois, and, in our own time, there has been an uprising of the old Gallican spirit which has sometimes slumbered but which will never die.

In this parallel of English and French Church history, I find a suggestion of the end toward which we may hope to work in this country. We desire to see a House of God for many nations, a truly American Catholic Church, Catholic in its faith and order and sacraments, and Catholic in its spirit of love and social service. A church which shall preserve its organic unity with the Church of all the ages, but a Church which shall maintain also the primitive principles of national independence and integrity.

No one, looking back over the past 300 years of American history, ought to belittle the services rendered to American Christianity by all those who have contributed to the religious life of this nation. Least of all, perhaps, as we commemorate the life and work of Samuel Champlain, ought we to begrudge the honor due to the Roman Catholic Church for its past and present services to the American people. We may enter into their joy to-day without envy and without any memory of controversies. With them, we plead for a Church Ideal in America which shall stand for all that is Holy, Catholic and Apostolic — a church in which French and English and all nations shall find their most highly prized traditions, and in which they may labor together for one country and for one God.

III. MONDAY, JULY 5: AT CROWN POINT FORTS

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THE POPULAR CELEBRATION of the Champlain anniversary began on Monday, July 5th, and the first gathering place, both of residents of the valley and of those who had come from a distance, was at Crown Point. It would be hard to find in all America a more impressive meeting place, especially for exercises of an historical character. On the parade ground of old Fort Amherst flags were unfurled and addresses were given in a rude but lovely amphitheater, surrounded by massive ruins of a construction said to have cost the British Crown more than two million pounds.

On the Sunday afternoon before, the replica of Champlain's pioneer ship, the little *Don de Dieu*, had come up the lake, humbly in tow behind a tug, and was now gayly flying the colors of France at her anchorage off Crown Point.

Following the sham battle in the morning and the noon interval for lunch, at 1:30 P. M., a salute from the guns of the United States naval flotilla announced the arrival of the Governors of New York and Vermont. The spectacle of the Indian pageants, described in previous pages, engaged the attention of the throng for an hour; and at 3 o'clock an audience numbering many thousands surrounded the speakers' stand on the parade ground of Fort Amherst.

Hon. Walter C. Witherbee, of the New York Commission, a distinguished resident of Port Henry and member of the firm which has since presented to the State of New York the site and ruins of the Crown Point Forts, presided at this opening meeting and presented the speakers, introducing the first of them, the Chief Executive of the State of New York, in the following words:

Governor Hughes, Ladies and Gentlemen: We welcome you all to this, the first of the formal exercises of the tercentenary celebration of the discovery of Lake Champlain amid these historic ruins, whose history is well known to all. We

are fortunate in having with us the Chief Executive of this State and I take pleasure in introducing to you as our first speaker, His Excellency the Honorable Charles E. Hughes, Governor of New York.

Governor Hughes was received by the audience — as he was everywhere throughout the days of the celebration — with the warmest enthusiasm.

ADDRESS OF GOVERNOR HUGHES

Governor HUGHES — *Mr. Chairman, Fellow Citizens:* We begin to-day the ceremonies in commemoration of an event of extraordinary significance. Where in this fair world can be found a place so richly endowed by daring and by exploit and at the same time so favored by Nature? A gateway to a continent, waiting through the silent ages for the approach of the intrepid voyager, soldier and colonist; an avenue of conflict — a scene of contest in which Algonquin and Iroquois contended for supremacy, of fierce rivalries of Old World powers, seeking to extend the domains of monarchy, of determined struggle for independence, that a new Nation might be born and bless humanity with institutions devoted to the maintenance of civil and religious liberty.

Three nations join to-day in common recognition of the sons who here displayed valor and heroism worthy of the highest standards of each. Without taunt or bitterness, without vain regret for the inevitable, without the suspicions of ill-will or the boastings of ill-natured rivalry, we retrace the paths of early strife.

Here Frenchman, Englishman and American may find their heroes; and in examples of bravery, of high resolve, and of fearless and unselfish devotion, no one of them need yield the palm to others. Champlain and Montcalm, Lord Howe and Amherst, Ethan Allen, Seth Warner, Israel Putnam, Philip Schuyler and Richard Montgomery forever invest this beautiful valley with the charm of heroic deeds and chivalric loyalty.

It is not for me to recount the tale of discovery and war. It is the privilege of others to tell the romantic story. The spot upon which we stand to-day is more intimately associated with later events than with the career of the discoverer whose name we chiefly honor in this week of celebration. For more than a century after Champlain passed below this point to aid his savage friends in the contest with their hated enemies, the Iroquois, no permanent settlement along the borders of this lake was effected. It was the scene of warlike expedition, but not until 1731 was this strategic point, a key to the control of this great highway of war, fortified. Fort St. Frédéric was then established by the French, and within a few years was made a fortress of first importance. Later, in 1759, the English commander

Amherst, at whose approach the French evacuated their fort, undertook the construction, at a cost of many millions, of new and extensive fortifications — whose ruins you now see — which were to ensure the permanency of the British control.

But these ruins, suggestive as they are of enterprise, of skilful preparation and of lavish outlay, are in truth the monument of baffled ambition and of disappointed hopes.

The French, destroying their own work, abandoned their fort to the English. Only a few years later, in 1775, the Green Mountain boy, Seth Warner, with his little band, took possession without a blow. The next year, retreating from Canada, the Americans regarded Crown Point as indefensible, and burying here hundreds of their comrades, pushed on in destitution and distress to Ticonderoga. It was from Crown Point, later in the year 1776, that Arnold set forth with his little fleet to check the designs of the English General Carleton, and in defeat in the battle of Valcour Island, won lasting laurels for the American name by his military skill and indomitable courage. Hither, by rare strategy, he succeeded in returning but not to stay; and Crown Point again came into the possession of the British. The next year arrived Burgoyne, with his great army, spreading terror and confusion, issuing grandiloquent and insolent proclamation, sweeping with resistless force to Fort Edward, holding Crown Point and reducing Ticonderoga, only to meet the appalling disaster at Saratoga, where the success of the American arms destroyed the basis for British hope of dominion over the colonies and assured the final success of the cause of independence.

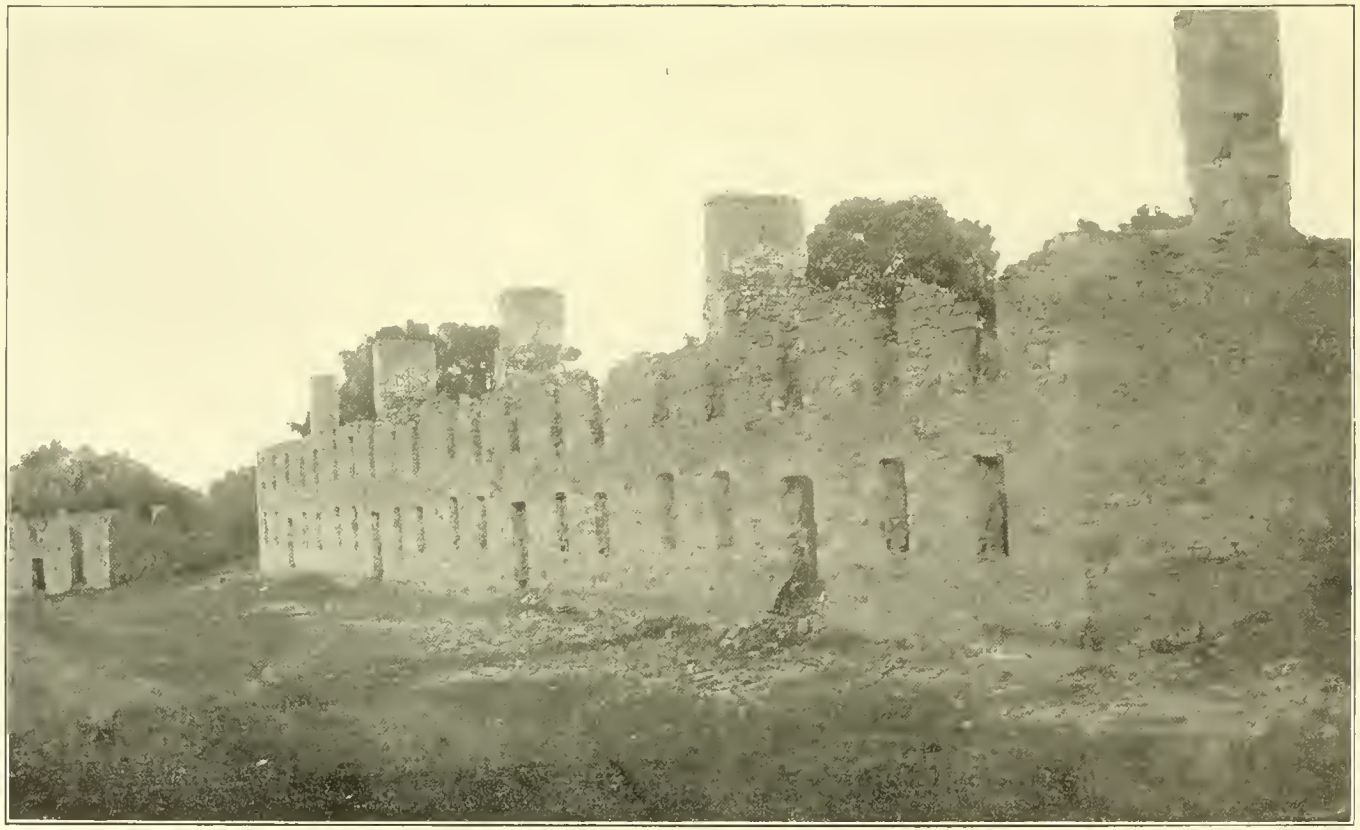
Upon this vantage point have stood French and English, each in turn bent upon dominating the future of this favored land.

But destiny would have it otherwise, and among these ruins of ambition were laid the foundations of the republic under whose banner we meet to-day, the friend both of France and England, in whose blessings the children of both the ancient rivals share, whose peaceful progress is a boon to all mankind. (Applause.)

The Honorable Seth Low, of New York, was introduced by Chairman Witherbee, and enthusiastically received. He delivered the following historical address:

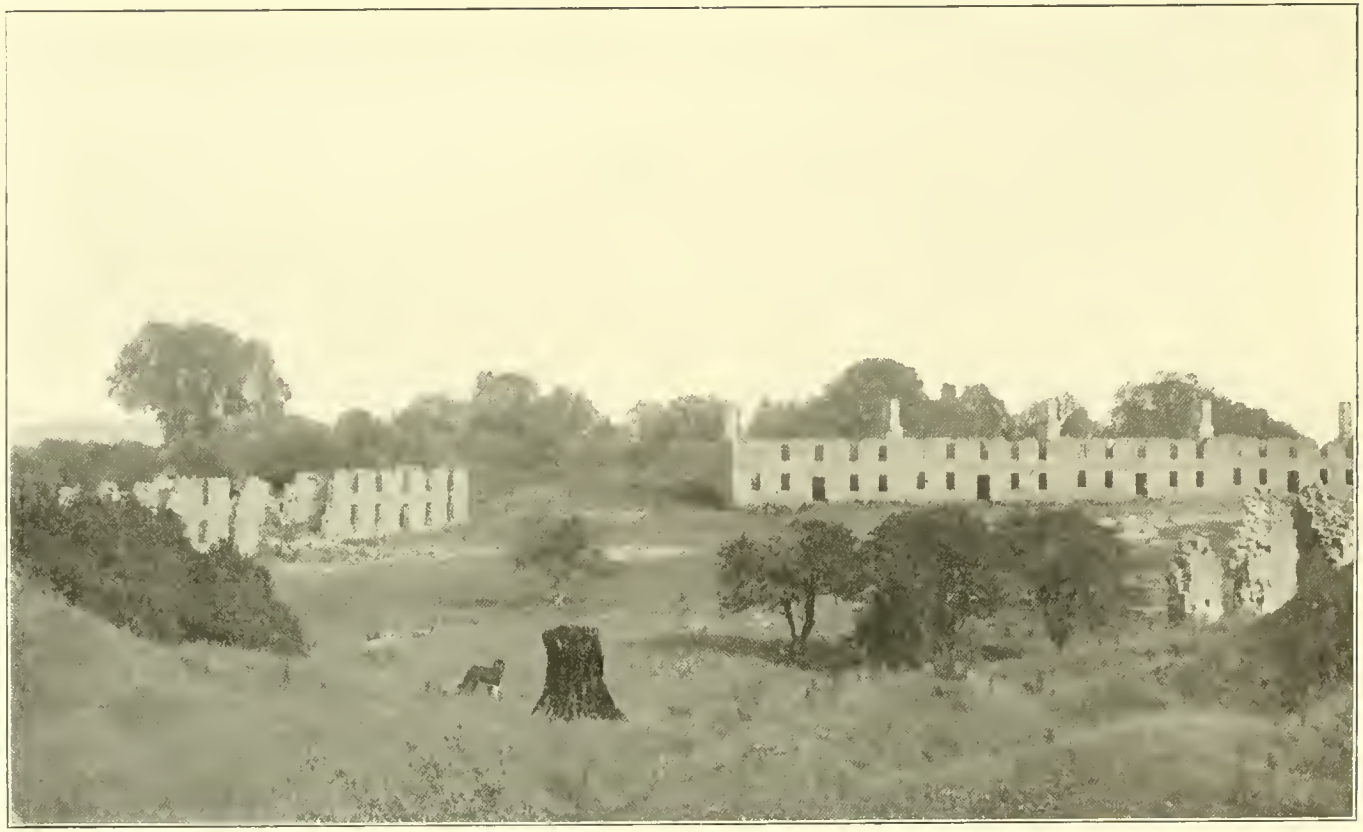
ADDRESS OF HONORABLE SETH LOW, OF NEW YORK CITY, AT CROWN POINT, JULY 5, 1909

Fellow Citizens, Ladies and Gentlemen: We are met to-day on this memorable spot, where men of many nations have battled in days gone by, to celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of the discovery of this beautiful and historic lake by Samuel Champlain, and also to celebrate the one hundred and thirty-third anniversary of the independence of these United States. In the history of the United States, New England has played so important a part that we do not always remember that before it was called " New England " that territory was known as " New France." Similarly, the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock in 1620 has bulked so large before the minds of the American people that we are apt to forget that the French had entered the domain of what is now the State of New York eleven years before the voyagers of the *Mayflower* established the colony at Plymouth. It is an interesting coincidence that the State and city of New York are to celebrate, in this same year, the voyage of Henry Hudson up the majestic river which bears his name, which led almost immediately to the settlement of New Amsterdam by the Dutch. It is worthy of remark that, while the French were the first to enter our State, and while this lake still bears the name of its discoverer, the name of " New France " never attached itself permanently to New York territory. The Dutch, on the other hand, called the province " New Netherlands " before its borders were strictly defined, and this name it held until its cession by the Dutch to England gave to the Province, and afterward to the State, its name of New York. The French name did not adhere, while the Dutch name did, because to the French this region was only a battle ground, while to the Dutch this territory offered the opportunity of permanent settlement. More than once in the history of this country the plough has shown itself superior to the sword as affording a title to the land. When the Oregon Territory was in dispute between the United States and Great Britain, the title ultimately fell to the United States, because it was proved that settlers, arriving in wagons upon wheels overland from the American Union, were the first to establish homes there by ploughing the soil for permanent occupancy. The English claim, on the other hand, rested upon the early and undisputed presence of their fur traders in the same region; but, when the dispute was adjusted, it was recognized that to shoot over a land to gather furs constitutes a title far less valuable than to make the land yield crops for the support of human life. And so Oregon and the State of Washington became parts of the United States.



Ruins of Crown Point Forts

Ruins of Crown Point Forts



Ruins of Crown Point Forts

Crowds leaving the steamers at Crown Point Forts

Photo by A. Sayles, Albany Evening Journal, Albany, N. Y.

Governor and Mrs. Hughes landing at Crown Point, Lake Champlain, July 5, 1909, where the Governor delivered address at Fort Amherst

Speakers at Crown Point

This celebration carries us back to the France of Henry of Navarre and to the England of James I. It also carries us back, upon this continent, to the supremacy of the Five Nations of the Iroquois, among the red men of the forest. Crown Point has this significance, in the history of all this region, that it was at or near here that Champlain, with his Canadian Indian allies of the Huron and Algonquin tribes, first met the Iroquois in battle. Up to that dramatic moment the Iroquois had never seen firearms, and when, in the course of the fight, Champlain stepped forward, clad in armor, and with his arquebuse killed one of the Iroquois chieftains, at a distance, the unexpected noise and the surprising effect of the shot carried terror to the hearts of the Iroquois. Quickly they abandoned their stockade and fled, and the victory was with the allies from the North. But, like many another victory on the field of battle, the distant result was far-reaching and unexpected. The Iroquois soon became accustomed to firearms and to the use of them; but this first conflict with the French, and the defeat which they suffered at their hands, made the powerful Iroquois people permanent enemies of the French, in the long struggle which subsequently ensued between France and England and the English Colonies for the control of this continent. More than once during this struggle the attitude of the Iroquois was decisive, and in instances fatal to the purposes of France.

It will probably be a surprise to many to be told that it is believed that there are as many Indians living to-day, within the borders of the United States, as there were when the white men first landed on these shores. I heard General Armstrong, the founder of Hampton Institute, make such a statement thirty years ago, and was so surprised that I asked him for his authority. He could not sustain his statement by direct reference, from the nature of the case; but he told me that he knew that that was the opinion of the well-informed. Since then I have met the statement many times, and I believe it to be the fact. The history of Canada affords an illustration which makes the statement seem not unreasonable. While Champlain's relation to the permanent settlement of Canada is so decisive that he is properly called "The Father of New France," he was not the first Frenchman to sail up the St. Lawrence. Jacques Cartier, in 1535, ascended the St. Lawrence as far as the present city of Montreal, and there he found an Indian town with more than a thousand inhabitants, called Hochelaga. Sixty-eight years later, when Champlain visited this same spot there was no sign whatever of any settlement. The Indians had scattered, and the whole region had become unsafe through constant warfare with the Iroquois. In other words, the Indians were not permanent settlers. They roamed through the woods, establishing their camps, now here and now there, and, as they were engaged in almost constant warfare with one another, their numbers could not greatly increase. While, therefore, it is certainly the case that the number of Indians east of the Mississippi is much smaller than the number who roamed over this territory when the

whites first landed on these shores, the number of Indians who now live west of the Mississippi is believed to be far greater than it used to be. This is the result of the early policy of the United States in moving into what was then the Far West, all the tribes that had proved themselves to be uncomfortable neighbors in the eastern portion of the country. Whatever faults may be charged against our government, in detail, in its relation to Indian tribes, it may at least be said that its policy of confining Indians to reservations, and thus protecting them from utter destruction, as civilization closed in about them, has probably had the effect of keeping their numbers on this continent, as a whole, as large as they ever were. We may justly rejoice that, in these later days, since it became evident that the Indian problem could no longer be solved by the removal of the tribes to more distant places, away from contact with the white man, the government has made, and is making, strenuous, and often successful, efforts to fit the individual Indian to play a useful part in the white man's civilization. Senator Robert L. Owen, from the new State of Oklahoma, is a Cherokee Indian, so that in his person the aborigines are now represented in the government of the Republic. Here, again, one is led to realize that the bow and arrow and the rifle often go down before the plough. In other words, the husbandman outlasts the hunter. That, again, is a commentary on the Greek myth of Antæus, the giant whom Hercules overcame only by holding him in the air until he had choked him, because every time that Antæus touched the earth he acquired new strength. If you read the commercial forecasts of the present hour, you will recognize the same old truth, for it is everywhere declared that the prosperity of our country, in the immediate future, depends upon the outcome of this year's harvests.

The France of Henry IV was a feudal France, and the attempt of France to dominate North America involved the attempt to establish in the wilderness the same feudal system that had slowly developed out of European conditions during a thousand years, and that was, even then, on the point of perishing there. The historian Parkman has pointed out that New France, in its fall, led to two revolutions — the American and the French; and the French Revolution put a definitive end to the ancient régime. The change effected in society in Europe and elsewhere, by this revolution, was so radical that I have heard a deep student of European history say that it is impossible for any modern man to think himself back into the conditions that prevailed prior to the French Revolution. If one will bear this in mind, two thoughts spring to the front. First, that it is not strange that the attempt to domesticate the ancient régime of France in the wilds of North America was not successful; and, second, that it is the old France and not the republican France of our own day that failed. If Parkman be right, it was the failure of the old France in North America which helped to precipitate the incoming of the new France in Europe. The old France, with all its mistakes, left, nevertheless, on this side of the ocean

its worthy monuments. You find them in the name of Lake Champlain, in the name of the St. Lawrence river, at St. Louis, and in Louisiana; and French names are identified with prosperous communities all over this region, not only in Canada, but in the United States. These isolated tokens of early French occupancy are tributes to the enterprise, the endurance, and the heroism of the founders of New France, and of that intrepid band of discoverers who rested not until they had discovered all of the Great Lakes and had traversed the Mississippi from its source to its mouth. In the province of Quebec, moreover, one finds still a population that are the lineal descendants of the early settlers of New France. They retain by treaty right their old laws and their old customs, and they have always been a loyal and useful element in the population of Canada. The manufactures of New England bear constant testimony to their industry and faithfulness; and the distinguished premier of Canada to-day, Sir Wilfred Laurier, is a descendant of that stock. It is literally true, therefore, that New France, "being dead, yet speaketh." Indeed, she still lives in the names of her founders, and in the persons of their descendants, and contributes to the life of to-day influences that we would not willingly let die.

No one can speak of the history of New France without pausing to pay a tribute to the Jesuit Fathers, of whom Jogues, Brébœuf, and Lalemant stand out conspicuously as heroic and noble types. These men left France, inspired by the burning desire to convert the Indians of America to Christianity. Brébœuf and these others sealed their testimony with their blood, perishing at the hands of the Indians under unspeakable tortures; but no privation and no danger led them to quail. French Canada to this day is loyal to their memories and to their church.

Crown Point holds one other relation to the succession of events which, in one sense, is hardly less decisive than was that battle near here in which Champlain killed the first Iroquois who fell at the hands of the French. For many years the settlement of the continent proceeded so slowly that the French and the English did not come, in this part of the country, into very close touch with each other. In 1904 I took part in the dedication of a boulder in memory of Champlain, in recognition of his discovery in the year 1604 of the Island of Mount Desert. Along the coast of Maine, which the French early settled, the French and the English came into early conflict. The greater numbers of the English in this region gave them quick supremacy; but it was nearly a century later before both France and England recognized that they were to have a life-and-death struggle for the control of the continent. About the middle of the eighteenth century — in 1731 — when this idea had been fully grasped, the French Governor of Canada sent the Sieur de la Fresnière to occupy Crown Point, which, by its location on Lake Champlain, just where the lake narrows almost to a river, is evidently a strategic point of great value, and here was built Fort Frédéric. The manifest purpose of France thus to hold

this region by force of arms, precipitated the conflict in this part of the continent which terminated only with the death of Montcalm and the surrender of Quebec to the victorious Wolfe. Ticonderoga, just below us, where the waters of Lake George enter into Lake Champlain, was the more frequent battle ground; but it was the occupation of Crown Point by the French, at this juncture, which turned the tide of battle into this region. I assume that the celebration at Ticonderoga will concern itself with the military events which have given to that name its fateful and august significance in the history of this continent. I think I am right, however, in saying that it was the aggressive move of France in occupying and fortifying Crown Point which brought things to a crisis in all this region.

At the recent celebration in Quebec, it was pointed out that the completeness of the victory of England over France for the mastery of this continent, itself made possible the American Revolution; for the English Colonies, while they had a military power like France for a neighbor, were not at all likely to set up for themselves. When, however, this danger disappeared, the spirit of independence waxed stronger and stronger until it culminated in the American Revolution. It is worth while also to point out, in this connection, that precisely as it was the old France, and not the France of our day, which failed to make New France permanent, so also it was an England that has changed in the interval scarcely less than France has changed, which failed to hold its American Colonies. The England of that day had not yet learned the lesson that no colonies can be successfully held, as the old idea ran, for the purpose of being exploited in the interest of the mother country. The effort to do this means a challenge, whenever the strength to support the challenge has been developed; and, while, in a sense, therefore, it may be true that the fall of New France deprived England of the Colonies which are now the United States, it is also true that, through this loss, England has been able to hold true to herself, ever since, the Colony of Canada by granting to Canada a measure of independence which the old England denied to the colonies that have become the United States. And so England's loss has been, at the same time, England's gain. Nor should it be overlooked, on an occasion like this, that we of the United States owe to the help of the old France, against whom we contended with England for the mastery of this continent, the decisive assistance against England which enabled us to maintain successfully our Declaration of Independence. How many and how tangled are the threads which make up the pattern of history as one looks back upon it after two hundred years!

In the many military struggles for the control of this region the mastery of Lake Champlain has been a decisive factor. When the French controlled the lake the English were driven back. When the English controlled the lake the French were driven back. When, later, the English controlled the lake, the Ameri-

cans were driven back; and when the Americans controlled the lake, the English were obliged to retire. This is an illustration from inland waters of Admiral Mahan's proposition of the decisive influence of sea power in history. Commodore Perry's victory on Lake Erie teaches the same lesson; for the victory of the American fleet on Lake Erie made it necessary for the English to abandon Detroit and other points to the west, in order to keep in touch with their base of supplies. And so, in turn, Lake Champlain has belonged to France, to England, and to the United States; and with its control has gone the control of a large part of the surrounding territory.

The Poet Whittier, in 1876, began his Centennial Poem with these words:

> "O Thou, Who hast in concord furled
> The war-flags of a gathered world."

It is the happiest feature of this celebration that representatives of France, of England, of Canada, and of the United States, and of the Indian aborigines, are met here on terms of amity and concord, on this spot where so often in the olden days they met as enemies under contending banners. Surely the enduring lesson of such a gathering as this is not only that the plough gives a securer title to the land than the rifle, but also that "peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." The nations that used to be constantly at war on both sides of the Atlantic are knit together now by ties of mutual respect and mutual esteem. Out of this happy concord may there continually develop a spirit of good feeling, which more and more, as the centuries roll on, shall grow into an all-embracing brotherhood of men.

The Chairman, Walter C. Witherbee, then happily welcomed back to the scenes of his boyhood days, the next speaker, the Honorable Albert C. Barnes, of Chicago, Judge of the Superior Court of Cook County, Ill., who was most cordially received by the audience. He delivered the following address on "Old Crown Point":

OLD CROWN POINT

Address of Hon. ALBERT C. BARNES, of Chicago, at Crown Point, July 5, 1909.

Fellow Citizens, Ladies and Gentlemen: We meet to celebrate discovery and conquest, independence and peace. On a continent discovered only about four centuries ago, we meet on a spot known in history for three centuries of that time. When Champlain touched these shores it was still the period of exploration. No permanent encroachment on the dominion of the savage north of the James had been made until his arrival. Daring navigators had for a century skirted the coasts here and there, but the continent was in practically undisturbed possession of the Indian. Henry Hudson had not yet cruised up the river that bears his name, and the landing of the Pilgrims was still over a decade away. When, therefore, Champlain paddled up this lake on those quiet July nights, three hundred years ago, the white man for the first time caught the vision of this most beautiful valley.

When we pause to contemplate what has transpired on this continent in the intervening years, what has been crowded into even the last half of that period, what has been accomplished upon it for science and art, and the political, economic and moral progress of mankind, we can hardly think of America as the domain of savages only three centuries ago, and may well deem its discovery to have been the great force that awoke human genius and energy to the multiplied activities that have brought about our modern progress.

But it is only of the historic place where we so auspiciously meet that I am to speak. It is fitting that the ceremonies of this week should be inaugurated here on old Crown Point. Other places along the lake present special claims to historic interest and distinction. Isle La Motte will be associated with the first actual occupancy of its shores; Cumberland Head with brave Macdonough and his memorable naval victory in the War of 1812; Plattsburgh with the accompanying defeat of the British land forces; Valcour with the intrepid Arnold and the first naval engagement of the Revolution; Fort Ticonderoga with Abercromby's disastrous assault, the death of Lord Howe, and later with the heroic Allen and his dramatic demand for its surrender. But Crown Point may justly lay claim to direct association with the discoverer of the lake himself and with an event that lies back of all these. Before the foundations of Amherst's fort, here before us in majestic ruins, were laid; before Fort St. Frédéric reared its stern walls on yonder bluff; before the military vanguard of civilization had encamped upon these shores, over a century before the white man constructed his pioneer hut on its banks, there took place here, probably within half a mile from where we are assembled, an event that has been well described as one of the cardinal facts of American history.

It was Champlain's battle with the Iroquois. In the light of subsequent events no fact in the local history of this region stands out in bolder relief. And yet the site of that battle is the subject of unsettled controversy.

Born as I was on the opposite shore at Chimney Point, and there reared with the traditions and history of this lake for my nursery tales, I cannot forbear saying that this occasion ought not to pass without reasserting Crown Point's claim to this historic distinction and harking back to the only authentic source of information upon the subject.

In giving events as they occurred while on his voyage, Champlain in his narrative tells of reaching a certain part of the lake from which he beheld mountains to the east and south, the former unquestionably the Green mountains, and the latter some spur of the Adirondacks, running toward the lake. This was at least two or three days before he reached the place of battle, and from where he could see no hills to the south except those on Lake Champlain. He proceeds to state what his Indian companions told him of the latter mountains, of the lake beyond them, and of the necessity of passing a rapid to reach it, evidently referring to Lake George and the falls in its outlet. At this point of the narrative, following the word "rapid" is injected the dubious and ambiguous phrase "which I afterwards saw." It is principally from connecting this phrase with the statement that Champlain pursued the Iroquois into the forest after the battle that some writers, deeming it conclusive that he saw the rapid or falls on this voyage, have located the site near Ticonderoga. But the phrase is too indefinite and uncertain in both its meaning and the time to which it refers, and its connection with the circumstance of the pursuit too doubtful to support the inference that the battle afterward described in his narrative took place at or near Fort Ticonderoga. He began his return a few hours later on the same day, stopping for the Indians to feast, dance and gather up the spoils of battle. In the pursuit he killed several Indians with his arquebuse. But handicapped with his armor and heavy weapon and the necessity of stopping to reload it, the pursuit of the fleet-footed Indian with such havoc could not have been far from the point of retreat. Manifestly, it was not far from the shore — certainly not so far as the Ticonderoga Falls. Under the circumstances we would hardly expect him to go so far into the home land of the wily enemy as to incur the risk of being cut off with his meagre force from his canoes and only means of safety.

In describing the place of meeting the Iroquois in their canoes, he refers to it as "the end of a cape that projects into the lake on the west side." There are only two points of land on the "west side" — Crown Point and Willsborough Point, that answer such a description, or that we might reasonably expect, on a shore of many jutting points, would be designated as a cape by this careful

geographer of the king, evidently mindful of the latter's injunction to bring back a truthful report. It is conceded that Willsborough Point is an impossible location. The latitude given by Champlain is not exact — " 43 degrees and some minutes." But as due allowance must be made for his uncertain instrument of calculation as shown by his computations at various other points on his voyages — its markings so far varying from the true standard as not to designate accurately any place within so short a distance as separates Ticonderoga and Crown Point, the latitude given is inconclusive of the question.

But Champlain has left one striking piece of evidence on the subject — the now familiar picture of the battle, which represents him on a shore at the left of the Iroquois.

As stated by others, it is incredible that he would place himself to the south of the enemy and thus between them and their own country. If he landed to the north of the enemy whence he came, as he naturally would have done to prevent being cut off in case of retreat, then to have water west of him, as indicated in the drawing, he must necessarily have been on the western shore of the so-called cape. Crown Point and Willsborough Point are the only points on the western shore of the lake which admit of such a position. If the position was taken on a north shore then he was east of the enemy, and again Crown Point is the only cape or point which presents a shore for such a situation.

We have the strongest historic evidence, therefore, that we stand on the same soil upon which Champlain himself set foot three hundred years ago; and we may safely say that yonder near the northwest corner of this cape " that projects into the lake on the west side " is where the Algonquins met the Iroquois; that near there they floated in their canoes awaiting the dawn for the battle; that either on the west or the north side of this cape it was fought; that there those plumed chiefs fell before the white man's weapon, and there the report of gunpowder was first heard by the Iroquois and woke their undying hatred for the French nation.

When we consider that the Iroquois carried their implacable hatred for a century and a half and became powerful allies of the English in the war that stripped France of her American possessions, and that largely through their hostility then provoked this land passed under the dominion of the new Saxon instead of the new Gaul, we are forced to realize that we stand near the spot of an event which exerted a conspicuous influence in shaping the destiny of a new world. Little could Champlain have foreseen that his participation in that apparently insignificant battle would perpetuate a hatred against his nation that a century and a half later would operate to drive it from American soil. Little did he know that on the very spot where his clumsy arquebuse wrought that fatal victory would be the border line of contest for the mastery of the continent. Little could he have divined that here

in quick succession of events his nation would stand against her inveterate foe only to retreat and surrender at last her continental possessions, and that the victor in turn would be compelled to relinquish its grasp to the sons of liberty and the makers of a new nation. But if he could not look forward to us, we, who have become the beneficiaries of his discovery and intervening events, may fittingly look back to him and them.

Here then, of all places on this lake, where he gave it his illustrious name, should be erected a monument to the memory of this great explorer, who more than any other of his time was actuated by a worthy zeal for state and religion.

Another century had passed before Crown Point again loomed up in history. The French were extending their outposts southward and the English were advancing theirs northward. The "door of the country," as the Indian called the lake, was again opened by the French; and it is here again the Frenchman made his landing and in the erection of Fort St. Frédéric in 1731 established his seat of power on the lake. Yonder are its ruins, a heap of stone and earth, made more complete with the ravages of time, but left as such by the French when deserted for a last stand on the heights of Quebec.

The lines of its ramparts are still discernible. On that little bluff where its walls rose straight from the shore we may take our stand and in retrospect contemplate in its erection the assertion of French sovereignty and the challenge of English pretension. There we may readily call the names of the illustrious dead connected with its history; of Beauharnois, who selected this strategic position and named it after the French secretary of state; of Dieskau, who later strengthened its fortifications and moved his forces on to the bloody encounters with Williams and Lyman between Fort Edward and Lake George; of Montcalm, who occupied it with the soldiery of France and moved on to old Carillon; of Abercromby, who made a fatal attempt to reach it; of Sir William Johnson, who made his fruitless expedition against it; of Bourlamaque, who on his flight to the north stopped to sigh over its departing glory and left it in flames and ruins; of Rogers, who approached with his rangers to grasp the prize and found it a devastation; and of Amherst, who later followed on to erect a new fort and from it moved on to the walls of Montreal and victory.

The high tower stored with cannon, the little church where assembled for mass the soldiers and the inhabitants of the little settlements about a half mile to the southwest and across the lake on Chimney Point; the thick walls of limestone quarried back from the shore, all have crumbled into dust or disappeared beneath the sod. Time has closed the covered way to the lake, open even in my father's boyhood, and removed all signs of the mighty trench that encircled it. No trace is left of the old windmill constructed to serve as a redoubt on a point to the east.

A few flagstones till recently showed where the villagers trod, and all that remains of the chimneys that long marked the vanished settlement on the opposite point, is the name they gave it.

As we draw the picture of the past on this lonely spot where now graze the flocks of the peaceable farmer, while we feel a touch of sympathy for the nation that seemingly earned dominion by methods and with motives that entitled her claims to fairest consideration, we cannot but rejoice that the grandeur and the cruelty of military conquest have given way to the peaceful scene of the twentieth century.

While the tide of warfare had surged up and down the lake with many predatory and sanguinary excursions directed against both French and English frontiers and many movements of armies up and down this shore, and while this, the most strategic location south of Quebec, became the seat of French power on the lake and the objective point of English campaigns, yet the battles of that period were fought elsewhere, and just a century and a half ago the French left it in ruins and forever.

Then began the third stage of Crown Point's history — possession by the English and the erection of Amherst's fort at the enormous cost of two million pounds sterling. It rises before us in splendid ruins, a forceful reminder not only of English conquest but of English defeat. Here we may contemplate other scenes. England has strengthened her frontier. The French have ceded their possessions in America. The shot has been fired that was "heard round the world." England is in a fight to maintain her colonial possessions. The seeds of English institutions have taken root in America. Independence has been given a motive and soon will be a fact. We may now stand on the ramparts of old Amherst and call another roll.

Let us hope that the spirits of the mighty heroes who once stood within those walls, muster before us as we call their names in the order in which history assigns them to its moving events.

Seth Warner, who with a band of Green Mountain boys made its first and bloodless capture; Remember Baker, who with another band quickly joined the forces here; Ethan Allen, who fresh from the laurels of Ticonderoga started from here on that rash expedition against Montreal and into British chains; Richard Montgomery, who embarked from here for victory at St. Johns and Montreal and heroic death at Quebec; Benedict Arnold, who set out from here with his improvised fleets and returned here from those famous naval engagements; John Trumbull, who looked with pity on the sick and emaciated troops brought back here by Arnold from that disastrous Canadian campaign to suffering and forgotten graves; Carleton, who sweeping after Arnold held it for a short time only

to retreat again; Gates, to whom its command was assigned with Ticonderoga before Burgoyne came up the lake scattering terror along its shores; and Burgoyne, last to make military use of it, when his reduced army returned from Saratoga and defeat. What names, many of these, with which to conjure the spirit of freedom. They cannot answer. But I think I catch a response to some of those names in the hearts of their grateful countrymen. The story of many of their exploits were first told within those walls, and to-day they give back the story. They tell of soldier and savage, of the bitter contest between two civilizations for control of a continent, and of the struggle for the independence whose one hundred and thirty-third anniversary we celebrate to-day beneath them. It is fitting that this old fort should then have passed out of history, and this occasion ought not to go by without the suggestion that a grateful people should protect from further ruin this best preserved relic of the "times that stirred men's souls." True, it witnessed no battle, but more than once in the great struggle invading forces compelled its exchange of sovereignty.

It is a perishable heritage of an age gone by, but the principles it was employed to establish will endure forever. It sheltered many a hero of that last great struggle of which it remains an inspiring monument; and we who enjoy the fruits of their valorous deeds should see to it that it shall continue to carry on their lessons to future generations.

The tomahawk has been buried, the old musket stored as a relic, and the sword beaten into the ploughshare. The forest has been supplanted by the farm and the only fleets on the quiet waters of the lake are those of commerce and pleasure. The warrior has gone and peace and freedom have come, but not without tremendous struggles the history of which cannot well be written and leave out Crown Point.

As we take a parting glance at these ruins, consecrated to the memories we here invoke, as the panorama of events that have passed in front of this spot for three centuries slip back into history, we cannot but be grateful that the "door of the country" has seemingly forever closed to warfare; that the savage visits us in the garb of civilization, that Gaul and Saxon are in amity and peace, and out of all that was fierce and barbarous, grand and pathetic, has risen a nation that offers a home to the descendants of all who then met in conflict with the assurance of the fullest liberty and opportunity enjoyed by man anywhere on the face of earth.

The next feature of the programme was the following poem by Clinton Scollard:

SONG FOR THE TERCENTENARY OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

Poem by CLINTON SCOLLARD.

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Midsummer— and the world a full-blown flower,
This wide new world as virgin as its sod;
As wondrous seemed it that unfolding hour
As did the blossoms upon Aaron's rod!

That distant hour when first his falcon eyes
Gazed on this far out-rolling inland main,—
A flawless jewel under flawless skies,—
The knightly-hearted, valorous De Champlain.

No man of pomp, no silken courtier he,
No selfish grasper after Glory's star,
But one who wore undimmed the *fleur de lis*
Like his brave patron, Henry of Navarre!

Bred where Biscayan gales fling up the brine,
His look was level as a couchèd lance,
A valiant son of that intrepid line
Which gave fair lustre to the fame of France.

Roland and Bayard!— he was kin to these;
Swerved he no more than magnet from the pole
As forth he sailed upon the uncharted seas
With dreams of high adventure in his soul.

What foes he faced, what dangers dread he dared,—
Patient in peace, in war unwavering!
Unmoved he toiled, unmurmuring he fared,
Like saintly Louis, the belovèd king.

Since then the Great Recorder of the Days
Thousands has scrolled upon his golden book,
Yet still a sheet of shimmering chrysoprase
The great lake spread for whomsoe'er may look.

Behind the peaks that panoply the west
  Still burn the sunsets like a mighty forge;
Still, with its voice of wandering unrest,
  The swift Ausable rushes through its gorge.

Slope capping slope the awakening east along,
  Vermont's broad ranges show their emerald dye;
And still, their meadows opulent with song
  And glad with grain, the Hero Islands lie.

Across the water, as it breaks or broods,
  In twilight purple, or in dawning gold,
Majestic from their airy altitudes
  Mansfield and White Face signal as of old.

For howsoe'er man's genius bares or drapes,
  Or cleaves or curbs by frowning height or shore,
Nature's sequestered elemental shapes
  Preserve their primal grandeur evermore!

Grandeur and beauty!— here the twain combine,
  Clothing the landscape with a varied veil;
And while before our eyes their splendors shine
  Let the grave Muse of History breathe her tale!

Sea of the Iroquois! This was the path
  Of those swart braves whose story casts a spell,
Who cut a swath of ruin and of wrath
  Where'er in stealth their vengeful footsteps fell.

As wise as wary they! Yon shadowy cove
  Once caught the glimmer of their council-flames;
And yonder, in that dim primeval grove,
  They lurked to gain their sanguinary aims.

Then came Champlain and gallant Frontenac,
  As daring as the keen conquistador,
And ever, where they voyaged, upon their track
  Trailed, like a banner, the black smoke of war.

England and France! the vision will not pale;—
The lilied oriflamme, the double cross;
" Saint George! " and " Saint Denis! "— adown the gale
Surge upon surge the cries of conflict toss.

Ticonderoga felt the bloody brunt,
And grizzly cannon roared their deafening psalm,
When Abercrombie flung his fearless front
Upon the bristling bastions of Montcalm.

Another thrilling scene that fortress knew
When, ere the Maytime morning's earliest glow,
Bold Ethan Allen and his fearless few
Seized its embattled walls without a blow.

Still can we hear him;— In the gray light see
The firm-set features of his mountain boys;
" Up with your firelocks, you who'll follow me! "
And every soldier held his gun at poise.

Here Arnold strove,—(alas, the later hour
That stained a patriot name aforetime pure!)
Whelmed, yet undaunted, by the foeman's power
Beneath thy coppiced headlands, green Valcour!

With triumph vision, on exultant feet,
Here passed Burgoyne and his imposing train
To that grim day of desperate defeat.
On Saratoga's memorable plain.

And here Macdonough, prince of sailors he,
Resting his cause with the Almighty Will,
Hewed a red path to fame and victory
While from the shrouds a game-cock clarioned shrill.

Ah, pageant of the past! the trump, the fife,
The reeling shock of arms, to-day are banned;
Down closing vistas fade the stress and strife;
Now concord reigns, fair Gateway of the Land!

Three hundred years! How wide a space of time,
Yet we may cross it on the Bridge of Dream,
And very real, though none the less sublime,
Transcendent figures such as Shakespere seem!

The great are not remote. The statures loom,
Although they lie in moss-encrusted graves;
So view we him who, with the year at bloom,
Here led to battle his Algonquin braves.

Stanch De Champlain! he of the questing soul
And the impetuous heart!— ah, who shall say
If he beheld not back the lustrums roll
With revelations of our broader day?

For his we know was the unleashed surmise,
The lofty impulse, the inspiring thought,
Yet must we doubt if his presaging eyes
Divined the wonders that mankind has wrought.

His fragile shallop — 'tis a steam-sped barque!
His forest torch —'tis an electric globe!
A touch, and lo, an emanating spark
As surely fatal as was Nessus' robe!

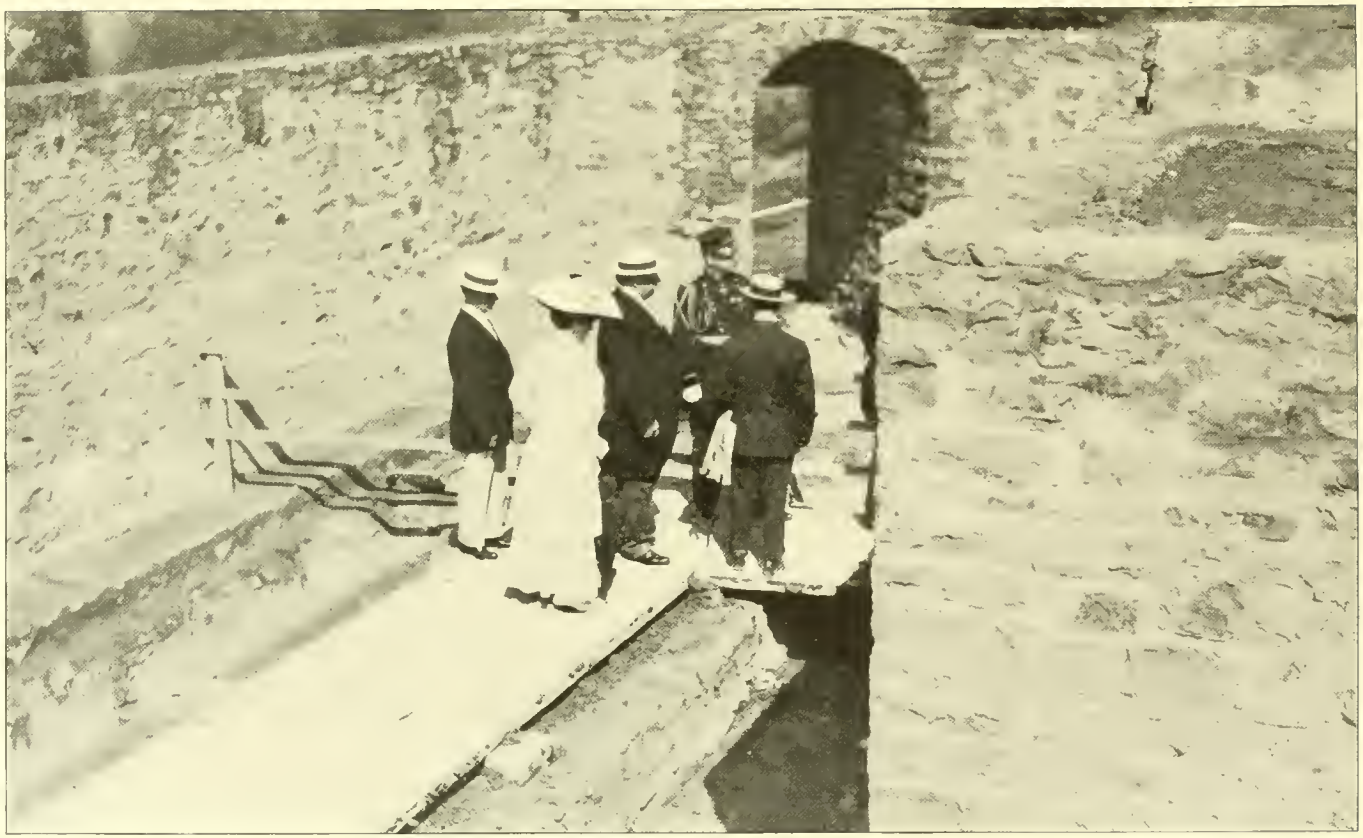
Speech flies through space as though on spirit wings;
We dive beneath the sea; we cleave the air;
Beyond the portal of what unseen things
May not to-morrow's new explorers fare!

And yet the old — the dauntless De Champlains! —
Let us be mindful of the debt we owe!
A splendid ichor coursed along their veins;
They quailed nor faltered whatsoe'er the blow!

Meagre their tools, and starveling were their aids,
Yet mark the marvel of their fruitful deeds!—
On verdured banks, in fertile-bosomed glades,
We reap the harvest where they sowed the seeds.

Then hail them, heroes of an elder hour!
Death's mandate only bade their struggles cease;
Still be their memory as a fadeless flower
As march the centuries toward the Bourne of Peace!

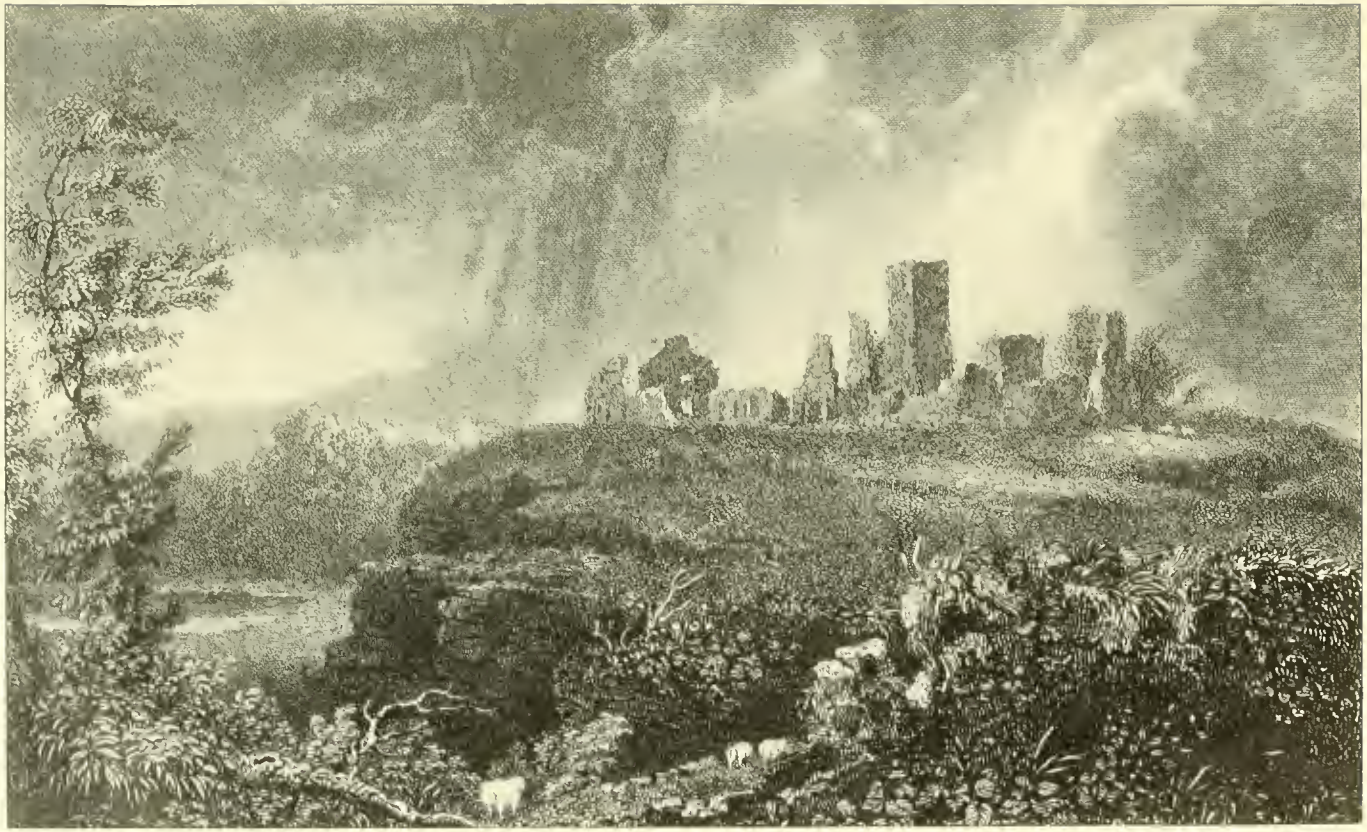
During the afternoon, the Tenth Regiment, National Guard, of New York, which had been encamped at Crown Point for more than a week, was reviewed by Governor Hughes. At evening he and the other guests and the Commissioners left for Fort Ticonderoga. Many spectators remained to witness the evening performance of the Indian pageants, under the direction of L. O. Armstrong, and to see the display of fireworks.



President Taft inspecting work of restoration at Ticonderoga

Photo by A. Sayles, Albany Evening Journal, Albany, N. Y.

President Taft and party inspecting ruins and remodeled buildings of Fort Ticonderoga, July 6, 1909



From painting of T. Cole, 1831

Ruins of Fort Ticonderoga

Assembling of crowds at Fort Ticonderoga

IV. TUESDAY, JULY 6: AT TICONDEROGA

IV. TUESDAY, JULY 6: AT TICONDEROGA

On Tuesday, the scene of the celebration shifted to Ticonderoga. Heavy rain in the morning threatened to prove a serious drawback to the enjoyment of the day, but by noon the sun appeared and the programme was happily carried out as planned. President Taft, the French and British Ambassadors, and other distinguished guests arrived by special train from the south. Soon after reaching Fort Ticonderoga the President and party were met by Commissioner Howland Pell, Captain Stephen H. P. Pell and Colonel Robert M. Thompson, and escorted through the ruins of the old stronghold, taking note of the work of restoration which had been begun. The President and the other guests were reminded alike by the ruined walls and by numerous ancient cannon newly set up in the bastions that here was a spot of paramount importance in the American annals alike of France and of Great Britain. In the fort grounds the visitors viewed with interest the remains of the *Revenge*, a warship of the Revolution sunk just off the Ticonderoga shore and raised the preceding winter for preservation in the grounds of the restored fort.

The morning hours had been devoted to a military review and sham battle along the old French lines, and at noon to lunch, which was served to the principal guests on the steamer *Ticonderoga*. At one o'clock the literary exercises of the day were held, the speakers occupying a grand stand in the grounds of the fort. President Taft and party throughout the day were the especial guests of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen H. P. Pell and of Mrs. Pell's father, Col. Robert M. Thompson. After the day's exercises, the President and party were taken by steamer to Port Henry and thence by a special train to Plattsburgh.

At Ticonderoga village, on this day, was held a local celebration with many interesting Franco-American features. At an early hour, high mass was celebrated at St. Peter's Catholic Church. In the afternoon

there was a procession including floats representing scenes in the life of Champlain and in the local history. The day before a reproduction of the cross which had been set up by Montcalm on July 9, 1758, to celebrate his victory over the British general, Abercromby, had been raised by the Ticonderoga Historical Society with impressive ceremonies.

The French and British Ambassadors found the region of Fort Ticonderoga of extraordinary interest, so rich is it in associations and reminders of the early American campaigns of both nations. Here in 1755 was first erected the French fortress of Carillon, one of the chief strongholds of France in America; here, in July, 1758, Montcalm's four thousand Frenchmen defeated Abercromby's troops numbering fifteen thousand; here a year later General Amherst captured the fort and caused the French to retire even to Quebec. From that year of 1759 the restored and reconstructed fort has borne the name of Ticonderoga. Then, in the years of the American Revolution, came the episode of its capture by Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys, and finally, in July, 1777, Burgoyne's successful investment of it, his fortification of Mount Defiance and the evacuation of the fortification and its defenses. These and other episodes were constantly recalled and formed the theme for patriotic reminiscences and discussion throughout the day.

At the formal literary exercises Senator Henry W. Hill presided and in introducing the speakers of the afternoon made the following remarks:

INTRODUCTION BY SENATOR HENRY W. HILL

Governor HUGHES, Governor PROUTY, *Members of the Legislature of the State of New York, Members of the Lake Champlain Tercentenary Commission, Ladies and Gentlemen:* We are met in one of the most historic places of the Champlain valley, as well as of America, to participate in the celebration exercises of the 300th anniversary of the discovery of Lake Champlain by Samuel Champlain, in the month of July, 1609. His Excellency the Governor of New York, His Excellency the Governor of Vermont, the Legislature of New York, the Champlain Tercentenary Commissions of New York and Vermont, and many other distinguished citizens of the two States and of the Nation, soon to be honored by the presence of the President of the United States, the French Ambassador, the British Ambassador, and other distinguished guests from foreign countries, are in

attendance and constitute the most distinguished civic assemblage ever convened in this beautiful valley, enriched as it is by historic associations of colonial, national and international events of vital importance in shaping the sovereignty of this entire territory, and the policy and character of American institutions. Through this valley surged the tides of war and travel for more than 200 years, until every prominent point and important island in this picturesque lake were marked by some notable event worthy of historic mention. Its romantic Indian names "Peta-wa-bouque," meaning "alternate land and water," and "Caniaderi-guarunte," meaning "gateway of the country," together with its French name "Mer des Iroquois," reveal its historic significance —

"When first the pale-face from the distant sea
Brought hither conquering cross and fleur-de-lis."

This celebration will commemorate the discovery of this beautiful lake, as well as many of the important events occuring in the Champlain valley.

The most important of these cluster about Ticonderoga, the stronghold of three successive sovereign nations — now happily in friendly accord — whose military leaders here achieved imperishable fame. In and about this impregnable fortress, whose ruins we visit to-day, and which are being rebuilt by the Pell family, in whom the title thereto has been held most of the time since the Revolution, the "flower of contending armies" struggled for supremacy and the control of this "Gateway of the Country." The memories awakened by these associations cannot fail to arouse in us patriotic impulses and be an inspiration to generations yet unborn.

The historic achievement of Arnold at Valcour electrified the Continental Congress; and the triumphant victory of Macdonough in Cumberland Bay thrilled the hearts of the people of this growing and now "noble and puissant" nation with genuine patriotic motives, and made Lake Champlain famous in two great wars for the sovereign control of the territory now comprising the United States.

Its picturesqueness has been the theme of poets for many generations, who have likened its beautiful bays unto that of Baiae, its shimmering waters unto those of Como and its mountain scenery and beautiful islands unto those of Maggiore. Its many historic places and beautiful scenery will be visited during this celebration by thousands of the people of this and other countries, and happy are we, the representatives of the State of New York, in formally participating in the exercises in commemoration of the discovery of the one lake, which Samuel Champlain, fresh from the Court of Henry IV, singled out as worthy to bear his name.

I now have the pleasure and the honor of presenting His Excellency, Charles Evans Hughes, the Governor of New York, who will address you. (Applause.)

Governor Hughes was greeted with the heartiest applause, long continued. He spoke as follows:

GOVERNOR HUGHES AT TICONDEROGA

Mr. Chairman, Governor PROUTY, *Gentlemen of the Legislature, Fellow Citizens:* You are to have the pleasure of listening this afternoon to one of America's foremost writers and orators, who, with the charm of felicitous expression, will tell you the story of Lake Champlain. We also are honored by the visit to this State, in connection with these ceremonies, of the distinguished Governor of Vermont (applause), who will briefly address you. Later we shall forget for the moment our feelings of intense pride in the respective commonwealths of New York and Vermont, while we welcome to this historic scene the man who represents the entire people of this favored country, the President of the United States. (Applause.)

It is not for me to detain you with any formal address, or to attempt in the few moments in which I shall speak any adequate statement of the interest which thrills us all to-day. This is the place of romance, this is the scene of conflict, a spot dear to every intelligent American. We are not a cynical people; we are not controlled by materialistic impulses. On the contrary, every American is filled with delight, as he reads the story of the procession of great events which culminated in the foundation of the Republic, which, above all things material, we love because of the ideals that it represents. Every school boy to-day is taking fresh interest in his study of American history because of the narrative of the exploits that this lake has seen. And throughout the breadth and length of the States which border this scene of conflict, this lake of charm and poetry, there will be in all citizens a new interest in our great country, new inspiration for the ordeals and tasks of ordinary life, new determination that we may be worthy descendants of those who here finally conquered and here laid the foundations of the nation.

What events have happened here! There is no place on this continent so full of interest, both in legend and in fact that is stronger than fiction — in history that has a charm about it that no story can rival. We are interested first in the discovery of this lake by the white man. Nothing to me has ever seemed so wonderful as this great land, waiting age after age while thrones were being established only to fall, and dynasties were succeeding each other in the Old World. Here was this vast continent silent, alone, unknown, peopled by savages, filled with riches, waiting with its benediction for the most favored of mankind. The thought of the discoverer, coming for the first time through Lake Champlain, is one which in interest and in the suggestion of romance cannot be equalled in any of the retro-

spections of history. But we pass quickly beyond the discovery, for that was interesting only as a prelude — only because of the significance we attach to the opening of this gateway to a new world; we go beyond the discovery to the rivalries of the nations. We see New France contesting for pre-eminence, we see England asserting its authority and establishing works which it deemed would secure to it the permanent control of this great country, and the thought to us all as Americans is that the crowning achievement was the conclusive victory of the Colonial Army, and the fact that after a long period of conflict we were ushered into the peace of independence and freedom. (Applause.)

But in a moment, important as are these events marking epochs in the world's history, marking the transfer of national power over a large portion of the New World — yet so idealistic are we, so interested are we in humanity, so intense is our interest in the revelation of the fine qualities of manhood — we forget the mere event of the discovery itself, we pass by the mere stories of battles and the tales of national struggle, we even pass by the mere fact of the assertion of independence and the achievement of victory for the cause of the Colonies, in our thought of the men, the splendid specimens of France and of England and of the New World, the scene of whose finest exploits is this historic spot. We forget the discovery in the discoverer, and we honor to-day not simply a man who, by virtue of his being the first to come here has had his name linked with this lake of transcendent beauty, but one of the finest representatives of the Old World, and we pay tribute to the memory of Samuel Champlain, because of his personal bravery and strength of character. (Applause.) There was a man of the Old World whom the children of the New World might well copy. There was a soldier, who after the stress of his campaigns did not wish for the idleness of Paris or the pleasures of the French Court. For him the world was a world for heroic deeds, and the only man who was fortunate was the man who could take part in some momentous action. He felt within him the capacity to do something worth while in a world where much was to be done, and he took advantage of the favor of his sovereign only to give himself the chance to court the dangers of his repeated expeditions.

There are four men whose names and memories are associated with this spot, and each one of the four was an honor to his race, a man who may well serve as a pattern for the men of all nations. (Applause.)

I have spoken of Champlain. Now let us go forward 150 years. We are to-day celebrating the 300th anniversary of the discovery of Champlain. The days of the French occupation and of the establishment of Fort Carillon seem far remote, but they were as far in advance of the day of Champlain's first visit as they are remote from us, marking the half-way house in the path of historical development. Champlain, 1609, Fort Carillon, 1755. And here again France

sent one of the noblest of its souls. How we love to find in the warrior the man of gentleness and sympathy, the man of kindly heart and generous disposition! How easily the horrors of war are forgotten because there have been revealed in the midst of them the nobility of true greatness. Such was Montcalm. (Applause.) Descendants of the English who fought him meet to-day with the descendants of the French who followed him, and with us, as men of America knowing no distinction of race, honor Montcalm, who held these heights to the disaster of the great British Army, only finally to learn in Canada that the victorious General Amherst had secured control. A man, devoted to his wife and children, embracing the opportunities of the New World because of his loyalty to his nation and its sovereigns, a pure-minded man, one who worked as a common soldier here in the trenches at Ticonderoga, inspiring his troops with his devotion and his courage, a man whose memory is not the exclusive possession of his nation but is the pride of humanity itself.

And then there was Lord Howe, who did not reach this spot — as fine a specimen of the English race as ever visited this soil — as Wolfe said, "the best soldier in the British Army," a man, like Montcalm, of pure character and honorable purpose. He fell in the surprise in the woods, having lost his way, but he has given sanctity to the spot which he sought to reach and to this place with which his name has been identified.

But America has not failed to achieve a place in the honorable roll of those who have dignified this height with their exploits and their deeds of courage. We have Ethan Allen. (Great applause.)

And the only victory ever won on this spot that really meant something permanent was won by Ethan Allen. (Applause.) The French had a wonderful victory, and Montcalm in triumph set up the cross ascribing it to Providence. Amherst thought he had come to stay, and in their pride of occupancy the British left a little garrison to be surprised and in humiliation to surrender and thus to permit the Continental Congress, almost ante-natally favored by the "Great Jehovah," to establish its colors here. (Laughter and applause.)

And with Ethan Allen were the rest of the Green Mountain Boys. The Governor of Vermont will become eloquent about this in a moment. The New Yorkers and Vermonters worked together here, and they are always to be together hereafter. (Applause.) New York is not to be outdone in the praise of the Green Mountain Boys who took this fortress for the Colonies, and, although it was destined to fall again into the hands of the British, it was only for a short time. The victory of Ethan Allen and the surrender of the British commander, under the most abject conditions under which a commander ever surrendered, was significant only because of the indomitable spirit of the Americans which Allen

incarnated. Whether it was at Ticonderoga or at Oriskany or at Saratoga or at Yorktown, they were unconquerable, and to the intelligent onlooker of his time the exploit in the capture of Ticonderoga was prophetic because of its revelation of the spirit of the Revolution, which has been transmitted through the generations until in these opening years of the Twentieth century there is no one to decry or contest our power or influence for good, and no one in the world but wishes well for the American people. (Applause.)

The State ought to have restored these ruins, but we are proud of the patriotism that has undertaken the restoration. (Applause.) We are glad that they are being safe-guarded. Now let us all, coming to this spot of story, of defeat, of victory — distinguished by the best and bravest of the Old World and of the New — reconsecrate ourselves to the cause of human freedom, knowing that only in our individual lives and in our seemingly slender opportunities can we really make secure that for which our fathers fought. (Applause.)

Senator Hill then introduced the Governor of Vermont. "Across yon beautiful lake," he said, "lies the State of Vermont, which conceived the idea of the celebration of the discovery of Lake Champlain. From the day that project was first considered, it has had the endorsement of the Governors of that State and we are fortunate to-day in having with us His Excellency, George H. Prouty, Governor of Vermont, whom I now present as the next speaker." (Applause.)

GOVERNOR PROUTY AT TICONDEROGA.

Governor Prouty spoke as follows:

Mr. Chairman, Your Excellency, Members of the New York Legislature, Ladies and Gentlemen: I can assure you that with a few exceptions I am extremely glad to be here. I have tested the soil of New York; I know it sticks; I shall carry it away with me when I go (laughter), and I shall also carry away with me the pleasure of seeing this great convocation here to-day. It is indeed a great pleasure for a Governor of Vermont to come here to this historic spot, because, if I remember correctly, there was another Vermonter that came here one time, and, as Governor Hughes has said, accomplished something. He was sent here by the Great Jehovah and the Legislature of Vermont. (Applause.)

I give you greeting, ladies and gentlemen. I shall not endeavor to be eloquent over the Green Mountain Boys or over any one else in Vermont, but I do want to say to you that whatever our feelings may have been in the past for you at some

time, we have nothing but love and good will now. (Applause.) If Vermont was fortunate enough to have conceived the idea of this great celebration, she has also been fortunate in having such wonderful co-operation from the State of New York, because the State of New York in this matter has acted as a big brother to the State of Vermont, and the State of Vermont fully appreciates it.

This is a grand celebration, and a great deal of work and a great deal of money has been spent to get up such a celebration as this, and we ought to remember what this is and what this means for us. This celebration is not prepared simply for pleasure. It is prepared because of the memories which we have of Lake Champlain, of Samuel Champlain and of all the great heroes who have performed deeds of valor in this beautiful valley. If we do not realize this fact, if we do not take the lessons of the heroism of those men, we shall not have received the benefit from this celebration which we ought to. It is only by remembering these things, it is only by remembering the sacrifices which have been made, it is only by remembering what Samuel Champlain came here for, that we can get the proper benefit from this great celebration, and, therefore, I say to-day for just a moment that we should remember that these heroes performed these deeds of valor because of their love for country, because they wanted to do something for the world, and for mankind, and unless we take these lessons to us, we have failed in getting the best from this great celebration. I promised when I came here that I wouldn't speak over five minutes. I could not, if I tried, give you an historical address or an eloquent one; but I do come here as the Governor of Vermont to bring you the greetings of that little State and again tell you that we appreciate that whatever may have been in the past, to-day we are simply brothers and fellow countrymen; that we live in the same great republic whose representative we shall see here in such a short time, and that we simply try to outdo the State of New York in our patriotism. My friends, again I say to you, I am glad to be here. The mud which I carry away will be sacred to me. (Applause.)

CHAIRMAN HILL — *Ladies and Gentlemen:* If the Governor of Vermont carries nothing away but mud he is welcome to it. (Laughter.) I hope he will carry some of the inspiration of this great audience away with him, and I know he will. We were fortunate, ladies and gentlemen, in securing distinguished speakers for our various exercises to be held during the entire week. We were particularly gratified that we were to have on this occasion, at this historic place, a gentleman who has written so well of American scenery, a gentleman who has traveled so extensively and who has so beautifully described many of the places of the

Old and New Worlds. We wanted him to come into the Champlain valley, so that, henceforth, some such beautiful pictures as he has given us of other places may be produced by him with reference to Lake Champlain, and we are now to hear from the Associate Editor of the *Outlook*, who will address you — Doctor Hamilton Wright Mabie. (Applause.)

Doctor Hamilton Wright Mabie addressed the assemblage. His paper follows:

THE STORY OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

By HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE.

An address delivered at Fort Ticonderoga on July 6, the three hundredth anniversary of the discovery of Lake Champlain.

THE DISCOVERY.

On the 28th day of June, 1609, Champlain, with a party of eleven Frenchmen, armed with the arquebus, accompanied by three hundred and more Indians, set sail from Quebec in a fleet of canoes; crossed Lake St. Peter; reached the mouth of the river which has borne many names but has finally become the Richelieu; after a short stay enlivened by fishing and hunting and by the customary secession of three-fourths of his Indian allies, which reduced the party to three Frenchmen and sixty Algonquin braves, made his way up the quiet stream in a world of virgin foliage; left his canoes where the roar of the rapids broke the silence of the woods and the foam of tumultuous waters became visible through the trees, and plunged into the wilderness. These daring Frenchmen were of the stuff of which heroes are made, in a century which bred men of heroic temper; they were intrepid, ardent, and gallant, after the manner of their race. A history of splendid audacity on the uncharted Sea of Darkness, as they called the Atlantic, lay behind them; a romantic and tragic history of laboricus adventure, uncalculating heroism, and perils without number lay before them. Behind them were the cliffs of Quebec, on which the most picturesque city of the continent was to rise, the mountain on whose slope Montreal was to build itself with the solidity of the Old and the brightness of the New World, and the slope on which Toronto was to gather itself around its beautiful park, its Parliament House, and its University; the St. Lawrence, majestic among rivers for its volume, its scenery, its magnificent tumult of birth at Niagara, and its impressive sweep through a gulf which is like a sea into the Atlantic; behind them, too, was half a continent which was to be contended for by two races and to become the home of both, united in the building of a great

and powerful empire, English in name and loyalty, in energy and power of administration, French in tradition, in ancient courtesy of hospitality and the love of life.

Of this brilliant and stirring future, so impressive to us to-day, Champlain had no vision as he re-embarked and was swept along through forests teeming with game, past meadows sweet with the odors of the young summer, until the river widened into the lake that was to bear his name to the remotest future. Isle à La Motte, beautiful in its green expanse and its lovely outlooks, Grande Isle and Long Island, lay in his path as he entered the tranquil waters of Champlain. It was a landscape of quiet but varied and striking beauty into which this brave French gentleman came about July 4, 1609. Before him the Lake stretched to the south and lured the imagination on its own voyage of discovery beyond the farther dip of the sky; on his right the Adirondack wilderness was spread out league on league, hill rising behind hill to the noble mass and altitude of Marcy and Whiteface; to the left the forests climbed to the summit of Mansfield; the shores were indented by almost numberless inlets and bays, and the primeval forests came down to the water's edge in a long sweep of unbroken foliage. As the little flotilla moved southward under the quiet stars, silent as the night itself, they passed Split Rock, with the mysterious serpent coiled on its face — a place sacred in the unwritten annals of the aborigines, and a symbol of the savage life to which the coming of Champlain was the unsuspected approach of doom. To the west the solitude of the woods which have since become a priceless Forest of Arden for rest, sport, and health was unbroken save by the softly falling tread of moccasined hunters; to the south, through the beautiful Mohawk valley, stretched the lodges of the Five Nations, the implacable, tireless, war-loving Iroquois, the most daring and skillful of Indian fighters, who had been driven from the Champlain valley a century and a half earlier by their ancestral enemies, the Algonquins.

If the gallant French gentleman, high-minded and generous of spirit, whom the paddles of Algonquin warriors were bearing swiftly southward could have heard the terrible cries that were to haunt those woods in the near future and for many a later year, and seen as in a vision the horror of torture and the bitterness of death that were to be enacted again and again in places which nature had made for temples and homes, he might have turned backward and left the valley to its vast solitude and silence. But in the drama of human life, never without its monitions of tragedy, and yet moving through storm and blood to a widening peace and higher ordering of society, it was ordained that Champlain should be the harbinger of war and desolation in the very hour in which he was to grasp the crown of the discoverer.

A GREAT FIGURE APPEARS

On the evening of the 29th of July, three hundred years ago, as they approached the point of land on which Ticonderoga stands, the Algonquins descried the canoes of their enemies putting out from the shore, and in a moment the night was a tumult of war-cries. The Iroquois, who had no genius for naval strategy, put ashore and hastily barricaded themselves in the woods. In the dusk of the summer twilight that first scene in the authentic history of Lake Champlain silhouettes itself in dusky lines; the Iroquois furiously felling trees and piling the trunks in a rude order; the Algonquins dancing in their rocking boats lashed together near the shore and filling the air with shouts of defiance and derision. It was a dramatic moment when morning broke, for no European had ever been seen in the wilderness, and the dawn was the rising of the curtain on a drama in which four races were to appear; a war that was to involve half the world was to be fought, and the destiny of a continent decided.

The Algonquins landed as soon as it was light; the Iroquois, erect as the pines about them, vigorous, daring, and vindictive, left the shelter of their barricades and moved through the woods with the steadiness of veteran troops, the plumes of their chiefs leading the onset. Then, with dramatic quickness, the ranks of the Algonquins opened and Champlain, partly in armor, advanced and stood between them; a strange and ominous figure in the eyes of his enemies if they had known it, the foe alike of Iroquois and Algonquins; the impersonation of that aggressive force of civilization which sweeps the lesser race irresistibly before it as it moves with the momentum of a glacier.

Standing on the edge of the forest, steel on his breast and thighs, a plumed casque on his head, a sword at his side, an arquebus in his hand, on that July morning eleven years before the landing at Plymouth, two months before Henry Hudson discovered the Hudson, Champlain holds the center of the stage, the earliest of the men of striking personality who were to appear in this beautiful valley; second to none of them in nobility of purpose and greatness of soul; dividing with La Salle the pre-eminence of fame among Frenchmen in America. He incarnated in that moment the genius of France, its immense service to America, the story of discovery, exploration, adventure, heroism, and sacrifice which it was to contribute to the finding and making of the New World. To-day we celebrate their dauntless courage, their restless energy, their enthusiasm, which no danger could check and no toil exhaust.

As England sent her great sailors and adventurers from Devonshire, whose rocky coasts in the mists of sunset are beautiful as the gates of fairyland, France sent her sailors and explorers from the harbors of Normandy and Brittany, where

men of heroic mold gained tempered strength on the high seas. They were a gallant company, those daring Frenchmen who sailed up the St. Lawrence, crossed the wilderness and the prairie, spread the first sail on the inland lakes, and floated down the Mississippi to the Gulf, penetrating to the heart of the continent, and leaving behind them in all the localities where they or their successors stayed — at Detroit, at St. Louis, at New Orleans, and in small towns — a tradition of courtesy and a touch of distinction which have persisted through the centuries. The hardy men of Dieppe and Honfleur who were fishing off the coasts of Newfoundland four centuries ago; Jacques Cartier, sailing out of the harbor where St. Malo still prospers behind her walls and Millet's statue of Chateaubriand looks seaward; Jean Nicollet, Joliet, Marquette, Frontenac, Hennepin, Tonty, Bienville, La Salle (one of the greatest names in our early history); the Jesuit Fathers who kept company with hardship and death so many decades — how these great figures stand out in the morning light of the New World!

On that historic morning when he stood between the two bands of Indian warriors Champlain was forty-two years old. Born not far from Rochelle, in a country which, like Devon, Normandy, and Brittany, was a nursery of sailors, Champlain knew the sea from his youth and loved it. A gentleman by birth and training, he was brave and hardy, of great strength, calm in danger, resourceful and swift in action; strict in discipline, but always just and kind; a Frenchman in his blitheness of spirit and a certain inextinguishable gayety which hardship could not dim, he was a man to be loved and honored. No more chivalrous and gallant figure appears in the New World story. He belongs with the Founders and Builders, and rightly bears the proud title, the "Father of New France." Parkman places his name first among the pioneers of our forests. "It was he who struck the deepest and boldest strokes into the heart of their pristine barbarism. * * * The *preux chevalier*, the crusader, the romance-loving explorer, the curious knowledge-seeking traveler, the practical navigator, all found their share in him. * * * His books mark the man — all for his theme and purpose, nothing for himself. Crude in style, full of the superficial errors of carelessness and haste, rarely diffuse, often brief to a fault, they bear on every page the palpable impress of truth." His heart was in the New World. In Paris, he tells us, he walked the streets in a dream, recalling the mystery of the deep woods, hearing above the tumult of the ancient city the music of trees swaying in the wind, seeing with that inward eye which is alike the bliss of solitude and of the squares where mighty streams of men converge, the long aisles of the unexplored forest; full, too, of a mighty compassion for the Indians, and holding the saving of a soul better worth while than the founding of an empire.

Such was the man who faced the Iroquois, looking at him with startled surprise, as at a visitor from another planet, on that fateful July morning. In his quaint but graphic style he has described his part in the fight. "I looked at them and they looked at me. When I saw them getting ready to shoot their arrows at us, I leveled my arquebus, which I had loaded with four balls, and aimed straight on one of the three chiefs. The shot brought down two and wounded another. On this, our Indians set up such a yelling that one could not have heard a thunder-clap, and all the while the arrows flew thick on both sides. The Iroquois were greatly astonished and frightened to see two of their men killed so quickly, in spite of the arrow-proof armor. As I was reloading, one of my companions fired a shot from the woods, which so increased their astonishment that, seeing their chiefs dead, they abandoned the field and fled into the depths of the forest." Then followed the customary orgies of torture and death, from which Champlain turned with loathing and horror, begging his allies to put their victims out of misery by shooting them; and so falls the curtain on the first act of the drama of races and nations in the Champlain valley. Henceforth the Iroquois were the implacable enemies of the French.

SEEDS OF CONFLICT

The French had inadvertently, perhaps inevitably, taken sides in a struggle in which there were from time to time intervals of inaction, but no cessation of hostilities. Between the Algonquins and the Iroquois there was a feud antedating historic times, born in the geographical conditions in which the two great groups found themselves, and in their temperament and history. War was the normal occupation, the pastime, the absorbing interest of both groups. In their rudimentary political and social conditions it was the one field on which genius, daring, force, could find free play; it was an open pathway to fame and power. The English colonists at the south and east lived with arms in their hands and in the face of constant peril, but they were mainly home-makers, with small thought of wide conquests; concerned chiefly with getting roofs over their heads and seed in the ground. They were fighting here and there as they set their stakes farther and farther into the wilderness; but their advance was slow and they were but a thin line of pioneers building larger than they knew. The French, on the other hand, had great ambitions from the beginning. They were not primarily settlers, home-makers, farmers; they were ardent explorers, bent on bringing a new empire under French rule, soldiers eager to establish French authority in the farthest confines of the wilderness; devoted priests whose joy it was to plant the cross in savage places and to sing the Mass in savage ears, tireless apostles of a Church whose annals they enriched with almost numberless martyrdoms. The English crept

slowly forward as they needed land for their immediate purposes; the French swept, few in numbers but dauntless in courage, to the very heart of the continent, inspired by great dreams of empire, of the glory of France, of the spread of the faith. Inevitably, therefore, they met fierce opposition over a thousand miles of territory from an enemy who saw in them a foe to be faced and fought to the death. In that long and disorderly warfare Lake Champlain appears and reappears as the record touches now one point and now another, now a column moving with shining arms through the woods, now a flotilla sweeping across the lake, now a skirmish desperately fought; always bands of braves stealing through the trees, alert, implacable, tireless.

War between the rival colonists, divided by race, by faith, by temperament, was chronic, as was war between the French and the Iroquois; subsiding for a few years, and then breaking out afresh in some local incident or inspired by the incessant bickerings of the two nations at home. In the dead of winter in 1690 a small army of French and Indians might have been seen moving silently on the ice; two weeks later the blazing settlement at Schenectady, like a great torch, revealed their destination. In one of these minor struggles, in the intervals between the greater and more significant combats, a figure of heroic mold appears in the person of Captain John Schuyler, of Albany; a man of intrepid energy and intimate familiarity with border warfare, the bearer of a name of the highest distinction in the history of New York, and the forerunner of one of the purest-minded and noblest-hearted leaders of Revolutionary struggle. Within sound of the guns of Montreal, this daring soldier avenged the destruction of Schenectady. A year later another Schuyler, Philip, passed over the same route which his brother had taken, fought a desperate battle with a large force sent out from Montreal, and brought his men off in safety after assaulting and capturing Fort La Prairie. In 1709 a considerable force of colonists from New York and New England, with five hundred warriors from the lodges of the Five Nations, passed over a road built by the State from Albany to the lake, but returned without meeting the French; the expedition against Quebec, which was part of the general plan to seize Canada, proving equally futile. The importance of the lake as a highway north and south was now clearly seen, and both English and French recognized its strategical importance; but the French, organized on a military basis, acted first. In 1731 they built a fort at Crown Point, which was called St. Frédéric, the English meantime claiming the title to the territory on both sides the lake. The Governor-General of Canada began to issue grants of great sections of land, Isle la Motte being included in the first of these gifts to French officials and soldiers. Few of these tracts were settled within the time fixed by the grants, and the territory largely reverted to the Crown; the modern love of scenery was still in embryo, and the

social Frenchmen shrank from the isolation of life in the wilderness. New York was sluggish of action in those days of loose organization; it had the keys of Canada in its hands, but allowed the French to intrench themselves on the lake and make ready for the decisive struggle for the control of the continent that was fast approaching. For two decades Crown Point was a menacing stronghold and the base of many irritating forays.

A FRONTIER BARON

The final conflict was preceded by desultory and ineffective attempts by the colonists to break or destroy the French power in Canada. In 1755 a number of colonial governors met at Alexandria and planned a campaign against Canada, involving expeditions against Crown Point, the fort at Niagara, and Fort Duquesne. The leadership of the expedition against Crown Point was assigned to Sir William Johnson, and was to be made up of colonists and Indians. The Indians held back at first; they found the colonists too little occupied with war. "Look at the French," they said; "they are men, they are fortifying everywhere." In the end they joined forces with the colonists, and in July General Lyman arrived with six hundred troops from New England and promptly began building Fort Lyman. When Sir William Johnson reached the camp a month later, he found himself in command of more than three thousand men. Mr. Norton once said of Lowell that in the crisis of the war between the States his voice was worth an army corps; Johnson was the equivalent of a division. Intrepid, resourceful, accustomed to create conditions instead of conforming to them, flexible in habit, enamored of the freedom of frontier life, and daring enough to use it to the full, Johnson knew the Indian mind and habit more intimately perhaps than any other man in the colonies; and, what was more important, he had the firm friendship and confidence of the Indians. He lived on the Mohawk on easy terms with life, and especially with his Indian neighbors. An Irishman by birth, he was strongly built, of a commanding spirit and a jovial temper. His house was a castle and a club; it could stand a siege or give hospitality of bed and food and drink to an army of friends. Its master was a born host who drank flip with the Dutch settlers and Madeira with the royal governors; he could trade with the instinct of a modern financier of the advanced school; he could preside at Indian councils and use all the devices of Indian oratory, and he had a genius for international marriages.

Johnson's army was a miscellaneous one; he danced the war dance with his Indians; there were good men and true in it, and there were colonists who came reluctantly and were eager to be back on their farms; they wore many kinds of clothes and carried all sorts of arms. Its morals were variously reported. Parkman quotes William Smith, of New York, as saying, "Not a chicken has been

stolen "— a statement unique in the annals of civilized wars. Colonel Ephraim Williams, one of the honorable company of American founders of colleges, wrote: "We are a wicked, profane army, especially the New York and Rhode Island troops. Nothing to be heard among a great part of them but the language of Hell. If Crown Point is taken, it will not be for our sakes, but for those good people left behind." It ought to be remembered that the language of New York has often sounded profane in New England ears, when it was only informally picturesque. There were also prayers and sermons and psalm-singing — largely, it may be suspected, in the New England camps, though even there one detects signs ot our common humanity. "As to rum," writes Colonel Williams, "it won't hold out nine weeks;" and he adds these significant words, "Things appear most melancholy to me." Things went slowly, as they usually did with colonial armies. Johnson managed to dine on venison and cheered his guests with good wine; incidentally he gave one of the loveliest lakes in America the name it still bears.

On a day in early September, the French commander, Dieskau, misled by a report that the English had retreated, advanced from Ticonderoga to the point where Whitehall now stands, left a part of his troops, moved forward along the edges of a marsh as far as the head of South Bay, abandoned his canoes, and plunged into the forest, about fifteen hundred men in all — regular troops, Canadians, and Indians. The following evening they were within three miles of a detachment of colonists. Captured drivers of wagons told the French that they had been misled and that the English lay in force at the lake. Many Indians promptly deserted, but the daring Dieskau pushed forward and met a column of English troops. The French regulars were halted on the road, the Canadians with the Indians who remained were hidden in the woods. Johnson meantime had been informed of Dieskau's movements, and decided to send a thousand men in two detachments to "catch the enemy in their retreat." The protest of the Mohawk chief who picked up a stick and easily broke it and then tried in vain to break several sticks was heeded, and the detachments were united; but the experienced fighter still demurred. "If they are to be killed," he said, "they are too many; if they are to fight, they are too few."

The ambush had been skillfully laid, and when the English advanced the forest suddenly broke into a blaze of musket shots. Colonel Williams rode swiftly up a little rise of ground, calling his men to follow him, and fell with a bullet through his brain; one of those heroic spirits whose mortality finds its witness here as well as there, and whose name lives in one of the most beautiful of American colleges. Under the terrible enfilading fire of an invisible enemy the colonists recoiled, pressed forward in the face of the murderous flame, and then broke in confusion amid the yells of the Indians. Colonel Williams was still in the fight in the indomitable

spirit of his troops, who rallied, made a brave retreat, and ended "the bloody morning scout." An hour after Williams set out the main camp heard the shouts of their retreating comrades, built a hasty barricade with wagons and trunks of trees, planted cannon, and made ready for an assault. Fifteen hundred farmers, most of whom had never heard a gun fired save in sport, their nerves shaken by the catastrophe of the morning, waited the advance of the French regulars marching down the forest road, war-whoops bursting from the woods, and the Canadians and Indians rushing down the wooded hillside. The colonists held their fire until their enemies were close at hand, and then swept the white-coated ranks with grape and compelled them to seek the shelter of the trees, and the fight became a furious fusillade. For an hour Dieskau drove in succession against Johnson's right, center and left, until he was struck by a shot in the leg, and while the wound was being dressed was shot again in the knee and thigh. Seated behind a tree, the brave Frenchman refused to be moved, and ordered his adjutant to leave him and make a final charge against Johnson's position. But the day was lost; the colonists rushed from their entrenchments, fell like a whirlwind on the French, and drove them in confusion from the field. Dieskau was shot again and was carried to Johnson's quarters, where he narrowly escaped being burned and eaten by the furious Mohawks. He lived to return to Paris and to tell the story of his adventures with Gallic fire and effectiveness.

Johnson failed to follow his victory by a decisive blow; his army was re-enforced; the November snows began to fall, the November winds to howl through the leafless trees; the men began to desert in squads, and the camp broke up. Parkman sums up the campaign in a phrase: "The Crown Point expedition was a failure disguised under an incidental success." Johnson had changed the name of Lake George, and transformed Fort Lyman into Fort Edward; he had built Fort William Henry, and he had withstood a furious onslaught on his position, but Crown Point and Ticonderoga remained in the hands of the French. He knew, however, how to take the tide at the turn; England soon rang with the story of his bravery, his picturesque career, his commanding personality; Parliament gave him the substantial recognition of five thousand pounds and the King made him a baronet!

The French took advantage of the period of inaction which followed this indecisive struggle to entrench themselves at Ticonderoga, where two thousand men were set to work building Fort Carillon. An attempt to surprise the garrison of Fort William Henry was foiled by the energy of John Stark, one of the picturesque figures of the later struggle, whose version at the battle of Bennington of the famous phrase "Victory or Westminster Abbey" had a touch of Yankee domesticity. Fort William Henry, after a brave resistance under command of the spirited Monro,

fell into the hands of Montcalm. The story of the massacre which followed when the French lost control of their Indian allies is the most terrible in the history of a region familiar with savage atrocity. Montcalm, a man of the highest standards of honor, begged the infuriated Indians to kill him and spare the English who were under his protection; but their fury was not stayed until they were met by an escort sent out to bring in the fugitives. For many decades the tradition of the slaughter of the fated column that set out from Fort William Henry for Fort Edward was the blackest in the annals of the colonies and a lasting grief to Montcalm.

THE DECISIVE STRUGGLE

The decisive struggle begun on the Monongahela was now transferred to Lake Champlain. In our history it is known as the French and Indian War, but the fight in the American woods was part of the world-wide struggle known as the Seven Years' War — one of those conflicts whose tremendous import becomes evident only when the smoke has long passed from the battlefield and the ultimate results stand revealed in the light of history. Voltaire's remark that " such was the complication of political interests that a cannon-shot fired in America could give the signal that set Europe in a blaze " gains dramatic effect when we remember that the man who fired that shot, not from a cannon, but from a musket, was George Washington on the Western frontier; the noblest figure who has yet appeared in the New World, unconspicuously opening the gate of the Great West and the gate of the Far East in the same moment. Parkman sums up the outcome of this impressive struggle in a few pregnant sentences: " The Seven Years' War made England what she is. It crippled the commerce of her rival, ruined France in two continents, and blighted her as a colonial power. It gave England the control of the seas and the mastery of North America and of India, made her the first of commercial nations, and prepared that vast colonial system that has planted new Englands in every quarter of the globe. And while it made England what she is, it supplied to the United States the indispensable condition of their greatness, if not of their National existence."

MONTCALM

In the New World the " far-flung battle line " extended from Acadia to Fort Duquesne, on the Monongahela; but nowhere were the incidents more dramatic or the fights more fierce than in the Champlain valley. And in the history of colonial strife there is no more spirited and gallant figure than Louis Joseph, Marquis de Montcalm, the protagonist of the French in this world-wide contest. A native of Nîmes, a student and lover of the Humanities, trained in Latin and Greek, a devout reader of the best literature, aspiring to membership in the French Academy,

Montcalm was forty-four years old when he appeared at Ticonderoga. He had already served with distinction in the French army and gained an enviable reputation as a commander. Behind the hardships, dangers, and heroism of his service in America one sees always the beautiful home in the fair landscape of Provence, the passionately loved wife, the group of children, the pleasant garden where his heart rested in infinite content, and to which his thoughts traveled with infinite longing until that September day when he fell on the Heights of Abraham, the women crying out as he was borne through the gate of Quebec: "He is killed! The Marquis is killed!" "Do not weep for me, my children," he answered; "it is nothing." And when he was told that the wound was mortal: "So much the better," he said: "I shall not live to see Quebec surrendered." So fell the curtain on one of the noble figures who have lighted the long history of France as with clear-burning torches fed by self-sacrifice; so happily fell Wolfe on the Heights of Abraham, sacred to the memory of two heroes who entered into immortality through the same gate.

But Montcalm had great labors before him when he took command at Ticonderoga. On the 4th of July, 1758, Lake George was covered by a vast flotilla organized by General Abercromby, but inspired by Lord Howe, bearing the largest army that had yet been seen in America, fifteen thousand strong, to the northern end of the lake, whence the troops moved into the woods. The regiments leading the march fell into disorder in the dense forests, and were set upon by a party of French who had been watching them from a hill; the main body of the English, opportunely arriving, cut off the attacking force from their base. The French commander, a man of experience in woodcraft, attempted to reach Ticonderoga by a circuit through the forest, but also lost his bearings. These incidents would be of slight consequence if a French bullet had not struck Lord Howe, leading the English column, ended a career of singular promise, and wrecked Abercromby's movement. The elder brother of Viscount Howe, the Admiral, and of Sir William Howe, Washington's antagonist a few years later, the young officer who fell in an otherwise unimportant skirmish between Lake George and Ticonderoga, had touched the imagination and won the hearts of the colonists. He had made himself the comrade of his troops, and adopted their methods of fighting instead of insisting on repeating in American forests the tactics of Old World campaigns in the open country. A wave of sorrow swept the country when the news of his death came, and a monument placed in Westminster by Massachusetts attests the singular and tender regard in which he was held.

THE DEFEAT AT TICONDEROGA

When Lord Howe fell in the woods as Colonel Williams had fallen before him the soul went out of the army. The capture of the wandering French regiments was a small gain compared with the loss of a brilliant leader. Montcalm quickly supplemented and strengthened his position by throwing up a barricade of trees which hid and protected his men on the ridge which rises northwest of Ticonderoga, and covered the approaches with densely interwoven boughs. A quick-witted antagonist might have made this position untenable by seizing Mount Defiance; but General Abercromby was not quick-witted. Misled by a report that Montcalm was about to be reinforced and making the fatal blunder of underrating the genius of Montcalm and the fighting qualities of the French, he ordered an assault in the most difficult and perilous form, a solid bayonet charge — a form of attack obviously impossible. But Abercromby, like some other commanders of that and later periods, took no account of conditions and accepted no advice from colonists, and sent his troops to death in a hopeless task. Caught in the tangle of boughs, swept by grape and shot, the English and the colonists flung themselves through the long, hot July afternoon with desperate and despairing valor against the deadly network in front of the barricades, only to be driven back, shattered and broken. When night fell two thousand men, dead or wounded, had paid the terrible price of Abercromby's dullness. When the story of this disastrous battle was told, with accounts of the hasty retreat to Fort William Henry, the colonists revenged themselves by calling the incompetent commander "Mrs. Nabbycrombie."

There were brighter days for English rule in the near future; Louisburg was to be taken for the last time, Duquesne was to be abandoned, Niagara and Fort Frontenac were to pass into English hands, and Wolfe was to climb the steep ascent to victory at Quebec; but the curtain drops on the second act in the drama of race struggle in the valley of Lake Champlain.

THE COLONISTS IN ARMS

When it rose again the stage setting was unchanged, but one group of actors had disappeared and the other group, long acting together, had become antagonists. The French and Indian War established English authority in Canada, but weakened it in the colonies. The colonists, separated by long distances and slow methods of transit, were divided one from another by local ignorance, provincial jealousies, differences of conviction in matters of religion, statecraft, education, and social order; the struggle on the long frontier had made them aware of a common danger and accustomed them to community of action. Franklin's statesmanlike plan for

union was in advance of public opinion, but events were fast ripening the colonial mind for this larger conception of political life in the New World. The years following the struggle with the French were full of agitation and growing restlessness. A home government carried on by a few men ignorant of vital conditions across the Atlantic and of the temper of the high-spirited, freedom-loving Englishmen on the edges of the undeveloped continent, and a great group of colonists, sensitive, independent, restless under a rule which was un-English in spirit and largely in method, involved ultimately an appeal to arms, and the War of the American Revolution took its place as a phase of the struggle for popular government among the English-speaking peoples. In its inception not a conflict between two peoples but between a small party at home and a dominant majority beyond seas, it inevitably grew into a decisive trial of strength, bred deep misunderstandings, created passionate antagonisms, and turned the very kinship of the contestants into a source of bitterness. Time and distance, making possible that larger perspective in which events assume their true proportions and relations, and the acts of men stand revealed in their motives, have wrought their ancient and beautiful miracle of healing, and brought in that knowledge which is the unshakable foundation of friendship and respect. "How can I hate him?" said Charles Lamb of one of the most unpopular men of his day; "how can I hate him? I know him." In the light of this knowledge we celebrate to-day the common sincerity and courage of those who faced one another on almost half a hundred fields, and recognize that larger movement of events which makes those who call themselves enemies fight together in the great war for the emancipation of humanity.

THE STRUGGLE TO COMMAND THE LAKE

During the years that followed 1775 scene after scene was enacted on Lake Champlain, and the curtain drops only to rise again on some new incident, some daring exploit, some decisive achievement. It was the stage of many striking episodes, and it found its place in the largest strategical schemes for the suppression of the revolt of the colonists. In this brief survey these events can be recalled only in a series of rapidly drawn sketches. The colonists had gone to Canada more than once in the days of French dominion, and when hostilities broke out the thoughts of the New England patriots turned swiftly to the north. At the very beginning of the struggle a dashing exploit stirred the blood of the whole country. Benedict Arnold eagerly advocated an expedition against Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and went to Berkshire to raise men to carry the project into effect. There he found himself forestalled by Ethan Allen, a leader among the "Green Mountain Boys," who were banded together to resist the encroachments of New York, and a typical colonial American in his sturdy self-reliance, his celerity of action, and his impartial

indifference to the formalities of peace or war. This picturesque fighter was acting partly on his own authority and partly on the authority of Connecticut, and declined to recognize the claim of Arnold to the command of the expedition. Thereupon Arnold, who was more eager to fight than to hold office, joined the expedition as a volunteer. At daybreak on May 10th Allen and Arnold crossed the lake with eighty-three men and unceremoniously broke the slumbers of the Ticonderoga garrison. When the English officer in command, rudely called from his bed, asked Allen under whose authority he acted, tradition puts into his mouth the brave words, "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." The exact phraseology of Wellington at Waterloo, of Washington when he met Charles Lee at Monmouth, and of Ethan Allen on that historic morning is of small consequence; Allen, by deed and in word, fired the imagination of the thirteen colonies and gave ringing voice to their spirit and purpose. Later in the year a colonial force was at Ticonderoga, and news came that Sir Guy Carleton was planning, with the Iroquois, to make an attack from Canada; a counter-attack upon Montreal was promptly undertaken, and late in August, 1775, General Richard Montgomery, one of the finest tempered men of his time, with two thousand men, advanced quickly from Ticonderoga to Fort St. Johns, and two months later entered Montreal, and issued a proclamation urging the Canadians to send delegates at once to the Continental Congress; a delightfully picturesque example of American optimism and an expression, premature in time and ineffective in form, of the lasting friendship which was to come between the Dominion and the United States. Benedict Arnold, who, in the opening days of his career, was the soul of alert audacity and uncalculating daring, made a heroic march meantime through dense forests and across turbulent streams and climbed the Heights of Abraham the day after Montgomery entered Montreal. Quebec declined to surrender, Carleton escaped from Montreal in disguise and took command of the beleaguered city, and Montgomery was forced to come to the aid of Arnold. In a heavy snowstorm, at the darkest hour before dawn on the last day of the year, the two commanders made assaults on two sides of the town, and both fell at what promised to be the moment of success. Arnold was carried from the field severely wounded; and a company of Virginians, under a commander as gallant as themselves, drove themselves like a wedge into the heart of the city. But Montgomery lay dead beyond the walls, and the audacious expedition ended in disaster. The return of Montgomery to New York, borne in state down the Hudson, past the balcony where his devoted wife stood to honor him, is one of the beautiful traditions of war, and his monument in St. Paul's churchyard in the heart of New York is a perpetual reminder to the throngs that pass and repass on lower Broadway that success lies not in getting but in giving, not in hoarding but in spending. Frederick the Great, the first military authority of his time, praised

Montgomery's generalship, and Arnold became a popular hero on both sides the Atlantic. English schoolboys saw his portrait in shop windows in little English towns, and knew the story of his daring.

BENEDICT ARNOLD

New York became the center of operations, as it was the center of the colonial system, and the plan to strike the colonies and break them into fragments by seizing New York city and sending a large force up the Hudson to meet and co-operate with Sir Guy Carleton moving down from Canada, recapturing Ticonderoga, and taking possession of the Mohawk valley, if it had been successfully carried out, might have brought overwhelming disaster to the colonists' cause. When summer came Sir Guy had twelve thousand men afloat on the upper lake, and Arnold was working with furious energy at a little fleet manufactured out of hand in Vermont. In September, three schooners, two sloops, three galleys, and eight other craft lay off Valcour Island waiting for the English army from the north, and on the 11th day of October, English and American seamen met for the first time in those many trials of strength which have been conspicuous for valor and skill on both sides. After a day of desperate fighting, Arnold's little squadron had inflicted heavy injuries on Sir Guy's fleet, but was itself almost disabled. Its commander's genius, compounded in equal measure of swift insight and swifter action, in the darkness of the night carried his flotilla through the English lines, made for Crown Point, and was not overtaken until near that haven. He sent the fleet with every inch of canvas spread to Crown Point, met three of the largest of Sir Guy's ships, fought four hours with desperate courage, ran his sinking schooner covered with dead and dying men into a small creek and set her afire, her flag flying until the flames plucked it down. A little later his whole force was in Ticonderoga. Sir Guy, having gained control of the lake, withdrew his army.

BURGOYNE AT TICONDEROGA

A second plan of campaign was formulated and again New York was the scene of action. An army was to descend as before on Ticonderoga, a second force was to land at Oswego, take possession of the Mohawk valley and join the invading party from Lake Champlain, while Sir William Howe was to ascend the Hudson with the main army and meet the two forces from the north at Albany. On the second anniversary of Bunker Hill General Burgoyne appeared before Ticonderoga with an army of nearly eight thousand men, half of them British regulars commanded by officers of tried capacity. The fort was regarded by the colonists as impregnable, and General St. Clair held it confidently with less than half the number of his

opponents. As has often happened since the days of Achilles, there was one vulnerable spot: a crag a mile to the south offered an altitude from which the fort could be swept by cannon. General Phillips, one of Burgoyne's most skillful officers, saw the weak point in the situation of the American force. "Where a goat can go a man may go; and where a man can go he can haul up a gun," said Phillips, and under his gallant leadership the men went and hauled up the guns with them, and on the morning of July 5th there they stood, red-coated and triumphant, on Mount Defiance. St. Clair had his choice of surrender or escape, and, being a sensible person he reversed the English action and stole across the lake in the darkness. General Fraser went hot-footed after the Americans, overtook the rear-guard near the village of Hubbardtown, was falling back after a sharp engagement, when he was reinforced, turned, and routed the retreating forces. Ticonderoga again changed hands and there were those in England who thought the fight was won; in the colonies there were profound discouragement and the usual prompt and unintelligent criticisms. General Schuyler, who was in command of the department, especially suffered; but Schuyler was of a purity and steadfastness which, sooner or later, emerge the whiter for the testing of self-control and patience.

Leaving a large force at Ticonderoga, General Burgoyne set out on the campaign which reflected great credit on his courage but brought irretrievable disaster to his army, wrecked the plan to divide the colonies, and made the final success of the Americans possible. A brave and gallant soldier, a kindly and tender-hearted man, it was his unhappy fate, probably under orders from London, to employ Indian allies, and he tried to pledge them to civilized warfare by forbidding the killing of old men, of women, and of children, and the scalping of living prisoners. When these injunctions were read in England, Burke, who with Charles James Fox and a small group of the ablest public men of the time, exercised for Americans that right of representation in Parliament which was part of the American contention, made one of his most striking speeches. "Suppose that there was a riot on Tower Hill," he said; "what would the keeper of his Majesty's lions do? Would he not fling open the dens of the wild beasts and address them thus? 'My gentle lions, my humane bears, my tender-hearted hyenas, go forth! But I exhort you, as you are Christians and members of civilized society, to take care not to hurt any man, woman, or child.'"

The story of the campaign which ended in the surrender of Burgoyne's army, of Schuyler's noble patience and more than Roman dignity, of Arnold's daring and splendid self-forgetfulness, crying out as he fell with a shattered leg to the man who would have driven a bayonet into his assailant, "For God's sake, don't hurt him; he's a fine fellow," does not belong to the Champlain valley, though so closely associated with it. It was the tragedy of the Revolution that Arnold did not die

on that heroic day when he was the lion of the American army, the idol of the American people, the friend of Washington, the dauntless hero of Quebec and Saratoga. The Arnold of Lake Champlain is the most brilliant figure of the Revolution; if he could have died then, with what words of love and honor we should celebrate him to-day! Now we cover him and turn our faces away.

THE BATTLE OF PLATTSBURGH

With the surrender of Burgoyne the tide of war rolled southward, and for almost a generation Lake Champlain knew no fiercer struggles than those between the elements. When the War of 1812 began, there were two gunboats in a harbor on the Vermont side; during the summer this force was reinforced by two sloops and four scows; an improvised fleet, ridiculous in size and armament, but a flexible and effective tool in the hands of a skillful and daring commander of the energy of Commodore Macdonough. The flagship of this tiny squadron, the *Saratoga*, carried twenty-six guns; the English flagship, the *Confiance*, thirty-seven guns. In the judgment of the Duke of Wellington, the control of the lake was vital to the success of the invasion which was to inflict a crushing blow on the Americans. An army of nearly fourteen thousand men was massed on the frontier under the command of Sir George Prevost. On the last day of August this force crossed the line and marched without opposition to Chazy, entering Plattsburgh on the evening of September 6th, General Macomb retreating across the river and taking up the bridges. The decisive moment was at hand, and could be made decisive only by the destruction of the American fleet. On the 11th day of September the fleet was at anchor in Cumberland Bay; General Macomb, with less than five thousand men, was intrenched on the Bay in such a position as to support the fleet but unable to fire on the English vessels without endangering the American ships. The bay, two miles wide, afforded sufficient room for the maneuvering of the diminutive squadrons. The English fleet came up with a north tide from Cumberland Head, the *Confiance* with her battery of thirty-seven guns leading the way, followed by the *Linnet*, the *Chub*, and the *Finch*, supported by eleven gunboats. The *Confiance* was to engage the *Saratoga*, giving the *Eagle* a broadside as she passed on her way; while the *Linnet* and *Chub* were to close with the *Eagle*. Three English ships were to meet the two strongest American vessels, while the *Finch*, with the gunboats, was to engage the American rear. The American gunboats were stationed between the shore and the fleet and were negligible in the result. The English fleet rounded Cumberland Head on the morning of the 11th, the *Finch* leading the way, followed by the *Confiance*, *Linnet*, and *Chub*. The *Confiance* promptly attacked the *Eagle*, drew fire of the entire American fleet, the wind failed and she was unable to execute the

plan of action, but her first broadside killed one-fifth of the *Saratoga*'s crew; the *Linnet* performed her part by engaging the *Eagle*, but the *Chub* suffered such damage that she drifted through the American lines and pulled down her flag. The *Linnet*, strongly handled, drove the *Eagle* from the line. The *Finch* drifted ashore a mile south of the fighting ground and kept her flag at the mast after her consorts had surrendered. The fight became a contest between the *Saratoga* and the *Eagle* on the American side and the *Confiance* and *Linnet* on the English side, and it was fought to a finish in two hours and twenty minutes. The *Eagle*, practically silenced on one side, ran down the line, swung her effective side toward the enemy, and kept up a destructive fire on the *Confiance*. The *Saratoga*, similarly disabled on the starboard side, followed the tactics of the *Eagle*, fighting with one arm after the other had been made useless. The *Confiance*, bereft of her ropes and anchors, was unable to maneuver, and, with only four guns workable, finally struck her colors, followed fifteen minutes after by the *Linnet*. It was a gallant fight and the English and American seamen, who are now cheering one another in the harbors of the world, eager, it may be suspected, to stand by in any hour of need, fought with the desperate courage and native aptitude for struggle on the high seas which have placed the two modern navies, on a great disparity so far as numbers are concerned, on the same footing so far as gallantry and skill are concerned. So ended the battle of Plattsburgh and the long history of armies and fleets, of the roar of cannon and tumult of battle, in the valley of Lake Champlain. Even then the light of a happier day was in the east. A contemporary record reads in this wise: "The wounded of both fleets, and our army, the same evening, were landed at our cantonment on the island. The enemy was not neglected; prompt assistance was indiscriminately rendered. Those who had but one hour previous been deadly foes, now lodged by each other's side, like brothers and friends, giving and receiving the tenderest words of consolation."

Almost a century has passed since hostile fleets made the hills echo with the thunder of their guns, and armies fought their perilous ways through the wilderness. To-day these are memories of "far-off, unhappy things and battles long ago." A hundred years of peace have come and gone and brought prosperity of hand and brain, of field and craft, of knowledge and religion. Colonial towns have become cities, and twoscore villages look out from under shaded streets to the great hills whence cometh our help. Health, rest, and pleasure have found the valley of the lake one of those fastnesses of peace and beauty which, like the Garden of the Hesperides, the fair land of the Phæacians, the forest of Arden, are refuges of the spirit from the turmoil and care, the toil and weariness, of the working world. But nobler than all other prosperities that have come to this beautiful valley, to this lovely lake around which the hills keep watch and ward, is that spirit of brotherhood,

that larger and diviner thought of life, which to-day bring together Indian, Frenchman, Englishman, Canadian, American, ancient foes become modern friends; their rivalries the contests of skill and industry, their differences those divergences of talent and temperament which give society its endless variety and interest, their competitions the struggles of those who run together for the prizes of life, their growing rest in faith in one another the prophecy of that happier age which is already at our doors.

Fair France: protagonist of liberty through tragic or peaceful years, fearless to face the destiny to which her ardent spirit leads her, lover of beauty and tireless artificer of the things of art, swift to believe in the greatness of humanity and slow to give up her vision of equality and fraternity — how much does civilization owe to her intrepid spirit, her dauntless heart, her restless energy! Manners, freedom, power — they are all hers, and ours because they are hers! England, the garden of the world, in whose shaded lanes, venerable colleges, stately homes, and soaring cathedrals the American finds the background of his early associations, the shrines of the language he speaks and the literature to which he is heir; England, ripe with the beauty of age but strong in unwasted energy of spirit; rarely without her vision, never without her task; poet with her Shakespeare, sailor with her Nelson, soldier with her Wolfe, statesman with her Chatham, organizer and ruler with her Cromer! Canada, home of two races and happy in their comradeship, builder of stately cities, of growing universities, reaper of a prosperity won by hardy toil and sturdy self-reliance, a Dominion swiftly passing into an empire! The Indian, survivor of a people whose story is the tragedy of the undeveloped in the path of the organized race; victim of the law which impels alike the aggressor and the exiled; oppressed that others might be free! The United States, the host of the day, and proud of the friends who keep the festival of peace on her soil; warden of the open gate; keeper of the open house; eager, impulsive, often blundering, always bearing in her heart that faith in man which is faith in God, flowering in the furrows of time and toil! (Applause.)

CHAIRMAN HILL — We are now to listen to an original ballad entitled "Ticonderoga," by Percy MacKaye, of Cornish, New Hampshire.

Mr. MacKaye delivered his poem, as follows:

TICONDEROGA

A BALLAD

By PERCY MACKAYE, of Cornish, New Hampshire.

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I

What spirits conjure thee from time,
Ticonderoga?
On thy headland rock
Of history,
Who are these that knock
And summon thee
To move thine ancient lips in rhyme,
Ticonderoga?

Where the wind-blown swallows
Veer and vary,
Where the shore and shallows
Lie visionary,
Titans three
Stand at my knee:
Each one is a Century.
In their shadow, silently,
Sits the sibyl Memory.
And her silence questions me:

II

Who glide so dim upon the lake,
Ticonderoga?
Over their dreaming prow
The morning star
Blazes their goal; but now —
More dusk and far —
What old world dwindles in their wake,
Ticonderoga?

The fleur-de-lis, the fleur-de-lis!
The White Chevalier — lo, 'tis he!
His pale canoe along the tide
The painted Huron paddles guide
With dumb, subdued elation;
The wild dawn stains their bodies bare,
The wild dawn gleams about his hair;
Steeped in his soul's adventure, lie
The valleys of discovery —
The peaks of expectation.
Midway the lake they pause: on high
His arm he raises solemnly.
Above the lilies, that emboss
His azure banner, and the pied
Algonquin plumes that float beside,
He holds the shining cross.
"Champlain!" The placid word
The mute air hath not stirred.
Touched by the morning's wing
The ruddied waters, quickening,
Alone are kindled by that christening.
Quaint splendors mass
Within the lake's clear glass,
And liquid lilies golden run
In rose gules of the rising sun.
Naught else there of acclaim
Greets the great Chevalier's name,
Save where the water-fowl's primeval broods
Awake Bulwagga's lone and echoing solitudes.

III

What strident horror breaks thy spell,
Ticonderoga?
What long and ululating yell?

The Iroquois: in covert glade
They build their pine-bough palisade,
And weave in trance
Their sachem dance

With hawk-screams of their heathen wars,
Till naked on my shrilling shores
Maqua and wild Algonquin meet
And taunt, with fleer and blown conceit,
Each other's painted ranks:
But lo! where now their flanks
Give way and reel!
And mid the silent sagamores,
In shining cuish and casque of steel,
Before them all
Stands bright and tall,
With gauntlet clenched and helmet viced,
The calm knight-errant of the Christ;
Then, in sign miraculous,
Levels his arquebus,
And, charged with bullets from his bandoleer,
Looses the bolt of preternatural thunder.
A sachem falls: the wild men stare in wonder
And mazèd fear;
Once more his engine peals, and hurls the fire
Whose flash shall kindle continents to ire.

IV

Like sanguine clouds at sunset spread
The ages slumber round thy head,
Ticonderoga!
Tremendous forms
Loom in their dreams:
Through levin-light of starless storms,
By giant fords of chartless streams,
Saxon and Gaul
Wrestle and rise and fall,
Conquering the region aboriginal.
Hark! From the long tides of Lake George,
What rolling drum-beat rumbles through thy gorge,
Ticonderoga?

O why should woman weep for war?
Or man — why should it vex him more?
Or why beside so sweet a shore
Dreadful should the drum be?

O clear the snorting trumpets neigh,
And blithe the squealing bagpipes play!
O red the redcoats on the bay,
Sailing with Abercrombie!

A thousand bateaux floating glide
And flaunt their banners sheen;
Calm isles swim by on the summer tide
Clad in their birchen green.

Lord Howe he lies on a rude bearskin
Beneath the pleasant sky;
Says: "Never day hath fairer been
For one's dear land to die."

Says: "Tell me true now, gallant Stark,
What trail may foil the Frenchmen?
Where should our redcoats disembark
To rout Montcalm his henchmen?"

"A troutbrook once I fished, Lord Howe,
To fry my catch in bacon:
Along that trail, Sir, I'll allow
Ticonderoga's taken."

O what so wildly fair as war!
From dancing skiff and dripping oar
Land down on yonder dreamy shore
And drowsy let the drum be.

O proud as life the far crag's flush!
And sweet as youth — the hermit-thrush!
O deep as death the dark wood's hush,
Marching with Abercrombie!

"Our trail grows blind, good Putnam: draw
More close your forest rangers.
By yonder balsam [hark!] I saw —
Who calls there — friends or strangers?"

"A mile hence runs a mill, Lord Howe:
Might be the Frenchers sawing;
Or likely, Sir, ye heard yon crow
Round Roger's Rock a-cawing."

Qui vive? Their muskets flare the wood;
Français! Their wild cheers start:
Lord Howe is dropt down where he stood,
A hot ball through his heart.

They drive them back, they drown their boast
In blood and the rushing river,
But the heart of Abercrombie's host —
The Lord of Hosts deliver!

Said is prayer and sung is psalm;
In the moonlight waits Montcalm.
Felled is tree and sunk is trench;
On their ramparts rests the French.
Moon is waned and night is gone,
And the plateau, in the dawn,
Strown with strange gigantic wrack,
Bristles like a wild boar's back,
Horrid shagg'd with monstrous spines
Of splintered oaks and tangled pines.
Where last night the setting sun
Placid forest looked upon,
In its place the sunrise sees
Rubble heaps of writhen trees,
Boughs — that hid the shy bird's nest —
Sharpened for a soldier's breast.

Hot soars the sun: in dove-white swarms
Cluster the dazzling uniforms
Along the earthworks; distant shines
The vanguard of the English lines.
Scarlet from the sombre firs
They start like sudden tanagers,
And smoothly sweep the open glade
Toward the abatis. There, waylaid,
They flounder midst the galling heap
Of tumbled branches, where they leap
And crawl, as mid some huge morass,
Like locusts in storm-beaten grass.
The looming breastworks now they see
But still no foemen. Suddenly,
Blinding the noon, a dusk of smoke
Blooms, and the roaring air hath broke
In hurricanes of scorching hail,
Through which, to dying eyes that quail,
Falls the round sun — a fiery grail.

Vive le Roi! rings from the wall
Of flame: *Vive nôtre Général!*

Choked by the fury and the fire,
The rended English rank suspire
A moment's pause, then maddened rush
Stifling through the giant brush,
Where, trapped in pits of jagged spars,
Rangers and yelling regulars
Struggle to shoot and strain to see
The blithe and viewless enemy.

Vive le Roi! shrilly the call
Rings clear: *Vive nôtre Général!*

Whirled from the zigzag bastion's scarp,
The hellish crossfire weaves its warp.
Thrice they return, and thrice again:
Image of God! and are these men
With eyes upturned in sightless stare,
Glazed with the dead hate that they glare:

And one, with dumb mouth, shouts in death.
To one the red blood strangleth,
And one, outstretched with woeful brow,
Hangs spiked upon a greenwood bough,
Wrought in a sculptured agony
Like Him that died upon a tree.
The soul of Abercrombie's host
Follows Lord Howe — his shining ghost:
On stormy ridge and parapet
It rides in flame, it leads them yet;
Smiling, with wistful image wan,
A dead man leads the dying on.
And Campbell, Laird of Inverawe,
Hath met the doom his dream foresaw:
Pierced by his murdered kinsman's eyes,
His clansmen bear him where he dies.

Lord Howe, Lord Howe, why shouldst thou fall!
Thy life it was the life of all;
Thy death ten thousand hath undone.
England hath sunken with the sun.
Ticonderoga's lost and won!

O women, weep ye yet for war?
Bugles and banners, flaunt no more!
For some be sleeping by the shore
    In slumber dark, and some be
Awake in fever's roaring gorge,
And some, in crowded keels that forge
Southward, curse heaven and Lake George,
    Flying with Abercrombie!

V

Still round thy brow the riven war-clouds range,
    Ticonderoga:
The conquest marches though the colors change.
And now, where revolution's lightnings run,
Beyond the battle-smoke, sublime and wan,
Quivers the patient star of Washington.

Ranger 'gainst regular,
Sundered in enmity,
Opens thine ancient scar
Newly — for liberty.
Now with a rushing noise
Burst freedom's fountains
Where the green-forest boys
March from their mountains.
Listen! What wheedling fife
Quickens thy smouldering memories to life,
Ticonderoga?

We're marching for to take the fort
With Ethan — Ethan Allen,
That when with fight he fills a quart
He ups and gulps a gallon.
Double-quick-it! faster! — hep!
Lord! his blood is brandy.
Mind the music and the step,
And hold your muskets handy.

Friends and fellow soldiers — halt!
Mind your P's, you noodle!
What mother's son will earn his salt
And dance to Yankee Doodle?
There stands Ticonderoga: state
What now ye mean to do there.
Yon's the fortress' wicket-gate:
How many will march through there?

As many now as volunteer
Poise your firelocks! — Right, Sir!
Each man has swung his musket clear,
Each man files off to fight, Sir.
The British sentry points his gun,
And Ethan hears him click it;
He fires: the Yankees yell "Come on!"
And thunder through the wicket.

They thunder through the barracks court
And ram the British mortars.—
What rag-tail rebels makes such sport
In great King George's quarters? —
King George's style is over, Sir!
You redcoats wear the wrong dress:
Ground arms to the great Jehovah, Sir,
And the Continental Congress!
Their arms they've handed over, there,
And rueful in their wrong dress
They've bowed to the great Jehovah, there,
And the Continental Congress.

VI

Thine eyes grow dreamy in the evening haze,
Ticonderoga.
Where, in mimic art
Ephemeral,
Thy pilgrims hold their part
In festival.
On what eternal pageants dost thou gaze,
Ticonderoga?

Soldier and saint and sagamore
Are vanished from my tranquil shore.
The ripples that the summer breeze
Awakes — they are my reveries:
The day-fly dartles where below
The *Royal Savage* hides her woe,
And where the silver lake-trout ply
Arnold still grapples with Sir Guy.
On Mount Defiance, looming proud,
Glowers Burgoyne — a twilight cloud,
In whose spent shower's radiance
Macdonough fights the *Confiance.*

Battles whose blood is liberty,
Heroes whose dreams are history,
Imagination hath them wrought,
Tempering all things to a thought,
Painting the land, the lake, the sky,
With pageants of the dreamer's eye.

So, by my visionary shore,
Soldier and saint and sagamore
Live in my shadow evermore:
Where, lapt in beauty sleeps Champlain,
Lulled are the passion and the pain;
The legend and the race remain.

(Applause.)

Governor HUGHES — *Fellow Citizens:* While we are talking about the past, the future is looking on; while we are recounting the details of the Old World and the ambitions of France and England and the final success of the United States, we are honored with the presence of a distinguished representative of that powerful and progressive nation of the East, the firm friend of the United States — Japan. (Applause.) I have great pleasure in introducing to you Vice-Admiral Uriu, of Japan.

Vice-Admiral URIU — *Gentlemen:* I am making a trip in the United States and I am very fortunate that I am in the United States on this grand occasion and invited to this distinguished party, and I celebrate this great occasion with a full heart and sentiment toward you. (Applause.) Now let me have this occasion to tell you I have been travelling a few months in the United States. Wherever I have been I have been received with the greatest courtesy and heart. If I take this to Japan to hear the real story they will be very much gratified and feel very grateful to you. On this occasion I have to thank you for your courtesy. (Applause.)

CHAIRMAN HILL — *Ladies and Gentlemen:* You will notice that this programme has been completed within time, and we are now awaiting the arrival of the President of the United States. (Applause.) We propose a cessation of hostilities and we will rest a moment or two. [Cries of "Seth Low," "Seth Low!"] Honorable Seth Low will speak to you.

Hon. SETH LOW — *Mr. Chairman, Your Excellencies, Ladies and Gentlemen:* I had the pleasure yesterday of speaking at Crown Point, and it is a great pleasure to me to be able to face here this great company at Ticonderoga. You have heard already a great deal about the things that are certain in connection with those places. I want to propose to you two questions that deal with the uncertain. I want to know whether it was at Crown Point or at Ticonderoga that Champlain had his great fight with the Iroquois about which you have heard.

(A voice) — I give it up.

Governor HUGHES — Put it to vote.

Hon. SETH LOW — Yesterday I was entirely convinced that that dramatic incident took place at Crown Point. (Laughter.) The Governor suggests that I should take the sense of this audience as to whether or not it was at Ticonderoga. Those who believe it was Ticonderoga please raise your hands. (A general response.) That settles it. (Laughter.) Another historic question was opened up yesterday, which remains to be settled in the same manner. That question was whether the Fort erected in 1731 at Crown Point was Fort Frédéric or Fort St. Frédéric. It was named after the French Secretary of State of that day. Everybody admits that. I hope it is not an unpardonable sin to doubt whether the Secretary of State of that day was a real Saint. (Laughter.) Whether he were or not, a great many people have sainted the fort that was named after him, and I would like to get the sense of this audience as to whether or not in the future those ruins shall be the ruins of Fort Frédéric or the ruins of Fort Saint Frédéric. All of those in favor of " Fort Saint Frédéric " will please say "Aye." [A few "Ayes."] Those in favor of " Fort Frédéric " will please say " Aye." (Unanimous response.) I am very much afraid the reputation of that saint is gone forever. It really is a wonderful thing for us Americans to have the opportunity to come face to face now and then with our own inspiring past. The problems of our own day are so pressing and so fascinating that we are sometimes tempted to forget that all that we are and all that we have rests upon the foundation of the splendid men and women who have gone before us. (Applause.) When one reads of the numbers of these contending armies and compares them with the hundreds of thousands of men who gather to-day under historic banners when great nations go to war, it seems as if, when we read of those things, our thoughts glide backward to the day of simple things, but when we reflect upon the issue of the combative interests carried on by those small armies and realize that the destinies of this continent were settled there and by them, then we realize that the power of the Almighty is not measured by the number of armed men, but to His will carried out through the

processes of time. I think it to be a fact that Washington never commanded so many as 16,000 men, perhaps he did command that number at Yorktown; but the battles of the Revolution were fought and won by a handful of men; and we will, as I said a moment ago, whenever we get the opportunity, we Americans will realize that the greatness of our country to-day, this wide-stretching area with its vast population, its only partially developed resources, we owe, after all, to the fidelity of a few men to the duty of the hour as they saw it, and if we can learn from them that lesson and be true in our own time to the duties that lay before us, the unnumbered multitudes who are destined to inhabit the United States in the days to come, we may hope will look back upon us as we look back upon the Revolutionary fathers with gratitude in their hearts and with praise to the Almighty God.

[At this point there were vociferous calls for Assemblyman Shea to speak.]

Assemblyman JAMES SHEA — *Ladies and Gentlemen:* I wish to thank you for this cordial reception. I welcome you to this beautiful historic spot and especially my colleagues in the Legislature. I would not perhaps have been noticed had I not been actively identified with this Tercentenary celebration. I did not come here to speak because I know there are many more noted speakers present than I am; but I am trying in my modest way to get as much out of the occasion as possible. I am gratified to see these historic ruins visited by the representatives of three great powers now in friendly accord and I trust this amity will ever continue. (Applause.)

Senator HILL — *Ladies and Gentlemen:* If you will be patient we will try to entertain you. We are very fortunate in having another distinguished Vermonter here to-day, a gentleman who in the last Congress introduced and carried through the resolution which committed the United States to participate in these celebration exercises. I have the pleasure of introducing to you Representative David J. Foster, of Vermont.

Representative FOSTER — *Mr. Chairman, your Excellencies, Ladies and Gentlemen:* I am very glad for this opportunity of reminding you that there was an occasion when Vermont set the pace for New York. When I was a lad and lived at home on the farm I used to like to ride the old farm horse on errands for my father, and, boy-like, I used to like to get up all the speed I could, and on one of those occasions after I had got astride of the old horse, I asked my father to step

into the shed and bring out a pair of old spurs that hung there and put them on my heels. Well he came back with one, which he put on. I protested and wanted them both on. He said "My son, if you can make one side of that old horse go you need have no apprehension about the other side keeping up." (Applause.) So, some years ago when there was some disagreement between Vermont and New York, we sent one Ethan Allen over here to Ticonderoga to set a pace for you, and you have been keeping it up ever since. In fact I am rather thinking that you are the ones who set the pace to-day, although our Governor Prouty is a mighty good second to your Governor Hughes.

Well now, my friends, in the midst of all this local pride, in the presence of all the memories of this local historical spot, you do not want to forget the great nation that lies behind it all. We have with us to-day among our distinguished guests, a representative of the great "Yankee" nation of the Far East — Japan — and you want to remember that while you are fulfilling all the aspirations of Governor Hughes in making good American citizens, in upholding the interests of your great commonwealth, your great Empire State, above and beyond all that you have a duty as American citizens in holding up the honor and the dignity and the prestige of the great American Republic. For, my friends, we have a duty abroad as well as a duty at home. This great American nation stands for justice and peace and righteousness among the nations of the earth as it stands for fair play between man and man here at home. I want to remind our great representative of the Japanese Empire that when Russia and Japan were engaged in the greatest conflict the world has seen since our own Civil War, there was no nation in the Old World to take the first step towards bringing those warring nations together in a peace conference. It remained for the American Republic to bring those nations together in a peace conference at Portsmouth, the first international conference ever held on American soil. We all remember how that Russian historian — that Russian writer — declares that finally peace was secured between those warring nations only through the tremendous influence of President Roosevelt (applause) backed by the tremendous influence of the conscience and public spirit of ninety million American people.

Do you remember what Anson Burlingame, that great American who represented us so well in China, said on his visit to England? He was taken by our Minister there to the British House of Commons and given a seat in one of the most desirable of the galleries; but he had hardly got seated when an official came along and ordered him out, saying that that particular gallery was reserved for the peers of the realm; but just then one of the peers of the realm came along and recognized Burlingame as an American and he said "Let him remain; they are all peers of the realm in his country;" but Burlingame arose and said: "Sir, we are all sovereigns in our country," and went out.

And indeed we are all American sovereigns in this country; there are no subjects, and we not only have a duty in administering our affairs here at home in the interest of our American sovereign, but we have the further duty of exerting our influence among the nations of the earth towards the preservation of peace and towards the furtherance of justice among those nations.

Now, I am not going to detain you. I have a colleague here who will be introduced as soon as I have finished, and I want to tell you in closing that he is not only a better man than I am, but there is more of him. I am very glad to see you all. I helped to get that little bill through and that little appropriation through, but after all my friend Malby was the one who did it. Do you know, Malby — Congressman Malby — is the one who did it. (Applause.) I stood some little distance behind him, but he was the man that did it. I find, my friends, that whatever New York wants down there, whether it is at the White House or in the Capitol, New York gets. You are a large State. I suppose you are going to get the Presidency one of these days. (Cries of "Yes, sir.") Now, having made myself so very popular in that respect, I will close and thank you for your consideration. (Applause.)

The entire assemblage then sang "America."

Senator HILL — *Ladies and Gentlemen:* We are fortunate in having with us another Vermont Representative on this occasion. We will hear briefly from Representative Frank Plumley.

Representative PLUMLEY — *Mr. Chairman, and Gentlemen of the Commission, Governors of Vermont and New York, Ladies and Gentlemen:* I supposed that my brother Foster and myself were travelling entirely *incog.* and had not the slightest expectation of appearing in your presence to-day, but in order that the time may be occupied until the arrival of our Chief Magistrate, it has been suggested that the edifice of oratory — of prose and of poetry — which has been erected before you, should have a few rocks placed in front as stepping stones to the next event; and also, I assume, that since Mr. Foster has been in your presence you may be permitted to see the long and the short of the Vermont delegation. Being a small State, having but two representatives, we find it essential in order that we may count at all in the Congress of our nation, that we should stand together through thick and thin. (Applause.) I am always inclined to take a broad view of the situation. (Laughter.) This is my first appearance in a public way upon the soil of old New York, and like our Governor, I am fully persuaded that you have that about your soil which sticks closer than a brother. Living, as I have, in Vermont all my life, save for occasional outings, I have learned to love its native hills and

valleys, its forests and its mountains, while I have looked admiringly across the great lake which has not severed, but which has tended to unite us, with admiring and loving glances upon your grand old Adirondacks; I have observed, as I have sailed — or rode rather — upon the lake, that the foothills of Vermont clad in their emerald green, and the foothills of the Adirondacks also so clad, have each touched the waters of your lake and of ours in loving kisses and tender embraces, while the placid waters themselves have reflected the heavenly blue; so have our two States together lived in that union and accord, only made more manifest and more general in their happier union of the great nation, the concord of States which forms the great union of the United States. (Applause.)

At this point President Taft arrived and was received with a grand ovation.

Governor HUGHES — Three cheers for the President of the United States.

Three cheers were given with a will by the assemblage.

Senator HILL, in introducing the next speaker, said: *Ladies and Gentlemen:* This historic spot was made first illustrious by the bravery, the valor and the sagacity of the French nation. Its history is interwoven with that of France in the 17th and 18th centuries. On this occasion, in response to the invitation of the Government of the United States, the Republic of France has delegated a representative in the person of the French Ambassador, M. Jusserand, a noted writer and a distinguished diplomat, who will now address you.

REMARKS OF THE AMBASSADOR OF FRANCE

Ambassador JUSSERAND — *Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:* In this same month of July, three centuries ago, this lake, with the fine forests bordering it then on every side, was seen for the first time by a European, as good a representative as one could wish of the white race, Samuel de Champlain, the navigator, the explorer, the honest man, the founder of Quebec.

In this same month of July, a century and a half ago was fought, on this same spot, one of those battles where so much valor was shown on both sides that the vanquished carried away with him, while leaving the field, the esteem and admiration of the victor. In the long wars between France and England, whatever may have been the changeful issue of each contest, such an occurrence was the usual one.

The winner at Ticonderoga was one of the soldiers France can be most proud of, Montcalm, whose life was short but every day of which was spent in the service of his nation. He belonged to a fighting race. "War is the tomb of the Montcalms" was a popular saying in his province. He entered the army at thirteen (some even say at nine) and from that moment till his death did nothing but fight for his country. He was, however, one of those soldiers who believed that, to be a good fighter, one did not have to necessarily neglect letters, and he trusted that one could enjoy the beauty of a verse without the edge of the spirit being blunted. Let us not forget that Cæsar was one of those, and Raleigh too, and Napoleon also, that determined admirer of Ossian. From the camp at Otrebach, being twenty-two, Montcalm was writing to his father: "I am learning German, and am reading more Greek than I had done for three or four years." Fond of the classics, he never parted company with them; a Plutarch in Greek was his life-long companion. The day after Ticonderoga, the same man who had won the battle could compose two Latin hexameters and have them engraved on the cross raised by him to the memory of the dead. By a noteworthy coincidence they are to the same effect as the order of Henry V to his troops after Agincourt; an order one may read in Shakespeare and in the humility of which the king took great pride.

Another charming trait in his personality is his fondness for his mother, for his wife and children. Married young, and the father of ten children, he kept his wife informed of all that happened to him, in witty, good humored letters, recalling those another young French officer, La Fayette, was to write later to his own wife also, from America. This last young wife was a Noailles, and it was old Maréchal de Noailles, her grandfather, who had, in early days, drawn the horoscope of Montcalm, saying: "He is one of those rare officers who are still attracted by what is great." After his storming of Fort Oswego on the Ontario, one of his most valorous deeds, which he modestly calls "a rather pretty adventure," he concludes his letter to his wife thus: "Be my mother and be careful to love me; and may I join you all next year. I kiss my daughters; it is not possible, dearest, to love you more dearly than I do."

When the time came for him to show that he was really attracted by "what is great," that is when he was sent as commander-in-chief to Canada, he had already been six times wounded. He started from Brest on April, 1756, having chosen for his aide-de-camp a young captain of dragoons who was to prove a scarcely less efficient servant of France than himself. This strange cavalry man was the son of a Paris notary, and had first distinguished himself as an eloquent lawyer and barrister. With his taste for law he combined a taste for geometry (and had published a valuable work on "Integral Calculus"), military tastes which had

caused him to enlist, diplomatic tastes which had led him to become a Secretary of Embassy in London, and other tastes, too, as yet undeveloped which were to be the cause of his enduring fame, for Montcalm's aide was none other than Louis Antoine de Bougainville, now mainly known as a navigator, the same who commanded a division under de Grasse in the War of Independence, circumnavigated the globe, and died very old, a member of the Institute and a senator of the French Empire, in 1814.

Bougainville, as well as brave Lévis, was with Montcalm at Ticonderoga, otherwise Fort Carillon. On the 8th of July, 1758, the battle was fought, Montcalm having to oppose troops four times as numerous as his, having only eight days provisions, holding a position which more wisdom on the part of the assailants might have made desperate. But Lord Howe had been killed, Abercromby was not his equal. "They hesitate," Montcalm had written before the battle; "may-be I shall rout them." And so he did, a hard won battle, lasting from dawn to night, resulting in over two thousand dead remaining on the spot, but a complete and absolute victory by which French Canada was saved — for the time.

A characteristic trait of Montcalm is that, if he profited by the mistakes of his adversaries, he rendered full justice to the valor they displayed in trying to obey the impossible orders of their chief, unflinchingly dying without a murmur, charging six times in the vain hope of capturing the French entrenchments.

This was the proudest day in Montcalm's career: "This glorious day," he wrote to his wife, "does infinite honor to the valor of our battalions. I have no time to write more. I am well, my dearest, and I embrace you." More characteristic even was his official report in which he said: "M. de Lévis, with several bullets in his clothes, and M. de Bourlamaque dangerously wounded, have had the greatest part in the glory of this day. The success is mainly due to the incredible valor of the officers and soldiers. As for me, I have had no other merit than to have happened to be the general of such valiant troops."

The French are sometimes said to like to brag; great Shakespeare is somewhat hard on them on this account. The taunt may, however, well be disputed. It certainly does not apply to Montcalm, either living or dead; modest enough is what our books of reference (those from which the public at large gather their information) have to say concerning what happened on this spot, a century and a half ago. "Ticonderoga," says the *Grande Encyclopédie*, "a picturesque site where are to be seen the ruins of a fort erected by the French, and which played a notable rôle in the War of Independence." Of the part it played in our own wars not a syllable. In Bouillet's "Historical Dictionary," neither the word nor the name "Fort Carillon" appears at all.

In his hour of triumph Montcalm had rendered full justice to his enemies. When he fell, his enemies nobly requited him; they gave him an equal share in the honors rendered to the memory of their own hero General Wolfe, and the same column commemorates in Quebec the similar virtues of the two opponents. On the tomb of Montcalm, in the Ursuline's convent at Quebec, one of the finest inscriptions ever devised for the sepulture of a hero has been engraved; it is in French and means: "Honor to Montcalm. Fate, while denying him victory, has recompensed him by a glorious death." A true insight into a hero's heart is revealed by the choice of that word "recompensed." This inscription is due to Lord Aylmer, Governor of Canada, in 1831.

Years have passed; on these happy shores guns have long been silent; the feelings of the people represented around the ruins of Ticonderoga have changed; the colonists of yore who had played an important part in the fight now belong to a great and independent nation, the United States, the friend of the former enemies, France and England, a trio of liberal nations.

As for France and England themselves, they have, of late years, given to the world the example of settling all at once the whole series of their secular quarrels and difficulties, without even having recourse to arbitration. In medieval times, France and England have known the horrors of a *Hundred Years War*. The time is not far distant when they will be able to celebrate the completion of a *Hundred Years Peace*. (Applause.)

Senator HILL — Ladies and gentlemen, we have heard from the French Ambassador the sentiments of that great Republic whose achievements are known to all men. Another great power across the sea is represented to-day in the person of its distinguished Ambassador, the author of "The American Commonwealth," and other notable books, who will speak for Great Britain — the Right Honorable James Bryce.

Ambassador BRYCE — *Mr. Chairman, Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:* I thank you for the honor which has been done me in inviting me here to represent my country at this most interesting celebration. Until I saw the ruined walls of the fort, until I saw how you were going to restore it, until I saw those most impressive relics which you have placed there and which are to be a museum for the future, I had hardly realized how interesting the spot was, how many associations cluster around it. It is a spot so beautiful that I am sure the Creator meant it for something better than fighting. It is pleasant to think that as far as human eye can pierce the future, it will never see fighting again. (Applause.)

I will not attempt, ladies and gentlemen, to emulate the very interesting historical sketch which has been given you by my friend and colleague, the Ambassador of France, but I will subscribe most heartily to all he has said about the brilliant discoveries of Samuel Champlain and about the noble character and achievement of the Marquis de Montcalm. I may say that as he has dwelt upon the literary and philosophical tastes of the Marquis de Montcalm, I should like to mention that the brother hero opposed to him in war, his equal in fame and in memory, who perished on the same day, the same field — our British hero, General Wolfe — was also a man of like culture and tastes; and it is recorded that as he was rowing up the St. Lawrence on the night before the battle of the Plains of Abraham, one of his officers asked him whether he would rather win the battle to-morrow or have written Gray's Elegy, and he said, "I would rather have written Gray's Elegy than win any battle." Well, men like Wolfe are as rare as great poets, but it is interesting to think that these brother heroes were worthy in every way of one another.

But I will not attempt, ladies and gentlemen, to follow my friend and colleague into any of these historical recollections, nor to sketch for you the great events which with small forces were fought out upon the waters of this very beautiful lake. A good deal was said about it yesterday by Governor Hughes and Mr. Seth Low, and a good deal more will be said to-day and to-morrow. For my part, I have not refreshed my recollection of these historical things very much, and I should be sorry to stand an examination in all the movements of the nations that at one time warred here. That there was a good deal of fighting I know, and although I would not like to say exactly who conducted the fighting nor to express any opinion on the merits of the contests, I will say that I am pretty sure it was not the Dutch (laughter), and I am perfectly certain it was not the Spaniards (laughter); and let me say for myself, ladies and gentlemen, that I am a man of peace, and I am here as a man of peace. I am here to look upon these moldering relics of the ruins of the fort and to thank God that they have never got to be used again. And here I am, in the midst of men of war. I see the two Governors of New York and Vermont, heads of large military forces of those two States. I see here behind me the Secretary of War, and I see close to me the Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the United States. He is going to address some remarks to you. Now, I wouldn't like to say anything that would differ from what he is going to say. There was a Roman philosopher who once being in the company of a Roman Emperor, and being challenged by him to express his opinion, said that he wouldn't like to argue with the master of forty legions. So I shall not be betrayed into any differences of opinion from the Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the United States.

VERY REV. THOMAS A. PRÉVEL
OF ENGLAND

COADJUTOR-BISHOP RICHARD H.
NELSON OF ALBANY

MGR. A. RACICOT
Auxiliary Bishop of Montreal

RT. REV. ARTHUR C. A. HALL
Bishop of Vermont

Ladies and gentlemen, I am delighted to think that you are going to repair this fort and to have this museum. The best way in which you can evidence that warlike operations will never take place here again is by turning the fort to that use. If the three nations which strove here more than 300 years ago, and still later down to 1814, were able to give their voice and opinion to us to-day upon the morals of all this, what do you think they would say? Generally speaking, when we commemorate great events, we commemorate them not only for admiration but also for education; but if the voices of those three nations were to say anything to us to-day, they would say: "We admire those heroes of the past, we admire the devotion and self-sacrifice that our men poured out their lives in the cause of the country that they were sent to fight for — but never do it again." (Applause.) And I think that will be for all of us what we will try to carry away from this commemoration — thankfulness that we shall never do it again, and that the era of peace has dawned upon the nations. (Applause.)

Governor HUGHES — *Fellow Citizens:* The supreme moment of the exercises of this day has now arrived. I have the honor of introducing to you a great American man who honors his high office, the President of the United States.

REMARKS OF PRESIDENT TAFT

The PRESIDENT — *Governor Hughes, My Fellow Citizens:* As I stood here listening to the interesting remarks of the Ambassador from France and the Ambassador from Great Britain, I could not but congratulate the United States on the implied compliment that those two countries had paid to her, by sending here as the personal representatives of their respective Chief Executives men so distinguished in literature, in history, in statesmanship and in diplomacy. Another thing that came to me as I sat here and looked at this embattled hill was that the State of New York and the State of Vermont were most fortunate in being able to find a place upon which three nations could celebrate the past with entire consistency and with great joy. (Applause.) Because, exercising proper discrimination, they can find deeds of valor and success for each nation on every spot about this lake.

Champlain was a man whom all nations can honor. He is not a man with respect to whose history you have to pass over something in silence. All his life could bear the closest examination, and he brings out in the strongest way those wonderful qualities shown in the 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries by Spaniard, Englishman, Frenchman, Portuguese, who braved those dreadful terrors of the sea, circumnavigated the globe in little cockleshells and carried the standard of the then

civilization into the farthest forests and into the dangers of the most distant tropics. I am a good sailor. I do not mind the waves at sea, but I should think those that did mind them would not believe the story of Magellan, or Champlain, or Cortez, of those who came over in things that seem no larger than skiffs to-day.

I think it is well for us to go back through the history of the nations in order that our own heads, a little swelled with modern progress, may be diminished a bit in the proper appreciation of what was done by nations before us under conditions that seem to limit the possibility of human achievement, but limitations that were overcome by the bravery, the courage and the religious faith of nations that preceded us in developing the world, to Montcalm and Wolfe, two great characters, back to whom you trace the whole history of Lower Canada. It is true Wolfe conquered Montcalm on the Plains of Abraham. But there is still in all the region of Lower Canada a population purely French, a population industrious, God-fearing, earnest and loyal to the flag under whose government they live. (Applause.) That fact is a compliment not only to the far-seeing statesmanship of the English colonial statesmen who framed the government under which they live, but it is a compliment to the persistent industrial, domestic virtues of the French nation. For sixteen years it was my good fortune to go to Murray Bay in Canada for the summer. There is a limitation now upon the Presidential office that prevents it. But while there I learned some things and one was that while the Murray Highlanders, and other soldiers of England conquered on the Plains of Abraham, quite a number of those soldiers went down the St. Lawrence River and were induced to settle on the French seigniories that lie some miles below Quebec. There were Blackburns and Warrens and MacNiels and Fraziers and Nairns, and all the Scotch names that bring back the memory of the Murray Highlanders. And what did they do? They had the sense to marry French women. And what happened? That country is full of Blackburns, MacNiels, Warrens, Nairns and Fraziers, and they don't any of them speak a word of English. (Laughter.) There are other ways of conquering a people than merely by guns. (Laughter.)

This valley in which we are, in the 300 years since it was discovered by Champlain, has furnished almost as much of a battle-ground for the three nations and the Indians who were on all sides as Belgium in Europe. And one does not have to seek far for the reason. If you will read the account given by Benedict Arnold of his attempt to reach Quebec through Maine you will understand why everybody else that went that way went by Lake Champlain. (Laughter.) The truth is it was the only passageway, and as the St. Lawrence on the one hand offered a great place for settlement, the Hudson on the other, and all the Atlantic coast, in order to reach the two this was the passageway, and here were fought the battles contended for 200 years, and as we may now say, never to recur. They did not occur

in the Civil War, I believe, except a little venture by some rash representatives of the Confederacy, who tried to break a bank in St. Albans, but with that exception we have to go back to the War of 1812 for the use of this as a battle-ground. I echo and emphasize the statement of the two ambassadors and repeat their prayer that never again may this great valley be given a name in history by reason of its being the seat of bloody war. (Applause.)

The President's address concluded the literary exercises at Ticonderoga. Indian pageants and fireworks along the lake front followed, and thus were the thousands of visitors entertained far into the night.

V. WEDNESDAY, JULY 7: AT CLIFF HAVEN, PLATTSBURGH, PLATTSBURGH BARRACKS AND HOTEL CHAMPLAIN.

V. AT CLIFF HAVEN, PLATTSBURGH, PLATTSBURGH BARRACKS AND HOTEL CHAMPLAIN

THE EXERCISES of July 7th opened with a notable morning gathering at Cliff Haven, the Catholic Summer School of America. The grounds of this institution are high above the waters of the lake and with their natural setting of cedars and pines are very beautiful. In preparation for the eminent guests of the day, four rustic arches had been erected. It was recalled that the first of such arches had been put in place on the occasion of a visit from President McKinley; a second arch, the work of Mr. Charles A. Webber, was designated as the Taft arch. Under it the President of the United States and other guests passed on their way to the auditorium, where, at 10 o'clock, the exercises were opened by the singing of "America" superbly swelled by the voices of many thousands. The Rev. Dr. Dennis J. McMahon, president of the school, presided and welcomed the guests in the following words:

Dr. DENNIS J. MCMAHON — *Honored Guests, Dear Friends:* It has been the pleasure of this institution in the twelve years of its residence in this part of the world to have as guests the three great Presidents that have ruled in the seat at Washington — the martyred McKinley, the intrepid Roosevelt, and the calm, judicial Taft. (Applause.)

Our motto, "God and Country," is what we live for, what we strive to attain, even to the highest. We have to-day in our faith the representative of God, who might indeed be our spokesman, but whose presence speaks the words of loyalty and of respect for authority that ever will be the ideal of this Catholic Summer School. (Applause.)

This is an institution incorporated and looked after by the Regents of the State of New York, and the representative or high official of those Regents is with us to-day. (Applause.) A year ago it was our pleasure, our unbounded pleasure, to welcome for the first time the Executive of the State of New York (applause), and we feel that the sterling character that has stood out amidst the difficulties of his career has learned something of our work, learned more of our dealings during the

year that has passed since that time; and therefore to him, with full confidence, with unswerving faith, we ask that he will present to the highest official of this land of ours that we love so well, the respect that we ever have for authority, the love that we have for those who rule over us under God. (Applause.)

We pray God that he may direct the steps and strengthen the manhood of those who rule over us. This is our wish in presenting our beloved Governor Hughes to make the address of welcome. (Applause.)

Governor HUGHES — *Mr. President, Cardinal Gibbons, Reverend Fathers, Ladies and Gentlemen:* If Champlain could only have seen you! (Laughter.) There is no brighter spot in the administrative work of the past two years, or rather, there was no greater delight in the administrative pleasures of the past two years than the visit to Cliff Haven and the opportunity to meet with those engaged in the important work of this school. It probably has passed from your minds, but never shall I forget the beautiful August day when I stood for the first time upon this platform and received your greetings. I then wished you godspeed and you in turn invited me to come again officially. That was not easy. (Laughter). Your reverend leader expressed the hope that at the time of the celebration of the Tercentenary of the Champlain discovery, I might be here as Chief Executive. It was not an easy thing to accept that invitation, but I did it. (Applause.) And it has added greatly to the enjoyment of this week to have the opportunity to come here upon the errand which engages me to-day.

Champlain's discovery is peculiarly interesting to us all because of the faith that inspired him. He was a great soldier before he took the voyage of discovery; he was one of the most loyal, effective, courageous soldiers of France, but even above the standard of his king, commanding his first and undying loyalty, was the banner of the cross. (Great applause.) Faith inspired him as he came across the waters to him unknown and braved the dangers of the North Atlantic. He had little idea what the future would bring to this valley, of charm and of rare beauty, but he had, along with the courage, something — you might say, the bravado, of the man of war, with the piety of the cloister; and he longed to see the armies of the Lord enlarged. That was the chief object of his coming here. It turned out differently from what he expected, but still he would not be dissatisfied, because along our different paths and coming from different centers of religious influence and with varying conceptions, we are all really moving forward according to the divine programme of progress, that we may realize in this fair land, the highest ideals of humanity by establishing the reign of God on earth. (Applause.)

And without any thought of derogation, and in this time of peace, realizing the splendid illustrations of their respective races, as given us by France and England, we are still glad that neither flag indicates sovereignty here, but that the people of

MGR. E. P. ROY
Auxiliary Bishop of Quebec

CARDINAL GIBBONS

REV. P. J. BARRETT

RT. REV. THOMAS M. A. BURKE

the United States forever control this important highway. (Applause.) Here is the land of faith and at the same time of tolerance; here is the land of sentiment and of devotion to a far greater degree than most people think, and at the same time here is the land free from bigotry, where each man recognizes the right of his neighbor to serve God according to his own light. (Applause.) And it gives me the profoundest pleasure to present to you this morning a man who not only officially represents a nation devoted to these ideals, who not only in his person stands for the authority of the people and the dignity of a great trust, but who in his own breadth of vision, in his judicial temperament, in his admirable poise, in his intense love of justice, personifies to us all that which we would have the head of this nation represent. (Great applause.)

Before the prolonged applause which greeted this introduction had subsided, and ere the President could speak, six little girls in white marched quickly to the platform, the foremost one, with a courtesy, presenting him with a bouquet on behalf of the school. President Taft acknowledged the gift by taking the child's hand while he bowed his thanks to the audience which renewed its applause. He spoke as follows:

PRESIDENT TAFT AT CLIFF HAVEN

President TAFT — *Cardinal Gibbons, Governor Hughes, Doctor McMahon and My Fellow Citizens of the Catholic Summer School:* Governor Hughes and I are going through these three or four days delivering speeches at each other (laughter) and expressing our opinions of each other (laughter) in a way that will enable us when we get through to do it with greater facility (laughter). The truth is that the gift of eloquence and speech which Governor Hughes has needs no practice, but I have to have a little. (Laughter.)

I would be without that which makes a man if I did not appreciate to the full the kindly words of your distinguished Governor, and if I did not congratulate the State of New York in having a Governor who represents the highest ideals. (Applause.) One is almost carried off his feet before such an audience. There is something in the atmosphere that suggests a flying machine (laughter), as if you were all so full of joy that that element in you could raise you up. And that is the way it ought to be, and I congratulate you that such is the feeling. The combination of work and pleasure, the cultivation of health on the one hand and of intellect on the other, and of religious faith above all (applause), under such beautiful surroundings, is calculated to make everyone enthusiastic, and I share that enthusiasm to the full.

I am not a Catholic, but I have in the last ten years had a great deal to do with the Catholic Church. (Applause.) My lot did not carry me into a part of the world that made me as familiar with the French explorers, the French leaders of civilization like Champlain, as it did into the region of those leaders that came from Spain; into the Philippines, where the influence, the same influence that carried Champlain here, and the same ideals that controlled him, controlled men equally brave, and in certain respects more successful — Magellan, Legaspi, who came out to the Philippines, and with four or five Augustinian monks, converted to Christianity that entire archipelago now having some seven or eight million souls, and then perhaps 500,000, the only community, the only people, in the entire Orient that to-day as a people are Christians. (Applause.)

There is on the Monetta, the great public square facing the ocean in Manila, a statue carved by a great Spanish sculptor, Karol, in which there are two figures, Legaspi holding the standard of Spain, and with his sword drawn; and behind him Erdinator, a Rigeletto monk, holding aloft behind all the cross. And there is in that statue such movement, such force, such courage, that I used to like, even in the hot days of Manila, to stand in front of it and enjoy it, as I thought I got the spirit that the sculptor had tried to put in there, of loyalty to country and faith in God. (Applause.)

I think we are reaching a point in this country where we are very much more tolerant of everything and of everybody in the past and where we are giving justice where justice ought to be given. We are no longer cherishing those narrow prejudices that come from denominational bigotry, and we are able to recognize in the past those great heroes of any religious Christian faith and appreciate the virtues that were expected to follow the examples that they have made for us. (Applause.) Religious tolerance is rather a modern invention. (Laughter.) Those of us of Puritan ancestry have been apt to think that we were the inventors of religious tolerance. Well, as a matter of fact, what we were in favor of, if I can speak for Puritan ancestry, was having a right to worship God as we pleased and having everybody else worship God in the same way. (Laughter.) But we have worked that all out now (applause), and there has been a great change, I am sure His Eminence the Cardinal will agree with me, even in the last twenty-six years.

I have had personal evidence of it in some of the work that we had to do in the Philippines. Fifty years ago, if it had been proposed to send a representative of the Government to the Vatican to negotiate and settle matters arising in a country like the Philippines between the Government and the Roman Catholic Church, it would have given rise to the severest condemnation and criticism on the part of those who would have feared some diplomatic connection between the Government and the Vatican, contrary to our traditions. But within the last ten years that has been

done with the full concurrence of all religious denominations, believing that the way to do things is to do them directly, and when a matter is to be settled, that it should be settled with the head of the Church, who has authority to act. (Applause.) And so it fell to my lot, my dear friends. (Applause.) And in that respect, just by good luck, I came to be an exception which perhaps will stand for many years, as the sole exception, of being a representative of the United States at the Vatican. (Applause.) And there I had the great pleasure of meeting that distinguished statesman and Pontiff, Leo the XIII (applause), a man of 92, whom I expected to find rather a lay figure directed by the councils of the cardinals than one active in control of the Church. But I was most pleasantly disappointed, for even at 92 he was able to withstand an address of mine of twenty minutes. (Laughter.) And to catch the points of that address, and to respond in a speech of some fifteen minutes, showing how fully he appreciated the issue that there was and its importance. We did not succeed in bringing about exactly the agreement which was asked, and he realized that; but he was as full of friendly enthusiasm for the settlement of the issue as was possible; and after two audiences which I had the honor of holding with him, at the close of the second one he said, " You haven't got exactly what you want in exactly the way you want it, but," said he, " I am going to send a representative of mine to the Philippines, with instructions to see that the matter is settled justly in accordance with the wishes of the Government of the United States " (applause), and it was so settled, and I am gratified to say that every question between the Church and the State in the Philippine Islands, which were so closely united that it seemed almost impossible to make a separation of the two, as it ought to be made, under our Constitution — that every question has been settled fairly and justly to both sides, and that no bad taste or feeling of injustice remains on either side with respect to those questions. (Applause.)

And now, my dear friends, I ought to talk about Champlain, and I could talk somewhat about him, because I appreciate as highly as anyone can, those motives that governed him and his high character as a man and the obstacles that he had to overcome; but when I get up to talk on any subject I am a little bit in the attitude of the doctor who could cure fits and that is all he could cure, and so he wanted to throw his patients into that condition. (Laughter). I can only talk about the Philippines, and that is what I have done. (Laughter and applause). But I hope that that subject has some application to the thoughts of the morning. I thank you, my dear friends. I thank the reverend fathers, and His Eminence the Cardinal, for the cordial reception that you have given to the civil head of New York and to the civil head of the nation. (Great applause.)

Dr. DENNIS J. MCMAHON — His Eminence will say a few closing words:

Cardinal GIBBONS — *Mr. President, Governor Hughes:* I do not intend, indeed, to inflict any additional penance on the Chief Executive of the Nation nor His Excellency the Governor of the State by any extended remarks because they are passing through a most severe ordeal at the present time, and if I am not very much mistaken when this week has passed away, the avoirdupois of the President will not be quite as great. But we all treasure up in our hearts a most profound sense of gratitude for the presence of the President and of the Governor of the State of New York, and we are thankful to them not only for their physical presence; they might have come and bowed to you all and retired afterwards; it might be a formal presentation; but they have fired us all by the beautiful sentiments that they have uttered on this occasion. (Applause.) And if it were possible, they have filled us with a greater love for God and love for country. Every word was an inspiration. And, Mr. President and Mr. Governor, when you and I have passed away the rising generation will treasure up in their hearts and in their memories the beautiful sentiments that you have uttered to-day. (Applause.) You tell us what is true, that we have indeed liberty in the true sense of the word, that is to say, every man can worship God according to the dictates of his conscience and no man can make another have the same 'doxy that he has himself. Every man has a right to think for himself and to worship God according to the light that God has given to him. Here, thank God, we have liberty without license and authority without despotism, where our government holds over us the ægis of its protection without interfering with us in the God-given rights of conscience. (Applause.)

The President has alluded to the part he has taken in reconciling matters in the Philippine Islands; he could say in more senses than one, both physical and intellectually, in the words of Virgil, "*Quorum pars magna fui*," for the leading part in that memorable transaction that passed over to us those islands of the Philippines without any tumult, without any disagreement with the Holy Leo; and I may mention here on this occasion, that it was my happy privilege to have the honor and the deep pleasure of dining with the President when he was on his way to the Holy Leo and to the Vatican. I shall never forget that interesting occasion; and now I beg in my own name, and in the name of the president of the Summer School and of all its officers, to return our hearty thanks to the President of the United States and the Governor of the State. (Applause.)

After the remarks of Cardinal Gibbons, the audience joined in a closing song " Holy God, We Praise Thy Name," and then dispersed.

The President, the foreign ambassadors, Cardinal Gibbons, and other distinguished guests, were entertained at luncheon at the residence of Hon. Smith M. Weed. After the luncheon hour President Taft and guests were driven to Plattsburgh Barracks where a large reviewing and speakers' stand had been erected. Members of the Legislature and other guests went by special train from Hotel Champlain to Plattsburgh Barracks, where was held a parade and review of military organizations including the regular troops and also the New York National Guard encamped there. The great parade-ground, perhaps the finest in America, with its setting of woods and lake and distant mountains, made a striking picture. Life and spirit were given to it by the thousands of spectators, the movement of the smartly uniformed troops, stepping to the strains of martial music, with steeds prancing to the bugle calls; the waving of banners and the boom of cannon. Especially were the foreign spectators much impressed and delighted. The chairman of this occasion was the Hon. H. Wallace Knapp, chairman of the New York Commission, who introduced the first speaker, the Governor of New York, in the following words:

Chairman KNAPP — Discovered three hundred years ago, this lake and the adjoining valleys early became the great field of strife between the forces contending for the national supremacy of a mighty continent. Likewise, it was one of the great battle-grounds from which a new nation arose, stable and firm. Thus, as we meet to-day to commemorate the three hundredth anniversary of the discovery of Lake Champlain, it is particularly fitting that the occasion should be honored by the representatives of the great nations of the world. This is a bi-State celebration of the States of New York and Vermont, and we have with us the two distinguished Governors of these States, and it gives me great pleasure to present to you a man who has the admiration and the utmost respect of every citizen of our State — New York's most distinguished Governor, Charles E. Hughes.

Governor HUGHES — *Mr. Chairman, Mr. President, Fellow Citizens:* Whether I turn to the right or to the left, whether I address those here or there, I find beauty and inspiration. (Applause.) I have only a few words to say; for during this week I have been the first burnt offering on every occasion (laughter) and my office is to accustom you, after the witnessing of this magnificent spectacle, to the sound of the human voice in order that those who later will seriously address you may have an audience prepared to greet their efforts.

On Monday at old Crown Point we celebrated the discovery of Champlain amid scenes which were suggestive of the strife between the rival Indian races, the struggle between the European powers contending for supremacy, and the eventual conflict between the mother country and her colonies. Yesterday, still more impressively, were celebrated the historic events connected with Fort Ticonderoga; but to-day fittingly marks the climax of our celebration, because more completely here than elsewhere have been exhibited the amity and concord uniting the nations that take part in this commemoration. (Applause.) How pleasant it is to think that we meet jointly, France, England and the United States, upon the field of Plattsburgh, to witness this parade of arms in happy sympathy. (Applause.) It is proper at this time, and there may be no other occasion equally suitable, that I should express, as Chief Executive of the State, my gratification at the successful issue of the labors of the Commission, which have made this celebration possible. Men attached by sentiment, by birth and long association to this favored valley, have made this celebration the chief desire of their hearts and the burden of their waking hours for many months. They have labored together that you might not only enjoy a rare spectacle, but that you might be inspired by a worthy commemoration of the events in your country's history. Amid famous guests and distinguished orators who have delivered addresses of rare literary quality, let us stop for a moment to do just honor to the men who have represented us in this enterprise — the gentlemen of the Commission — I give them my thanks. (Applause.)

To-day we are at peace with all the world — even with Vermont. (Applause.) How glad I have been that for three days we have been able here to conduct so satisfactorily the part of New York, even compelling our rival across the water to do us the courtesy of his presence and to give us a friendly word of cheer. And how I dread the awful morrow when we shall listen to the claims of our sister State. (Laughter.) To-day we stand here in the pride and pomp of the Empire State; but to-morrow your Governor will tread softly and humbly amid the Green Mountain boys. (Laughter.) They have Ethan Allen and Seth Warner, and they don't think we have much. I don't know what Champlain discovered in the territory that is in Vermont. I have had all I can do to find out what he discovered on the New York shore. (Laughter.) I am filled now with abounding gratitude that he

didn't stop at any more places (laughter), and for the first time in my life I am glad that the population of this valley is no greater and that there are no more rival communities to extend the period of rival celebration.

But as I have said, to-day we are at peace with all the world, enjoying the finest fruits of the discovery; and as we look back through the perspective of the centuries, we find that of all the names associated with this country — with this particular valley signalized by the events which we are commemorating — perhaps the foremost are those of the first chieftain and the last victor. And I will couple, for your remembrance on this occasion, in historic Plattsburgh, the names of these two — one of the Old World, the other of the New — Samuel Champlain and Thomas Macdonough. (Applause.) Separated by 200 years, they were much alike. Each a distinguished soldier, each knowing the perils and hardships of war, each rejoicing in the delights of victory, each a pure-hearted patriot. Champlain served his country, served his King, and bowed before his God. Thomas Macdonough, before the contest in the lake by Cumberland Head, in the War of 1812, the last engagement in these waters — the last struggle that this valley has known — bowed his knee before the God of Battles more anxious that he should do right and serve loyally the flag that floated o'er him than that he should win any individual renown. Macdonough, called to service here as a young man, already had achieved distinction, and in his skill on these waters, in his preparedness for every emergency, in his matchless strategy, and his final victory, he raised the fame of American seamanship and naval power higher than it was raised by any man prior to the Spanish War. (Applause.)

It has been said, by the late President of the United States, I believe, that no one in our annals has contributed more to American fame. How pleasant it is that we search even the scenes of bloodshed for characters to admire and that ancient enemies join in just tribute to those who so bitterly fought on the scene of historic contests. (Applause.) There can be no enmity in the future between France and the United States, or between England and the United States, and our secure bond of friendship is not to be found in treaties, but in the sincere regard that the people of each of these nations have for what is strong and brave and pure in the people of the other. We are bound by the ties of human sympathy and human fellowship and the thought of war becomes horrible because we admire our friends of other nations too much to want to fight them. (Applause.) We love our fellow men more than we did, and we can go back with our British friends to the battle of Plattsburgh; we can go back with them to Ticonderoga — French and English can talk over the campaigns of Montcalm and of Wolfe — desirous only to pay the just meed of praise, solicitous for historical verity, thinking of the strife of the past only that we may accentuate the concord of the present. (Applause.) So I link together the pure-minded

Champlain, who first saw these waters, the man of God as well as of battle, the man who loved his fellow men — although circumstances and the standards of his age made him frequently shed their blood — and the pure-minded American patriot who saw the last of the bloody harvest on this field of our own times — Macdonough — and thus we knit up the past and the present, and because the past is what it is, we look forward to the future for the carrying out of the divine plan, and for our progress toward the far off divine event, with absolute confidence and trust in Almighty God.

Chairman KNAPP — After the remarks by Governor Hughes, there is little to say regarding Vermont, except to present a man who has made his own way in life and who, by honesty of purpose, has endeared himself to, and obtained the utmost confidence of the citizens of his State. I present the Governor of the State of Vermont, George H. Prouty.

Governor PROUTY — *Mr. Chairman, Your Excellency, Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:* I think that the last speaker said that he had been offered as a burnt offering for three days. Well, now, if that is correct, what do you think of me being offered every time after his speech? I can assure you, however, that whatever speech I make to-day will be a very short one, because I realize full well what you have come here to-day to hear, and I do not intend in any way to deprive you of any of the pleasure which you expect, and rightfully. I do simply come here to-day as the representative of a sister State taking part in this great celebration, to extend to you the good wishes and the love and the respect of the State of Vermont. (Applause.) And that I do now with my whole heart, Mr. Governor.

You have an extremely modest Governor. He said that to-morrow he would tread softly. He is modest, but even his modesty will not allow him to tread softly after he receives the good wishes of the people of the State of Vermont, as he will to-morrow. (Applause.)

This celebration is in commemoration of a great event, and you will hear of that later, but it is an event which to the two States of New York and Vermont is of great moment, and we should consider what it means to us. We celebrated only last Sunday and Monday a great day of independence. If it had not been for men like Samuel Champlain and others of his character and nature, we should not have been here to celebrate that day, and it seemed extremely fitting at that time that the two events should be celebrated as they were. We can only gain the benefit from this celebration by remembering something about what it meant to us that these men should have done what they did in the past, and we ought to-day to draw the lesson

from those events which will be of benefit to us. Those matters I am sure will be brought to your attention.

Yesterday it was my pleasure to attend the celebration at Ticonderoga. At that time I took away considerable of the State of New York. To-day I shall take away with me something else of much greater value: I shall take away the inspiration which comes from an audience like this; I shall take away with me the inspiration which comes from feeling that the people of the great Empire State of New York realize what this celebration means; and that they are going to try in the future to gain the greatest benefit from it. The State of Vermont thanks the State of New York for all it has done in assisting in this celebration. I believe it was our good privilege to have thought of this and to have first suggested it. From that time on this State has given us its best assistance, and I wish to thank you, Governor Hughes, for the State of Vermont for what you have done. I want also to thank the Commission of the State of New York for what they have done in working together with us to get up this great celebration. As I said before, I am not going to take your time, because you have something much better to listen to, but I do want again to extend the good wishes of the State of Vermont, and I want you to remember that while we came over here once or twice when we were not welcome, that we have forgotten all those things, that there are no hard feelings and if you will come to us to-morrow and in the future we will try to show you that that is the fact. (Applause.)

Chairman KNAPP — In the early history of this country this body of water marked the line of cleavage between English influence on the south and French influence to the north. But for one hundred and fifty years we have been drafting upon the citizenship of French descent in the building up of this country; and, as we meet here to-day, no man can forget that it was the French voyager who discovered this lake, and that in the succeeding years France — whether under a monarchial or a republican form of government — has been the friend of the United States. I therefore take pleasure in presenting to you its present Ambassador, Monsieur Jusserand.

Ambassador JUSSERAND — *Mr. President, Mr. Chairman, Your Excellencies, Ladies and Gentlemen:* My chief object in addressing you is to express the gratitude of France for the admirable fashion in which you have honored the memory of one of her sons, Samuel de Champlain. (Applause.)

The occasion is truly a memorable one. Your Commission has done wonders, and this brilliant assemblage is the best token of the grateful admiration preserved in this land for one who discovered one of its most beautiful spots.

You have here the Governors of the two States, you have my friend the British Ambassador, and then you have one whom you all love and admire, and so do I, President Taft. (Applause.) It is particularly appropriate that President Taft should be here to commemorate the anniversary of Champlain, because he, too, has in his great heart what I may call a colonial feeling. He knows what it is to plant the flag of a country in a far off land and to try to improve that land. (Applause.) I do not know — I hope he had — I do not know whether before yesterday or the day before yesterday he had read the complete works of Champlain (laughter), but I am sure that the spirit of Champlain, and what there was best in him, is within the bosom of President Taft. (Applause.)

Champlain, the first time he came over, felt that the man who lived in the land, whoever he was, deserved help and friendship; that, whoever he was, he had some good qualities, and that those good qualities should be developed; that that man should not be destroyed, but should be raised. That feeling Champlain had, that feeling has your President. And there are people over the water, in a very distant archipelago, who know it and feel it and who, for centuries, will bless his name. (Applause.)

Another great quality Champlain had: he hated a useless quarrel, a useless war. When he became the friend of the Hurons and the Algonquins, and made war on the Iroquois, a subject that is going to be treated in full by the former Secretary of War, and former Secretary of State, your honored Senator, Elihu Root — when he made that war, he did it because he could not help it. Had he not had for his friends the Hurons and the Algonquins, he would have had no friends at all, and when the Hurons came to him and asked him to assist them, he said he would, because they had been helpful to him. He asked some of his followers whether they would come, but only a very few found it pleasant, only two, in fact, went; the rest stayed behind. And what happened? The Hurons said, these are not men; they can make war only on beavers. Champlain wanted the people who had stood as friends by him to know that in his turn, in their hour of need he would stand as a friend by them.

But on an occasion more memorable than any other, Champlain showed he would have no useless quarrels, for when he first discovered this lake, we know from unimpeachable testimony, that he took care to look both ways at once, at the New York side and Vermont side, and so he discovered the two and at the same moment. (Laughter and applause.)

For my addressing you as I do to-day, one reason is that I represent in this country the land that gave birth to Champlain; another is that in this brilliant assembly so many of these for whose ancestors he founded Quebec are present, and that I have one particular advantage and between them and me there is one thing in common, and a thing of immense value: the same language was taught us at our cradle.

(The Ambassador then addressed the audience in French.)

Before withdrawing I beg to renew, in the name of the French Republic, the expression of our gratitude for what has been done in this friendly American land for the memory of that great Frenchman, Samuel de Champlain. (Applause.)

Chairman KNAPP — There are few historic spots where, after two centuries of alternating struggle, three great nations can join in commemorating its history, each with the feeling that there they have had honorable and glorious distinction in contributing to the eventual creation of a great republic; and we are happy to have with us to-day, as the representative of the country which, even amid the acrimony of revolutionary struggle, we were pleased to call the Mother Country, so distinguished a gentleman as the present Ambassador of Great Britain. Known to Americans first as a man in the world of letters, we have since come to love him as a most fitting representative of the great English Nation — Ambassador Bryce.

Ambassador BRYCE — *Mr. President, Your Excellencies:* When I was asked to come to Plattsburgh, I was told that at the parade I might be asked to offer a few remarks. I intended to offer those very few remarks after the formal historical address which was to be delivered by your Senator, Mr. Root, and I thought I should find in Mr. Root's formal historical address some text on which to speak to you, because I knew that he was going to make an address upon a very interesting and important subject, and I felt certain that I should find something in that address from which I should differ. (Laughter.) Now, unfortunately Mr. Root is going to have the last word, and I shall not be able to criticize any of his historical views as to what was done by Great Britain in North America. But I have got one remark — I won't keep you, for there are many speakers to follow — I have got one remark I want to make. Through the celebration, ladies and gentlemen, the thought that has been rising to my mind has been this: as we have been commemorating the events of 300, of 200 and of 100 years ago, what will people find a hundred years hence to commemorate that we have done? Who will commemorate this

generation, and what will they think of it? There are many things that we think we are doing. We believe that we are enriching the world with inventions and discoveries and changing the face of human life and society, but there is only one thing that I shall mention to-day. The beginning of the 20th century seems to me to be the time when the old national feelings of animosity have been effaced, and I think there is nothing that this generation should more desire to be remembered by than that it was the beginning of good feeling and friendship between nations that once were divided by animosity and hatred.

From this platform, gentlemen, we can see far off blue mountains that rise on the frontier of Canada. Even less than a century ago hostile forces marched from Canada here, and to-day you have seen Canadian regiments march upon this parade ground. I do not know whether they have ever marched before in the presence of the President of the United States, but you have given them a welcome which came so fully from the heart that I desire, on behalf of Britain and Canada, to thank you for it.

Ladies and gentlemen, there were two martial airs that have stirred the hearts of Englishmen and Scotchmen for many a year played by those bands. One of them was the air of the " British Grenadiers," to the strains of which the British army has fought on many fields in every part of the world, and the other was an air which commemorates the days when Englishmen and Scotchmen warred with one another and bore a hatred to one another more bitter than any we ever bore to any continental country. And just as Englishmen and Scotchmen now are knit by bonds of the closest friendship and have the same national airs, so now Canadians and Americans can welcome and love one another, and can live with a friendship and a mutual appreciation which makes the life of each more precious and better than it was. And we can go into Canada to-day and Canadians can come here, and each can feel that they are welcome guests.

Mr. President, you know Canada well, and you are already loved and respected there. I can tell you, ladies and gentlemen, that when your regiments go into Canada, you will receive a welcome as warm and hearty there as you have given to our regiments to-day. (Applause.) And just as men of French speech and men of English speech live happily together in Canada, as my friend, the French Ambassador, has so happily said, so for centuries and forever to come, may the people of Canada and the people of the United States live side by side, dying in friendship with one another and remembering their old animosities only to be thankful to Almighty God, who has moved them far from us, never to return. (Applause.)

Chairman KNAPP — The days of strife are past. Three hundred years ago came the first Frenchman from Canada. This lake bears his name. Since then thousands have come to dwell among us as a part of this great nation, and to-day our brethren across the border join with us in commemoration of historical events. As representative of the Canadian Government, I present the Honorable Rodolphe Lemieux, Postmaster General of Canada.

Hon. RODOLPHE LEMIEUX — *Mr. President, Your Excellencies, Ladies and Gentlemen:* I am only at the beginning of my troubles. This is my first speech, and I was not aware until a few moments ago that I would have to speak. However, being of French descent, I can afford to say a few words. Since my arrival in the beautiful city of Plattsburgh, I have not been able to see the difference between American territory and Canadian territory, and I do not know why we are treaty making at the present time. (Applause.) It seems to me that this is as glorious weather as we have in Canada across the border; it seems to me that the people I meet here to-day are just as good, just as nice, just as hospitable and courteous as those you meet in Canada, and I meet Englishmen and Frenchmen, sterling Englishmen like our worthy Ambassador, Mr. James Bryce, and superb types of Frenchmen like the Ambassador of France, M. Jusserand. This is a good Canadian combination, French and English, living in peace, harmony and concord, after having fought so many years ago. But I say that I am in Canada, because looking at your very distinguished statesman, the President of the United States, I find a neighbor from Murray Bay in the Province of Quebec. (Laughter and applause.) Yes, and I wish to warn my American friends that if after four years — no, after eight years — (great applause) or twelve years, or sixteen years (laughter) — if then the cares of office have made that great statesman thin and frail (laughter) send him back to Canada; send him back to the Province of Quebec at Murray Bay, and we will then after a few months of golfing with his charming family send him back to you as stout, as hearty, as hardy a specimen of humanity as he appears before you to-day. (Laughter and applause.)

Ladies and gentlemen, the speeches I have to deliver are prepared, therefore, I will not speak any longer, except to say this: this is a year of tercentenaries, if I may so express it. You are welcome, my friends, to celebrate the discovery of Lake Champlain 300 years ago by our great ancestor, the father of New France, and the founder of Quebec, Samuel de Champlain, but you can also celebrate, and we will join with you if you do celebrate, the tercentenary of another great navigator, of another great explorer, Hudson, who gave to you in his searches for the riches of

India and Cathay, the Hudson River, which he discovered south of us, and who gave it to you just as he gave to us Canadians the majestic Bay of Hudson to the north. Hudson came nearly as far as Albany, and he could have shaken hands with Samuel de Champlain. What a magnificent page of history was made 300 years ago!

Hudson and Champlain came not to declare war on the Indian tribes. Champlain at least came to evangelize this continent, with his missionaries in their black robes. These men came here with a mission of peace, full of humanity, full of justice. Let us learn from those men, let us learn from that glorious past, what to do in the future.

Under the inspiration of the great statesman who is now at the head of affairs in this American commonwealth you are beginning to realize the dream of Champlain. He was the first to say that there should be a canal at Panama in order to reach the far East. Under the vigorous and patriotic policy of President Taft that dream will soon be realized.

Champlain did not only discover that magnificent sheet of water; he also discovered and surveyed the River Ottawa and its tributaries, and the day is not far distant when not President Taft, but the Prime Minister of Canada, Sir Wilfred Laurier, will realize the dream of Champlain and give us the Georgian Canal in order to bring from our far West the riches which it contains.

We learn many things, gentlemen, from these great men, and it is a pleasure for us to be here with you to-day, because men like Champlain, men like Hudson, men like Macdonough, as stated a moment ago by our good friend, the Governor of New York, do not belong only to one race, they do not belong only to one people; they belong to humanity, and we claim a share in them. (Applause.) But I must not speak further. I thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for your kindness, and I hope that Vermont will give us as nice weather as we have to-day. (Applause.)

Chairman KNAPP — The formal historical address will be given by a gentleman who needs no introduction within the limits of the State of New York — the former Secretary of State and the present Senator from the State of New York — the Honorable Elihu Root.

THE IROQUOIS AND THE STRUGGLE FOR AMERICA

Address of the Honorable ELIHU ROOT.

It is no ordinary event that we celebrate.

The beauty of this wonderful lake, first revealed to the eye of civilized man by the visit of Samuel Champlain three hundred years ago; the powerful personality, noble character, and romantic career of the discoverer: the historic importance of this controlling line of strategic military communication, along which have passed in successive generations the armies whose conflicts were to determine the control and destinies of great empires: the value to Canada and to the United States of this natural pathway of commerce: the growth and prosperity of the noble states that have arisen on the opposing shores: their contributions to the wealth of mankind, to civil and religious liberty, to the world's progress in civilization — all these, withdraw the first coming of the white man to Lake Champlain from the dull and uninteresting level of the commonplace; while comparative antiquity, so attractive and inspiring to the people of the New World, lends dignity and romance to the figures and the acts that have escaped oblivion through centuries.

Even a dull imagination must be stirred as it dwells upon the influence which the events attending the discovery were to have, upon the issue of the great struggle between France and Great Britain for the control of the continent: the struggle between the two white races for the opportunity to colonize and expand, and between the two systems of law and civil polity, for the direction and development of civilization among the millions who were to people the vast region extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Rio Grande to the frozen limits of the North.

Authentic history records that late in June, 1609, Champlain, accompanied by several white companions and by a great array of Algonquin Indians of the Saint Lawrence Valley, left the French station on the site of the old Indian village of Stadacona, where now stands the City of Quebec, upon an expedition intended by the Indians for war and by the whites for exploration. They proceeded in canoes up the Saint Lawrence and turned south into the Richelieu, and, in the early days of July, after many vicissitudes and the desertion of the greater part of the Indians, they dragged their canoes around the rapids of the river and came to the foot of the lake on whose shores we stand. They proceeded up the lake with all the precautions of Indian warfare in an enemy's country. As they approached the head of the lake

they rested concealed by day, and urged forward their canoes by night. At last, in this month of July, three hundred years ago, they came upon a war party of the Iroquois. Both parties landed, in the neighborhood of the present Ticonderoga, and, with the coming of the dawn, joined battle. Protected by the light armor of the period, Champlain advanced to the front in full view of the contending parties, and, as the Iroquois drew their bows upon him, he fired his arquebuse. One of his white companions also fired. The Iroquois chief and several of his warriors fell killed or wounded; and the entire band, amazed and terror stricken by their first experience with the inexplicable, miraculous, and death-dealing power of firearms, fled in dismay. They were pursued by the Algonquins, some were killed, some were taken prisoners, and the remainder returned to their homes to spread through all the tribes of the Iroquois the story that a new enemy had arisen bringing unheard of and supernatural powers to the aid of their traditional Algonquin foes. The shot from Champlain's arquebuse had determined the part that was to be played in the approaching conflict by the most powerful military force among the Indians of North America. It had made the confederacy of the Iroquois and all its nations and dependencies the implacable enemies of the French and the fast friends of the English for all the long struggle that was to come.

A century or more before the white settlement five Indian nations of the same stock and language, under the leadership of extraordinary political genius, had formed a confederacy for the preservation of internal peace and for common defense against external attack. Their territories extended in 1609 from the Saint Lawrence to the Susquehanna; from Lake Champlain and the Hudson to the Genesee, and, a few years later, to the Niagara. There, dwelt side by side the Mohawks, the Oneidas, the Onondagas, the Cayugas, and the Senecas, in the firm union of Ho-de-no-sau-nee — the Long House of the Iroquois.

The Algonquin tribes that surrounded them were still in the lowest stage of industrial life and for their food added to the spoils of the chase only wild fruits and roots. The Iroquois had passed into the agricultural stage. They had settled habitations and cultivated fields. They had extensive orchards of the apple, made sugar from the maple, and raised corn and beans and squash and pumpkins. The surrounding tribes had only the rudimentary political institution of chief and followers. The Iroquois had a carefully devised constitution well adapted to secure confederate authority in matters of common interest, and local authority in matters of local interest.

Each nation was divided into tribes, the Wolf tribe, the Bear tribe, the Turtle tribe, etc. The same tribes ran through all the nations, the section in each nation being bound by ties of consanguinity to the sections of the same tribe in the other

nations. Thus a Seneca Wolf was brother to every Mohawk Wolf, a Seneca Bear to every Mohawk Bear. The arrangement was like that of our college societies with chapters in different colleges. So there were bonds of tribal union running across the lines of national union; and the whole structure was firmly knit together as by the warp and woof of a textile fabric.

The government was vested in a council of fifty sachems, a fixed number coming from each nation. The sachems from each nation came in fixed proportions from specific tribes in that nation; the office was hereditary in the tribe; and the member of the tribe to fill it was elected by the tribe.

The sachems of each nation governed their own nation in all local affairs. Below the sachems were elected chiefs on the military side and Keepers of the Faith on the religious side. Crime was exceedingly rare; insubordination was unknown; courage, fortitude and devotion to the common good were universal.

The territory of the Long House covered the watershed between the Saint Lawrence basin and the Atlantic. From it the waters ran into the Saint Lawrence, the Hudson, the Delaware, the Susquehanna, and the Ohio. Down these lines of communication the war parties of the confederacy passed, beating back or overwhelming their enemies until they had become overlords of a vast region extending far into New England, the Carolinas, the Valley of the Mississippi, and to the coast of Lake Huron.

They held in subjection an area including the present States of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Ohio, Kentucky, West Virginia, Northern Virginia and Tennessee, and parts of New England, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan and Ontario.

Of all the inhabitants of the New World they were the most terrible foes and the most capable of organized and sustained warfare; and of all the inhabitants north of Mexico they were the most civilized and intelligent.

The century which followed the voyages of Columbus had been for the Northern continent a period of exploration and discovery, of search for gold and for fabulous cities and for a passage to the Indies, of fugitive fur trade with the natives, of fisheries on the banks, and of feeble, disastrous attempts at occupation, but not of permanent settlement. Ponce de Leon and De Soto and Verrazano, Cartier and the Cabots and Drake and Frobisher and Gilbert and Gosnold, had brought the Western coast of the Atlantic out from the mists of fable; but they had left no trace upon its shores. Jean Ribaut and his French Huguenots had attempted to do for their religion in Florida what the Pilgrims did in the following century on the coast of Massachusetts; but their colony was destroyed with incredible cruelty, in the name of religion, by the ferocious Spaniard, Menendez, and the colony of Menendez was in turn destroyed by the Gascon de Gourgues, save a feeble remnant

on the site of Saint Augustine. Raleigh, with noble constancy and persistency, had wasted his fortune in repeated and vain attempts to establish a colony in Virginia. On the sites of the modern Quebec and Montreal, at Tadousac, at the mouth of the Saint Croix, and at Port Royal, Jacques Cartier and Roberval, Pontgravé and De Monts, Poutrincourt and Lescarbot, had seen their heroic and devoted efforts to establish a new France brought to naught by cold and starvation and disease. In that month of July, 1609, in all the vast expanse between Florida and Labrador no settlement of white men held its place or presaged the coming of the future multitude save at Jamestown, behind the Capes of Virginia, where Christopher Newport's handful of colonists had barely survived two years of privation, and at Quebec, where the undaunted Pontgravé and Champlain only one year before had again gained a foothold. At Jamestown the mournful record of the winter of 1609 to 1610 shows us that in the spring but sixty of the colonists were living. At Quebec twenty-eight Frenchmen with Champlain had braved the rigors of a Canadian winter, and in the spring of 1610, but eight remained alive.

In this same month of July, 1609, the Half Moon of Henry Hudson was repairing damages in Penobscot Bay after her voyage across the Atlantic, and preparing to sail on to the noble river that still bears her commander's name.

The field was open; the hands upon the margin that reached out to grasp control seemed few and feeble; but the period of preparation was past. The mighty forces that were to urge on the most stupendous movement of mankind in human history had already received their direction. The time was ripe for the real conflict to begin, and it had its momentous beginning when the Chief of the Mohawks fell before the arquebuse of Champlain at Ticonderoga.

The conditions which limited the powers and directed the purposes of the various countries of Europe in the early years of the seventeenth century made it inevitable that the struggle for American control should ultimately become a single combat between France and Great Britain.

It is true that Spain had overturned the tribal government of the Aztecs and held possession along the Northern shores of the Gulf of Mexico, a vantage ground from which she might well have pressed to the northward successful plans of occupation. But Spain had no such plans. When the search for treasure had failed, and it was plain that no more Perus and Mexicos were to be found, the dark forests of the North Atlantic offered no attractions to the Spanish Conquistadores, who sought the spoils of conquest rather than the rewards of labor.

With the death of Philip the Second the decline of Spanish power had already begun. His successors were feeble and incapable. The stern, repressive, and despotic control over body and soul effected by the union of military and religious

organization during the first century of United Spain was accompanied by a marvelous efficiency and energy that made Spain for a time the foremost maritime and colonizing power of the world. The price of that efficiency, however, was the loss of the only permanent source of national energy, the independence and free initiative of individual character among her citizens. Thenceforth Spain was no longer to sway the rod of empire, but, holding it weakly in feeble hands, was to lose one by one the world-wide possessions of Charles the Fifth and Philip the Second, until the time when the penalty of her national sin against civil and religious freedom should have been paid and the native strength and nobility of her character should be able to reassert themselves in a period of renewed growth and re-established power and prosperity; a time which we hope and trust has already come.

Portugal, still clinging to the fruits of her explorers' genius, and sturdy Holland, strong in her newly won freedom, were looking not to North America, but to Brazil and to the Orient for their opportunities to expand; and the future colony of New Amsterdam was destined to be readily transferred to the English for the sake of greater opportunities to the Dutch East India Company.

Germany was not yet a maritime power. Loosely compacted under the failing hegemony of the House of Austria, she was upon the threshold of the Thirty Years' War in which the most frightful slaughter and devastation were to destroy her cities, lay waste her fields, reduce her population from thirty millions to twelve millions, and set back her civilization for centuries.

Into that vortex of destruction Sweden also was about to be drawn, and her forces were to be engrossed in the struggle for national existence, so that the hopes of Gustavus Adolphus for a New Sweden, upon the banks of the Delaware, were to fail of fruition, and the Swedish colony in America was to pass with hardly a struggle into the hands first of the Dutch and then of the English.

Prussia was a dependent dukedom. Russia had still three-quarters of a century to wait before Peter the Great was to begin to lead her from semi-barbarism into the ranks of civilized powers. Italy was a geographical expression covering a multitude of petty states.

Of all the peoples of Europe, only the French and the English possessed the power, the energy, the adventurous courage, the opportunity and the occasion, for expansion across the Atlantic. The field and the prize were for them, and for them alone.

Upon the throne of France was Henry the Fourth, the greatest of French kings. In the governing class of Frenchmen, political and religious, were the virile strength, the intellectual acumen, the romantic chivalry, the strong passions, the love of glory, the capacity for devotion to ideals; which were to make possible the rule of Richelieu,

the ascendency of Louis the Fourteenth, the political idealists of the Eighteenth century, the tremendous social forces whose outbreak in the French Revolution appalled the world, and the armies of Napoleon.

In England the reign of great Elizabeth had just closed. It was the England of Spenser and Shakespeare and Bacon; of Cecil and Raleigh; of Drake and Frobisher. John Hampden and Cromwell and Milton were in their childhood. For four centuries since Magna Charta Englishmen had become accustomed to the assertion of individual rights of the citizen against arbitrary power. Since the repudiation of Roman supremacy over the national church, by Henry the Eighth, three generations had become wonted to the assertion of religious freedom. King James's translation of the Bible was in progress and nearly completed. The deep religious feeling of the Puritan reaction against both Roman and Royal Episcopacy that was to cost Charles the First his life and James the Second his throne, had already become a controlling motive among a great multitude of the English people.

From these two countries, each possessed of great powers, each endowed with noble qualities, proceeded the colonists who were to dispute for the possession of America. The French movement was in the main governmental, aristocratic, proceeding from state and church, designed to extend and increase the power, dominion, and glory of the King, to convert the Indians to the true faith, and to extend over them and over all the lands through which they roamed, and over all who should come after them and take their place, the same iron rule of conformity against which the Huguenots of France were vainly contending. The English movement was in the main popular, proceeding from the people of England who wished to escape either church or state at home and to find freedom in a new world for the practice of their religion or the pursuit of their fortunes according to their own ideas. Some of the English colonies braved the hardships of exile rather than conform against their consciences to requirements of practice and doctrine which the English church imposed. Some sought for fortune in the New World because the State had so distributed the property and so closed the avenues for advancement in England that they must needs seek opportunities elsewhere if at all.

For centuries the struggle between civil and religious absolutism on the one hand and individual liberty on the other were waged alike in France and in England. The attempt to colonize America came from one side of the controversy in France and from the other side of the same controversy in England. The virtues of the two systems were to be tried out and the irrepressible conflict between them was to be continued in the wilderness.

For capable and efficient leadership, for far-sighted and comprehensive plans, for clear understanding of existing conditions and prevision as to the future, for conspicuous examples of heroic achievement and self-devotion, the palm must be awarded

to the French over their English competitors. There are few chapters in history so full of romantic interest, so compelling in their demands for sympathy and admiration, as the record of the century and a half that began with the wooden fortress of Champlain under the bluff at Quebec and ended with the fall of Montcalm on the Heights of Abraham.

The world owes many debts to France. Not the least of these is the inspiration the men of every race can find in the noble examples of such explorers as Nicollet and Joliet and La Salle; such leaders as Champlain and Frontenac and Duquesne and Montcalm; and such missionaries as Le Caron and Brébœuf and Marquette. They strove for the execution of a great design, holding hardship and suffering and life of little account in their loyalty to their religion and their King. With infinite pains they won the friendship of the Indians of the Saint Lawrence and the far Northwest; they carried the flag of France to the mouth of the Mississippi; they drew a cordon of military posts up the Saint Lawrence, across to the Mississippi, and down to the Gulf, well designed to bar the westward advance of the English colonies, to save the great West for their race, and thence to press the English backward to the sea. Their soldiers were, as a rule, better led, better organized, and moved on more definite and certain plans than the English. Occasionally some born fighter on the English side would accomplish a great deed, like Pepperrell at Louisburg, or some man of supreme good sense would bring order out of confusion, as did Franklin and Washington; but as a rule Colonial legislatures were slow and vacillating; Colonial governors were indifferent and short-sighted; and Colonial movements were marked by a lack of that definite responsibility, coupled with power, so essential to successful warfare.

Fortunately for England between the two parties all along the controlling strategic line from this Lake Champlain to the gateway of the West at Fort Duquesne, stretched the barrier of the Long House and its tributary nations. They were always ready, always organized, always watchful. They continually threatened and frequently broke the great French military line of communication. Along the whole line they kept the French continually in jeopardy. Before the barrier the French built forts and trained soldiers — behind it the English cleared the forests and built homes and cultivated fields and grew to a great multitude, strong in individual freedom and in the practice of self-government. Again and again the French hurled their forces against the Long House, but always with little practical advantage. At one time De Tracy, the Viceroy, burned villages and laid waste the land of the Iroquois with twelve hundred French soldiers. At another, La Barre, the Governor, with eighteen hundred; at another, Denonville, with two thousand; at another, Frontenac with six hundred; at still another, Frontenac with a thousand.

Always there came also a cloud of Algonquin allies. Always the Iroquois retired and then returned, rebuilt their villages, replanted their fields, resumed their operations, and in their turn took ample revenge for their injuries.

So, to and fro the war parties went, harrying and burning and killing, but always the barrier stood, and always with its aid the English colonies labored and fought and grew strong. When the final struggle came between the armies of France and England, the French had the genius of Montcalm and soldiers as brave as ever drew sword; but behind Wolfe and his stout English hearts was a new people, rich in supplies, trained in warfare, and ready to fight for their homes. South Carolina, the records show, furnished twelve hundred and fifty men for the war; Virginia, two thousand; Pennsylvania, two thousand seven hundred; New Jersey, one thousand; New York, two thousand six hundred and eighty; New Hampshire and Rhode Island, one thousand; Connecticut, five thousand; Massachusetts, seven thousand. It was not merely the army — it was that a nation had arrived, too great in numbers, in extent of territory, in strength of independent, individual character, to be overwhelmed by any power that France could possibly produce. The conclusion was foregone. A battle lost or won at Quebec or elsewhere could but hasten or retard the result a little. The result was sure to come as it did come.

In all this interesting and romantic story may be seen two great proximate causes of the French failure and the English success; two reasons why from Quebec to the Pacific we speak English, follow the course of the common law, and estimate and maintain our rights according to the principles of English freedom.

One of these was the great inferiority of the Indian allies of the French, and the great superiority of the Indian allies of the English; the effective and enduring organization, the war-like power of the Iroquois and their fidelity to the " covenant chain " which bound them to our fathers. The other cause lies deeper: It is that peoples, not monarchs, settlers, not soldiers, build empires: that the spirit of absolutism in a royal court is a less vital principle than the spirit of liberty in a nation.

In these memorial days let there be honor to Champlain and the chivalry of France: honor to the strong free hearts of the common people of England; and honor also to the savage virtues, the courage and loyal friendship of the Long House of the Iroquois. (Applause.)

Chairman KNAPP — Ladies and gentlemen, we will now listen to an original poem entitled " Champlain and Lake Champlain," by Daniel L. Cady, of New York City.

Dr. Cady read as follows:

CHAMPLAIN AND LAKE CHAMPLAIN

A POEM

By DANIEL L. CADY, L. H. D.

We meet to raise the lofty strain
Of lands beyond the Western main;
Of Henry's men and Richelieu's ships,
Of mounting hearts and trembling lips;
Of brave De Monts and bold De Chastes,
Of hardships strange and hazards vast;
Of Pont Gravé and Poutrincourt,
Of flaunting flags and graves obscure;
Of dunes as drear as drear d'Olonne,
Of streams as fair as fair Garonne;
Of Winter's blasts and Spring's perfume,
Of Honfleur's hopes and Dochet's doom —
Of man's new-found inheritance,
The wondrous land of Nouvelle France.

We meet the lofty strain to raise,
Of those who passed, deprived of praise;
Of Lévis, Bourlamaque, Raymond,
Of pious Jogues and De Casson;
Of labors ne'er before endured,
Of beckoning seas and lands that lured;
Of hoped-for harvests never gleaned,
Of friend turned foe, and foe turned fiend;
Of one whose justice made him brave —
The knight whose stainless plumes still wave;
The White man who first saw this spot,
I name him, and I name him not —
He whom no painter limned, but yet
Whose picture in all hearts is set.

Four times King Henry's ships have sailed away,
From France toward Canseau's coast and Sable Bay;
As often, homeward, have his captains brave
Returned from Tadoussac and high La Hève.

Each captain's tale enlists an eager court,
Each sailor's story stirs his native port;
List, as the sailor tells, with solemn sigh,
Of Fundy's tides that roll a mast-head high;
With furious words he tells of men whose skin
Is red and bloody as their hearts within;
Strange signs, vast wonders, fill the new domain,
Did not a fish's tooth heal his migraine!
Did not a native princess yield her kiss!
Did he not hear the Gougou's hideous hiss!
Did he not hunt the scaled chaousarou,
And eat of gooseberries, red and green and blue!
Did he not sight the Magpie Islands, where
The souls of women fill the chattering air!

Each captain's carriage is erect and high,
As one on whom his monarch may rely;
"No kingdom have we found," they haste to say —
"No kingdom, but a world, that waits the day —
A new-found world that waits the Lily's sway."
There, Eastward, rolls a vast and lordly stream,
There lakes and seas in tangled net-work gleam;
There native flowers attract the stranger's feet,
There vines take root, and pheasant's flesh is sweet;
There stand the trees of France, erect and tall,
There falcons wheel, and pigeons coo and call;
There mines of copper gem the ocean's side,
And drip their useless wealth into the tide;
Great harbors, leagues in length, and roadsteads wide,
Invite the commerce of two worlds to ride;
Each frowning headland hides a sheltering bay,
Each rising port shall be Port Fortuné.
What deeds shall there be done of high emprise,
What fleets sail thence, what argent cities rise!
The seat where Venice sits the seas amid
Was once a marsh where hunted sailors hid;
Marseilles arose above a reedy fen,
And Genoa's site was bare of soil or men.

All France awakes; the men of Normandie
Another Conquering William's banners see;
Behold new lights and fires in Breton eyes,
Behold St. Malo's sinking fortunes rise!
New keels are laid, new gonfalons designed,
New charters granted, new commissions signed.
Amidst this general joy, o'er leagues of foam,
King Henry's ships and captains journey home;
With them the king's young friend, Champlain, returns —
The Brouage sailor — Brouage rings and burns —
There sounds throughout all Saintonge, near and far,
Long live the king! Long live the Xaintongeois!

But short his stay; great lords and gentlemen
Equip new ships, and soon he sails again;
Again he sights St. Pierre, again surveys
Assomption's length of trivial capes and bays;
Thence holds his course direct toward Tadoussac,
Thence Southward, past Cap Tourmente, bold and black,
To high Quebec; thence past low-lying lands
To Hochelaga, where now proudly stands
A mighty city; thence by shallop frail
Toward this sweet sea and this productive vale —
This land wherein the tameless Iroquois
And tall Algonquins wage perpetual war.

So goes the voyager to and fro
Between New France and France,
Whilst thirty times the vineyards blow,
And thirty frosts advance —
Indifferent to Winter's wrath,
Careless of circumstance.

The navigator who ne'er raised
The signal of distress;
Who on the Northern ice-pack gazed,
Who knew the South's caress —
Whose genius dreamed and sailed new seas
With splendid steadfastness.

The patient colonizer, wise
To sun, soil, roof, and rain;
Who saw, as with anointed eyes,
The centuries in his train —
Who sowed the seeds of states to be
As sower sows the grain.

The author, who with tireless hand,
Set down the things he saw;
The first historian of the land,
He gave the earliest law —
The law that banned the poisoned shaft,
And clipped the rending claw.

The faithful viceroy of his king,
In regions far remote,
And yet no censuring council's sting
Impaled the words he wrote —
The viceroy whose sagacious lips
No prince nor princeling smote.

The explorer favored of the fates —
The White man who first stood
Upon the soil of these fair states
That dwell in sisterhood;
The first to sail this limpid sea,
And hail Ontario's flood.

The missionary of that Love
That counts the rescued soul
Of one poor savage far above
The world's deceitful goal —
Who set the writhing captive free,
And filled the beggar's bowl.

The man who, in a tinsel age,
Cared naught for shields or bars,
Or state or showy equipage,
Whose name no scandal scars —
Whose memory, like a lofty shaft,
Stands level with the stars.

We see him on that Summer morn,
There where the Richelieu's breast is torn
By ragged rocks; the wounded tide
Delays him not — he may not bide;
There lie his " ships " so grim and fierce,
Whose sides an arrow's point would pierce;
His " stores " some skins of pounded maize,
His " course " the choice of unknown ways;
His " admirals " decked in feathers gay,
His " captains " smeared with paint and clay;
His " armament " three muskets rude,
His " sailors " wolves of human brood;
Of all his Frenchmen, only two
Are present at this wild review;
Two only reckon not the cost,
And they — their faithful names are lost.

We see him as he numbers o'er
His mighty fleet — two score and four
Of bark canoes; he lifts his eyes
One questioning moment to the skies;
His bravest hope, his dearest thought,
His zealots comprehended not;
The sixty wolf-men that he led
He knew loved carnage more than bread;
He knew their hearts were filled with hate,
And cruelties insatiate;
He lifts his hand, the rude oars fall —
The Northland passes to the Gaul.

And now, although no crownéd king approves,
The strange and unproclaimed armada moves;
Southward it takes its silent, warlike way,
Nor bourse, nor lords of trade, say yea or nay.
Like some dark dragon, seen in fevered dream
Of Sikh or Bengalee, it breasts the stream;
The trees along the Richelieu closer stand,
And, trembling, hold each other by the hand;
The vines draw closer to the oaks and firs,
The shores are bare of Summer's choristers;

Two hundred years and more of bloody strife
This bold excursion quickens into life;
The vexed and shuddering river seems to feel
The coming of the prow and mast of steel,
When peace at last shall reign, the sunlight shine
On forts dismantled and on camps benign.

One night he halts, that by the light of day
His eyes may first the virgin lake survey;
Ere long the shores recede, new sights appear,
He feels a rare and radiant presence near;
His queen, his queen of waters, unto him
Affianced in creation's morning dim.
The spell comes o'er him lovers languish for,
And for a day he thinks no more of war;
These lines of foam that catch amidst the sedge,
Are they not laces at *her* garment's edge?
These beauteous isles, as green as they are fair,
Are they not emeralds set to deck *her* hair?
These summered breezes, are they not *her* sigh?
These tall, dark pines the lashes at *her* eye?
These shimmering ripples, are they not *her* smile,
To draw him on and on with witching wile?
Enrapt he stands, his eye his heart betrays,
Her bosom swells responsive to his gaze;
Again he looks, he smiles, he cries " *Je t'aime*,"
She sighs, she yields, and takes her lover's name.

From passion's fine imaginings
He turns again to sterner things;
One further day he halts, and then
Goes Southward with his painted men;
Soon, from the East, the sandy arm
Of Windmill Point holds out its palm;
Still further East, before his eyes,
Le Lion Couchant props the skies;
Next, in the West, long slate cliffs stare,
The ore beds false of Pointe au Fer;
Then Southward, Isle La Motte appears —
Renowned thenceforth through all the years —

La Motte, whose crown of pines was old
When Capet wore his crown of gold;
La Motte, whose quarried blocks shall stand
In massive towers as high and grand,
Supporting firm, for later man,
Victoria's tube and Brooklyn's span:
There, on the undefended sands,
The unannounced flotilla lands,
And whilst his warriors feast and rest,
He dreams the Empire of the West.

As Europe, from an age-long trance,
Was waked by thrust of Moorish lance,
So did this war-bound party wake
These sleeping lands and oarless lake;
As from the waves yon peaks first rose
In nature's primal throbs and throes,
So, at his coming, land and sea
Emerged from darkest savagery.
If Tyre a conquering flag unfurled,
And Delos ruled the ancient world,
What of these islands of the North,
From which, full-armed, two states sprang forth!
We see him, as with thoughtful mien,
He leaves La Motte's unsullied scene;
Continuing the Southward course,
He leads his punitory force;
Past other isles he journeys on,
He doubles frowning Scononton;
And near that river's outlet goes
St. Amant,* that for sweethearts flows;
Past Valcour's cedar trees, that throw
Deep shadows on the waves below;
On, toward the dark heights in the South,
Past the Au Sable's double mouth,
Past Colchester's three-pointed spear,
Past Schuyler, fashioned like a tear;

* The French called the Saranac, Rivière de St. Amant.

And now the open lake they hail —
He looks — a sea without a sail!
Far-reaching shores with balanced bays,
Far-stretching waters meet his gaze;
With fear his savages descry
A rock that from the waves stands high —
Dark Rejiohne, gloomy, lone,
Man's first and firmest boundary stone;
Older than Holy Simeon's style,
Or Trajan's shaft or Cheops' pile;
Southward of which no Huron goes,
Nor Mohawk North, but life-blood flows;
Upon his left tall peaks rise white,
And loftier peaks upon his right;
Those heights, his savages explain,
Hide fertile stretches rich in grain;
There open valleys filled with fruit,
The faithless Iroquois pollute;
There dwell their foes — the lake goes near —
Three days, and they shall die of fear!

We see him pass the Brothers Four,
The Boquet's mouth and Shelburne's shore;
On past Split Rock, by nature named,
And down the years at Utrecht famed;
On past the less and larger creek,
Whose burrowed banks the otters seek;
On toward the charming North West bay,
He takes "the tourist's favorite way;"
On Southward toward that narrow shore,
Where now Port Henry's forges roar;
Where Vulcan finds his art assigned
To masters skilled as they are kind.

But now they shun the telltale light,
They rest by day, advance by night;
No camp fire makes their presence known;
When morning dawns their barks are gone;
Noiseless as falls November's snow
They move upon their ancient foe.

We see him as his little band
Draws near a cape or point of land,
That from the Western shore line trends,
And far into the lake extends;
Here, as they sailed with faces set,
The bloody Iroquois they met;
Then rose the wildest shouts and screams
That ever filled a captive's dreams,
As all the tortured sons of men
Were put to torture once again.

The threat of battle in the morn
Was hurled and met with equal scorn;
The Pilotois his curses rained
In palsied speech for once unfeigned;
The Ostemoy, beyond control,
Poured out his demon-flooded soul,
And insults vipers might not slight
Were lost in insults infinite.

At morning's first and fairest hour,
We see him land his little power;
The barks are drawn upon the sand,
And weapons passed from hand to hand;
Within the wood, obscured from view,
His Frenchmen go — the nameless two —
Before him, in the matin glow,
Encamps the barricaded foe —
Two hundred Iroquois, who bear
Stout bows, and hempen breastplates wear;
Whose war-code red their Sachems frame,
With rites and orgies none may name,
Midst fasting, feasting and carouse,
In far Oneida's council house.

The opposing warriors now display
Their men in battle disarray;
Mohawk and Montagnais prepare
To wreak the hate their bosoms bear;

Around about their camps they go,
They wag their heads and cry " Ho! Ho! "
The mumbling soothsayers curse and wail,
The witch-led warriors boast and rail;
They beat the earth, they beat the air,
They threaten, dance, grimace, and glare;
But phalanx firm or ordered line,
Inspiring banner, battle sign,
Impinging shields or marshaled power,
Are wanting in that fateful hour.

We see him as he takes his stand
To lead the small Algonquin band;
There must the invading force prevail,
Or none remain to tell the tale;
One moment's space he hesitates,
But in the moment's space he waits,
His childhood's happy home he sees,
His father seated ' neath the trees;
He hears the bells when day is done,
He sees his mother bless her son.
From out their rude stockade the while,
The haughty Iroquois defile;
Before them three tall chiefs advance
To meet the single arm of France;
Onward they come in savage pride,
With armored fronts, and plumes blown wide,
And fearful mien and lordly stride,
    And hate-filled eyes;
Three bows are raised in deadly aim,
Three voices curse the Huron name —
When, lo! a blast of sound and flame
    That rends the skies!
Two chiefs lie dead upon the ground —
Another blast of flame and sound —
The third chief has his mortal wound
    And cannot rise;

Again the arquebuses ring,
The lead balls sing, the arrows sting,
The furious victors forward spring
With piercing cries;
The Iroquois his fate discerns,
Too late the White man's art he learns,
The Indian of Indians turns —
He turns, he flies!
Before the morning hours were done,
The field of Lake Champlain was won,
The homeward march and voyage begun.

The strife is o'er, the dying and the slain
Alone upon the trampled shore remain;
Henceforth that bloody marge of lake so clear
Shall be the Place of Scalps for many a year;
Such was the sowing, such the seed and root,
Of which the present is the flower and fruit;
Such conflict sharp and fierce prepared the way
For men who raise the arch, and men who pray;
A barren era of barbarian power
Was ending in that dark and iron hour;
New worlds indeed were opening for mankind,
Not lands and seas alone, but worlds of mind;
Then Science beamed on men with her bright eyes,
Then History ceased to be " conceded lies; "
Then Commerce turned her gaze to every land,
And stretched to every zone her jeweled hand.
In that same year an old man, with his glass,
Explored the paths where Night's bright chariots pass;
Beheld new suns and systems wheel and shine,
And warmed men's hearts with knowledge, as with wine;
Champlain and Galileo — two who bore
The torch of light where all was dark before.

But ere we leave that earlier, ruder race,
'Tis meet some fragments of their lore to trace;
By other, gentler names than now they bear,
They knew these scenes that have to-day our care;

Lone Whiteface, ever old and ever young,
Was Wahopartenie in the Red man's tongue;
And Marcy, that uprears his head so high,
Tahawas stood, the Wedge that Splits the Sky;
Whilst Mansfield, Moose of Mountains, 'midst the snows,
As Moseodebewadso proudly rose;
The Saranac as Sumac River glowed,
As Wonakakatuk the Otter flowed;
Split Rock Sobapsqua was, the Cloven Way;
Quinask, the arm that shielded Shelburne Bay;
The fortressed shore by Allen's bravery famed,
Carillon, Chime of Bells, the good priests named,
But softer yet from native lips it fell —
Cheonderoga — Place Where Echoes Dwell.

'Twas there beneath the narrowing waves,
About the bottom's sunless caves,
There dwelt, as savage legend ran,
A race invisible to man;
A mighty race of stonesmiths they,
The Tubal Cains of slate and clay;
They filled with fire the friendly flints,
And coined the wampum in their mints;
All spear points, clubs, and arrow-heads,
All knives whose name the White still dreads;
All peltry tools and scraping stones —
Wherewith to scrape the roebuck's bones —
All barbs the carp and gar-pike gorged,
Their subaquatic smithies forged.

But all their handiwork they kept
Within their lockers strong, and slept,
Nor wakened from their sleep of greed,
Till bribed by gifts of that sweet weed
Whose incense, when by fire released,
Sustains the fast and crowns the feast —
The fragrant weed no code may ban,
Beloved of man and superman.
But when tobacco leaves were cast
Upon the waves, their anger passed;

They caused the winds at once to rise,
And sent the storm clouds through the skies;
And when the tempest fiercest blew,
Their craftwork on the shores they threw:
No bark went Northward at the dawn,
Or neared at night the Horicon,
That gave not gifts to win the grace
And favor of the watery race.

Historic Lake! whate'er the deeds
Of fabled men or savage breeds,
Enacted in the centuries dim,
Beneath thy waves or at thy rim —
More valiant deeds have heroes wrought
Upon thy breast, and scarred it not.
A highway and a battlefield,
Here sloops and frigates marched and wheeled;
The strife of distant kings and courts
Was here expressed in fleets and forts;
And true to life, the royal sneer
Became a royal broadside here.

As Valcour, like a needle true,
Set in the waves when earth was new,
Points to the North, and never veers
Whatever force or flag appears —
So did the action 'neath her lee
Point to the pole of gallantry;
The lofty courage there displayed,
Won Europe's praise and Lafayette's aid;
And still the patriot's hope revives,
Whate'er his race, where'er he strives;
There Arnold's line of slender length
Withstood a fleet of double strength;
And all he wrought and overcame,
Permits us still to speak his name.

On yonder bay, to-day unstained,
The young and brave Macdonough gained
A wreath as green, a fame as bright,
As he who won the Nile's proud fight;
Twice on his flagship's deck that day,
He senseless fell and prostrate lay;
And twice he rose, with bloody lips,
And called on Heaven and cheered his ships;
Of happy name and omen they —
The *Preble* hastened to the fray,
The dark *Ticonderoga* roared
Her broadsides out, the *Eagle* soared;
The *Saratoga*, wounded oft,
Still kept the flag we love aloft;
And when the two hours' strife was o'er,
Her silenced prizes numbered four.
Few victories teach and shine like this!
Plattsburgh, the second Salamis!

Historic Vale! thy charms comprise
Far more than meets the traveler's eyes;
The memory of thy heroes' deeds
Is like a dream to him who reads;
Romance in every scene inheres,
And patriot valor moves to tears.
Here oft the captive sighed his last,
Here twice the avenging Schuylers passed,
Resolved to swiftly vindicate
Schenectady's appalling fate.
These shores are still the homes of those
Whose fathers fought with ruthless foes;
These shores a home to sons supply,
Whose lives are plain, whose thinking high;
Religion's shrines and learning's halls,
Here stand like watchmen on their walls.

Here on the Boquet's banks was spread
That banquet to the surfeited;
That war feast, artfully designed
To further fire the savage mind:

Four hundred Mohawks, there arrayed
In fearful war dress, pledged their aid
To devastate these fields and farms,
And help the king maintain his arms,
And thus became his Majesty's
Most loyal, royal savages!
Deceived Burgoyne! his feast supplied
Less cheer than that of Barmecide!

As Brutus fell and kissed his mother earth,
We journey to this region of our birth,
Full ready to embrace, if so might be,
This boundless ocean of our infancy;
A prismed pendant, dropped from out the skies,
Between the everlasting hills it lies,
Reflecting every cloud and every star —
No man arranged the scene, and none shall mar;
No foe to life that loves the crystal wave,
Shall make this sea a vast and turbid grave;
Sweet were these waters, tasted by Champlain,
And healthful, sweet, and clear they must remain;
Fair were these shores in virgin beauty then,
But fairer now, set with the homes of men;
And fairer, happier shall they be, when Trade
Again resumes the way from which she strayed;
When lofty ships, and lines of barges long,
Shall bring, with costly bales, the sailor's song;
The Caughnawauga's dream may yet be true —
A port here rise more rich than Rome e'er knew.
And if it be that Glory* is the sun
Of those gone hence — of those whose day is done —
What floods of light must fill the Elysian ways,
Wherein the great Explorer's spirit strays!

THE END

* The French have a saying — "La gloire est le soleil des morts.

Chairman KNAPP — *Ladies and Gentlemen:* I present the President of the United States (Applause.)

The PRESIDENT — *Governor Hughes, Ladies and Gentlemen:* I am not going to detain you very long. I see Col. Cowles with his battalion ready to charge on you, and I have too much compassion for you to subject you to the results.

First, I wish to congratulate you on having listened to such a great address as Senator Root has given us here in his discriminating historic sense and with the eloquence of words that I am sure we shall be glad to read over and over again. (Applause.) I didn't know — perhaps all of you did — but I didn't know that we were indebted so much to the Iroquois for the result that we are here, and that we are speaking English instead of French. (Laughter.) He has traced with the master hand of the man who knows peoples and constitutional law, the development of that strength that came from popular force in the Colonies, and that lined the Atlantic and that backed Wolfe in the fight which he had with Montcalm on the Plains of Abraham.

I congratulate you that you had a French orator to-day in Senator Root. (Laughter.) The rest of us have been speaking from morning to dewey eve, and when we arise the first thing we think of and grope for is a subject. (Laughter.) My friend the Governor was fortunate enough to see the mountains of Vermont, and he dwelt on them. (Laughter.) My friend the French Ambassador couldn't get to his place without going around me, so he dwelt on me. (Laughter.) And while I value deep in my heart the compliment that he paid, I must attribute it to circumstances rather than design. And so too, with my friend the Postmaster-General from Canada. Well, there is a good deal in being a subject. He spoke of Murray Bay and my knowledge of Canada. I am delighted to say that for 16 years I have spent most of my summers in Canada, and I have learned that north of us is a great and rising people (applause), a people bound to be prosperous, bound to be great, and whose prosperity and greatness I know that Americans are great enough not to be jealous of but to welcome.

And now, my friends, we have all got to make speeches to-night. The subject which Governor Hughes has to-night is " New York." That is large enough, but I have to speak about the United States, and therefore, I ask you to excuse me from delaying you further except to congratulate you, as I do most heartily, on the success of these celebrations and memorials that bring out such good neighborhood feeling, that bring out such pride in our ancestry, that fill us with a knowledge of history, and that hold high above us the ideals which are right for nations and people to feel. (Applause.)

Immediately following the literary exercises at Plattsburgh Barracks, evening parade was held, attended by many thousands.

During the week the city of Plattsburgh had been given over to carnival and spectacle. In the local celebration the preceding day it was designated as " French Day." The ceremonies had opened with a mass at St. Peter's church, celebrated by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Racicot, Coadjutor Bishop of Montreal, assisted by Rev. J. N. Pelletier, O. M. I., pastor of St. Peter's church. During the mass hymns were sung by the boys' choir of St. Peter's. The church was decorated with flags and banners of the League of the Sacred Heart, and with the papal colors. A sermon was preached by the Very Rev. Father Dozois, O. M. I., of Montreal, Provincial of the Oblates in the Province of Quebec. Many visiting clergy from points in the United States and Canada shared in the service.

Following this service a great parade passed through the streets of Plattsburgh, under the chief marshaling of Dr. J. H. LaRocque. It included many civic and church societies, numerous bands of music, and several historical floats, among them one representing Champlain's vessel, the *Don de Dieu;* another symbolizing the battle of Crown Point, another showing an audience of Champlain with Henry IV., and still others symbolizing episodes in the history of the region. The parade was reviewed in front of the court-house by the Mayor of Plattsburgh and other officials. On its arrival at St. Peter's college it was reviewed by church officials and there the address of the day was delivered by the Hon. H. A. Dubuque, city solicitor of Fall River, Mass.

The throng that gathered on this occasion included a large part of the French-American residents of Northern New York, together with many visitors from Vermont and Canada. This element of the population of the Champlain valley had labored with great zeal to make their part of the celebration a success. A complete success it certainly was, characterized by good taste and artistic features which were fully appreciated by the public.

The New York Tercentenary parade in Plattsburgh, on July 7th, brought together perhaps the most interesting body of troops ever seen

in the region. It included not only numerous organizations of the United States regular army and of New York National Guard, but also of Canadian troops, conspicuous among them being the Governor-General's Foot Guards and the Fifth Royal Canadian Highlanders. These visitors formed a second division of the great parade in which also marched as escort the Second Regiment, National Guard, of New York. Colonel Calvin D. Cowles of the Fifth U. S. Infantry was grand marshal, his chief of staff being Captain E. Wittenmeyer, also of the Fifth Infantry. Then came his staff and aides, and, as personal escort to the President, Troop "H" of the Fifteenth Cavalry, Captain W. T. Littebrant commanding. The President and party rode in carriages, followed by a brigade of the regular army, consisting of the Fifth and Twenty-fourth Infantry, Colonel William Paulding of the Twenty-fourth commanding. The second division, in which marched the Canadian troops, was commanded by Brigadier-General J. H. Lloyd, of the New York National Guard. A third division, Col. J. H. Grogan, marshal, was made up of veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic. Following the military were other divisions made up of civic and fraternal societies, with bands and floats. The President reviewed the parade from a grand stand at the military post, and, later, after the day's addresses, also reviewed a brigade parade.

Other features of the celebration on this day at Plattsburgh, arranged by the New York Commission, included the Indian pageants, given in the morning and again at evening at the mouth of the Saranac river, and the day came to a close with a most elaborate display of fireworks. Very notable, too, were the electric illuminations. Meanwhile, the President and other high officials had returned to the Hotel Champlain, where, at 8 o'clock, a banquet was served.

Hotel Champlain, Bluff Point, N. Y., 1909

The Governor
and
The New York Lake Champlain Tercentenary
Commission
request the pleasure of the company of

at a banquet to be given
President Taft
on Wednesday evening, July 7th 1909,
at Hotel Champlain, Bluff Point, New York
at eight o'clock

R.S.V.P. to
Lake Champlain Tercentenary Commission
Plattsburg, N.Y.

THE BANQUET

Four hundred and fifty guests, including New York legislators and State officers, attended the banquet at the Hotel Champlain, tendered to the President of the United States by the Governor of New York and the New York State Champlain Tercentenary Commission. The great hotel, now only a memory, as it burned to the ground a few months afterward, was most elaborately trimmed for the occasion. The hotel grounds were festooned with thousands of Japanese lanterns and the building itself festooned with American flags. At the principal portals were draped the flags of France and Great Britain. The large dining-room displayed the climax of the decorator's art. Behind the President's seat was placed the coat of arms of the United States. At his right hand and his left were seated Governor Hughes of New York and Governor Prouty of Vermont, and behind them were the banners and official insignia of the respective states. Around the banquet hall were shown the banners of other states, with many American flags, and, at one end of the hall, a handsome oil painting of Champlain. Although the decorations were most elaborate, the effect was thoroughly artistic and pleasing. The engraved menu cards for each guest were bound in limp leather, stamped in gold.

At the speakers' table were seated, besides the President and the Governors of New York and Vermont, the Rt. Hon. James Bryce, the British Ambassador; the Hon. Jean Jules Jusserand, the French Ambassador; Vice-Admiral Stokichi Uriu, of the Japanese Navy; the Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, Postmaster-General of the Dominion of Canada; Sir Adolphe Pelletier, Lieut.-Governor of the Province of Quebec; Sir Lomer Gouin, Premier of Quebec; Hon. Jacob M. Dickinson, Secretary of War; Hon. Elihu Root, U. S. Senator; His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, and the Honorables D. J. Foster, H. Wallace Knapp, George R. Malby, Frank Plumley, John Raines, Edwin A. Merritt, Jr., and Captain A. W. Butt, U. S. A.

Chairman Knapp, of the New York Commission, presented the toastmaster of the occasion in the following words:

Chairman KNAPP — *Gentlemen:* While we have commemorated to-day the historical events of the struggle between the Kingdom of Great Britain and the United States, this section of the country is a part of the great State of New York, and as we turn from the history of the vast north, you will agree with me that the toastmaster should be the distinguished Governor of the State, whom I now present to you, the Honorable Charles E. Hughes. (Great applause.)

GOVERNOR HUGHES AT HOTEL CHAMPLAIN

Governor HUGHES — *Mr. Chairman, Mr. President, Distinguished Guests, Ladies and Gentlemen:* The State of New York bids you welcome. With its population of nine millions and unsurpassed resources, it turns to-day from the problems of a crowded present to bask in the light of sentiment and romance. We have been tracing our history and our civilization to their sources. We have learned, in the eloquent discourse of our Senator, of the "Long House," and that the poor Indian has been our saviour. We have followed the intrepid navigator on his voyage of discovery, and we have shown honor to a peerless name. We have traced the history of conflict between nations, the development of a new country, the establishment of a new nation.

Here in this little northeastern nook of the United States we have been talking of a great highway — a gateway to the Continent — discovered 300 years ago. Two years ago at Jamestown we pictured the early English settlements and heard dignified and inspiring discourse upon the influence of England on our development. Later in the Fall we shall trace the voyage of the Half Moon and the work of the Dutch in laying the foundations of New Amsterdam. Out on the Pacific Coast, they are at this moment taking count of the trails of pioneers, of the wonderful venturesomeness of those scions of the nations that peopled the eastern coast, and, with little thought of our Tercentenary, are portraying the wonders of our resources in Alaska. And so the thought comes to me at this time of the great united people of which we, in the State of New York, where we are having this celebration, are but a fraction. (Applause.) The discovery of Champlain, the voyage of Hudson, the historic conflicts of England and of France, seen in the light of our present development, touched only at the rim. Spreading over this great domain are a people linked together by bonds not forged by interests of a material nature, but by that oneness of spirit and

that community of ideals which make us despite the extent of our territory and the variety of origin a most closely united people. (Applause.) It is true that we have in one sense no national press. There are no papers published in any one place influencing the opinion of the entire country. It is also true that we are lacking certain conditions which have been deemed essential to unity. We are proud of our local communities; of our States. Even in our villages and cities we nourish a wholesome local patriotism. But whether you are at Seattle or Jamestown, at Plattsburgh or New York City — and I hope even at Burlington — (laughter) you will find that the sentiment uppermost is not that of attachment to a State or to any village or city, but that the dominating sentiment is that of American unity. (Applause.) And so this is a national celebration. We are not thinking of our ownership of a part of this land, nor of the particular relation of the discovery of our State. We are thinking of the relation of that discovery to the beginning of our national history.

Now, we find, particularly in tariff discussions, that we are divided by a thousand interests. We find in the different sections of the country, a certain difference of views and of perspectives. But there is a center of influence, a unifying representative, one who stands for all the people, without regard to State or section or district, one who represents the dominant sentiment — intensely American, indestructibly patriotic — one who, before the American people, incarnates their ideal of executive authority, freely granted and responsibly exercised, the President of the United States. (Applause.)

President TAFT — *Mr. Toastmaster and Gentlemen:* I have the toast, "The United States," not the Toastmaster; but he has spoken so well, and covered so much of the subject, that it leaves but little for me to say. In turn, however, I will take up "The State of New York." (Laughter.) I want to congratulate the State of New York on the success of this great memorial. (Applause.) The foreign affairs of the United States are committed to the central Government; but the State of New York and the State of Vermont have in this instance taken a step which will prove, and is proving, most important in our foreign relations. They have strengthened the bond that exists between the United States and Great Britain, the United States and France, and the United States and Canada. (Applause.)

I congratulate the State of New York in having introduced three or four days of vacation — a siesta, as we call it in Spain. We are in the habit of criticising our Spanish and Italian friends for having too many holidays. I think we may err in that matter. I don't think we have enough holidays in the United States, and I am glad that the Empire State is setting the fashion to have more of them, though I could wish they did not come three in succession. Whenever you get a difficulty between

the two States as to a boundary line, you appeal to the Federal jurisdiction to help you out; you go to the Supreme Court. I am anticipating some discussion as to where that monument to Champlain is going to be put (laughter), and I am going to suggest that if you can't agree — that is, if the two Governors, or the two Legislatures cannot agree, you submit it to a board of arbitration of the two Ambassadors, one from Great Britain and one from France and the chief Executive of the United States (applause), and we will agree to suit nobody. (Laughter.)

Secondly, I want, on behalf of the Government of the United States, to thank sincerely those gentlemen soldiers of the Scotch Highland regiment of Montreal, who did us the honor to come here to-day and make part of that most noteworthy military review, and who showed their kindness, their neighborly feeling, by becoming a part of a military force in command of a United States Colonel, and making such a display as would bring credit to any military command. (Applause.)

The British Ambassador himself referred to the applause with which the "redcoats" were received as they went by (Voices: "Hear!" "Hear!") I am delighted to say that his interpretation of that as a sincere welcome was a true one. I hope that such exhibitions of neighborly feeling and of united peaceful action may continue to grow, not only on this side, but on the other side of the line, not only in New York, but in Vermont and in other states. (Applause.)

And now, to the subject which has been assigned me — "The United States" — a very large one, and one which could hardly be covered so late at night. I think it is not too much to say that those who have studied our country and our civilization and our Constitution and our people will reach the conclusion that there is no country in the world more conservative than the Government of the United States. (Applause.) In view of the changes which are taking place in government; in view of the new doctrines which are being advanced of a socialistic character, I think that is one of the most important things to emphasize with reference to the United States. (Applause.) I don't mean to say that we are not progressive in the sense that we intend to keep up with the procession in a development which shall work more and more justice to all; but I do mean to say that the long-continued training of a people in self-government is certain to produce a conservatism that cannot be expected in a people that are newly come to self-government, and who suffer more violent reactions on that account. (Applause.) Not that we are perfect in the United States; not that we don't need a great many reforms. I can mention one that always comes to my mind, and that is the necessity of reform in the administration of the original law. But when you look back and see the progress that we have made in many directions, I think we may congratulate ourselves in living in an

age in which we are making progress, in which the people are more sensitive than they ever were before to the criticisms that we are not holding ourselves up to the right ideals.

There will come undoubtedly, as our country becomes more and more populated, as others press upon us, the necessity for the conservation of our resources. Suggestions are already emphatically made upon that subject. There will come a test of the practical operation of our system of State and National Government. And it will doubtless be found that at times that system does not work as well to accomplish the reforms we are after as a system in which the Federal Government had much more power, and it may be that in some directions it will be found necessary to enlarge somewhat the central power; but I have an abiding faith in the Constitution of the United States as it is — (applause), marvellously framed by that body of patriots and lawyers and statesmen, in simple language, bearing an elastic construction to meet conditions that they, in their wildest imagination, could not have foreseen. (Applause.) And therefore, while in some comparatively unimportant matters we may have to change that relation, I feel certain that the Constitution as it is will furnish to us the instrument of continuing the growth of the United States in the right direction towards our highest ideals and permit us still to maintain that system, difficult for others to understand, but which we ourselves love, that indestructible union of indestructible States. (Applause.)

Governor HUGHES — I very much regret that the one who was to be our next speaker, is detained at Washington by his duty as Presiding Officer of the Senate — our esteemed fellow citizen held by the Long House. This is a time that the Long House has proved a barrier to our enjoyment; but we send our hearty wishes and good will to the Honorable James S. Sherman. (Applause.) We have been hearing much this week of New France. We have paid our tribute to the France of Henry — Henry of Navarre, and to the strong, brave Champlain. We have paid our tribute to the chivalrous spirit, the daring and indomitable energy of Montcalm. We can never forget what we owe to the France of La Fayette (applause), but whatever may have been the influence of New France, and however interesting the discussion in the Old World, of the rise and fall of New France, and of the permanent influence that remains despite its failure so far as national control may be concerned, we know this; that the representative of latest France has captured the American people. (Applause.) He represents our sister Republic, the newest France — Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. For two days we have been under his charm and indebted to his eloquence; and we are highly honored to-night that once more we meet here with one whom we esteem first because he represents our old

friend and ally, and next because he so worthily represents, in his own person, the culture, the ability and the charm of the French people — Ambassador Jusserand. (Applause.)

Ambassador JUSSERAND — *Mr. President, your Excellencies, and Gentlemen:* The France of to-day has for America the feelings of the France of former times, with this difference only, that as America has grown greater France has grown greater, too, in friendship. I am very happy to have to answer the admirable toast of His Excellency the Governor of the State of New York, and to say that while the French flag has been sometimes triumphant, sometimes not, it has always been honored; it is not without emotion that I see it, in this hall, surrounded by the emblem of that Republic ever dear to us, the United States, and by the emblem of that other friendly country, England. (Applause.) Those three flags mean much, and they mean, among other things to us, a manly aspiration towards individual liberty, the will to preserve for each man the right to shape his own destiny, choose his own ways in life and to say his say on what concerns the country to which he belongs and which reciprocally (a fact which in former days was lost sight of) belongs to him. (Applause.)

The friendship of France you have, you American friends, and you too, English friends, you have it, and I know you consider it worth having, because France, contrary to what is sometimes said of her, is not a flighty but a steady nation. She is not without some resemblance with her own son whom we are honoring to-day, Champlain.

Champlain was not a flighty man; it was not by being a flighty man that he gained his place in your hearts and in history. He was a plain, straightforward pioneer, a man of conscience, doing his duty to the best of his ability. He did it indeed against the strong and he did it in favor of the weak all his life, saving from torture, when he could, some of his Iroquois enemies.

A good trait in him as a discoverer was that he recognized that this land was not one to be simply visited, or simply exploited, but one to be colonized. He recognized that it was a good country where honest people could live and rear families, and great credit is due to him for having brought his family to America and lived with them in Quebec.

There Champlain died, and contrary to Montcalm, who ended his life there, too, he had, on his last day, the consolation of knowing that he had done durable work. He had founded a city, a very small one at first, so small that during one of its first years, there were only 28 inhabitants in it, and when the winter was over, there were only eight left. But when he died that city was a real city, a fine one in a fair way to become the superb one which we all know and admire.

Champlain achieved these results simply because he was a steady, persistent man; he never gave up; he never despaired, and when fate was adverse, simply waited and began again. I think that the whole of his career may be summed up in one saying of the philosopher Bacon, "He goes far that never turneth."

That is true of men, and it is true of nations, too. The fecund friendship between the countries represented here to-night will be preserved and it will be rich in happy results, because "he goes far that never turneth."

Governor HUGHES — Whatever may be our sentimental attachments we learned our lessons in liberty at our mother's knee. We went to school in England. (Applause.) She taught us the principles of self-government. If we conquered her armies it was to vindicate her principles. And now she is privileged in seeing her child well established in her own home, a fond fruition of her fondest parental hopes. It is a very graceful compliment paid by Great Britain to the United States when she sends to us her present representative (applause), for he of all men of that great empire fully understands us. In former days we were boastful; now we know too much to boast, but we are anxious to be appreciated. There was one who bettered the instrument of the past by giving us the most adorable statement that we have with regard to our modern life; he told us what we were, he described the workings of our institutions; he almost displaced American commentaries and those who would philosophise with regard to our development; he is the foremost instructor of our youth; we think of him with difficulty as an Englishman; he recognizes a foreign allegiance and stands here to-day representing his sovereign, but he is of our hearts, kin to our spirit, in his ideals most truly American, and has a friend in every American heart, Ambassador Bryce. (Applause, which spontaneously changed to music as the assembly sang "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow.")

Ambassador BRYCE — *Mr. Toastmaster, Mr. President, and Gentlemen:* I thank you, Mr. Toastmaster, for the very kind words that you have spoken about me, and I thank the audience present, whom I will venture to call, after an acquaintance of two days in the case of most, and much longer in the case of some — friends — I venture to thank you for the cordial welcome you have given to me.

You have allotted to me a very large subject in "The British Empire." The British drum has been heard in a good many parts of the world, and the English flag has been seen upon a good many scenes; and in one way or another, by discovery or otherwise, we have acquired a considerable part of the earth's surface. So have you. (Laughter.) It was, I think, Mark Twain who said that the career of the British and American people verify the statement of the Gospel that the meek shall inherit the earth. We possess a great many territories of different degrees of

value. Some of them, like Canada, are the homes of great peoples. Some of them, like the Antarctic Continent, are valuable as the places in which the strange phenomena of terrestrial workings and the magnetic pole may be investigated. We have acquired, I need not say, all these places in the interests of peace, order and civilization. I do not take any credit for that, gentlemen, because I am aware that all nations that have ever acquired territories outside their own have done it from the same disinterested and philanthropic motives. (Laughter.)

But the greatest thing, perhaps, besides our great poets, who were produced at the time when you yourself and your ancestors were Englishmen, the thing we most desire to be remembered by in history is that we settled the United States, and that you and we, your ancestors and our ancestors, when they dwelt upon the same old English soil, created those free institutions under which you and we have lived ever since. On this occasion, however, instead of singing the praises of my own country I prefer rather to pass tribute to what we feel about the two other nations that have joined with us in this celebration — or rather the nation which has permitted us to join and the other nation which has joined with us.

We have in England the greatest respect and admiration for the French people. We admire the brilliance of their literature. We admire the unequalled gift they have shown for the diffusion of ideas among other people. We admire the stimulus they have given to intellectual activity and the power they have shown of developing and refining intellectual tastes. Time would fail me to say all that Europe, and England in particular, owes to the influence of France. And of what you have done how can I speak? Of how you have spread civilization with unequalled speed and unsurpassed energy over the enormous spaces of this continent; of the wonderful series of inventions which you have given to the world, for which the world is grateful; and perhaps, most of all, for the way, upon a scale of unequalled grandeur, in which you have developed and worked a system of free institutions, and have shown the enormous power which free institutions possess of making a country strong and prosperous; of reconciling animosities which at one time seemed deadly; and in creating out of those who have been bitter foes a united people. (Applause.)

Commemorations like this, gentlemen, seem to me to have a great value for us all. They renew the sense of our connection with the past; they revive in every part of the country the associations which every city or country or hamlet ought to have with the great events and the great men of by-gone times. They carry us out of the narrow range of our own daily thoughts and interests; they remind us how much there is that we have to think of and to live for beyond our business and our amusements; and if we are apt at any time, as the President observed this afternoon, to be too much elated by our material progress, they serve to remind us when we look

back over the centuries, when we think of the long past that lies behind, of the boundless future that lies before, how small a part we, in our generation, are in the general march of things; how we are little more than motes in the sunbeam or bubbles that break as they pass upon the stream. That will be the case of nearly all of us. The President of the United States, like the rest of that illustrious line, will be remembered as long as the United States lasts. (Applause.) And there are others. There is one whom we wish could have been here to-day; there is one who is beside me for whom I can predict a long memory in politics. I think that Mr. Root (applause), as your Senator — you will the more willingly permit me to speak of him — in what he has done, has deserved your sympathy and that of the people of Latin America; he has earned for himself great renown, and I hope he will be commemorated by having cities called after him in Argentina or Brazil, and perhaps having some memorial erected to him by those whose fame he vindicated to-day. And I think our friend, your Governor, will long be remembered, not only in the State of New York, but in this country. (Applause.) We have a way in England of paying tribute to great men, which I dare say may be used here, though I have not witnessed an example of it. We call race horses after them (laughter and applause), but there are many other ways more enduring even than the famous sporting circles in which the name and services of Governor Hughes will be remembered.

Gentlemen, in these celebrations we have been holding during the last few days I confess that that which appeals to me most is the commemoration of Samuel Champlain himself. I think he stands out among the discoverers and the conquerers of the New World with a singularly spotless fame. He was a man, valiant, brave and resourceful, equally competent to wield the sword or pen; a clear-headed and right-thinking man, a God-fearing man, and he was a man of whom France may well be proud. But when I come to think of the battles and the sieges and of the gallantry shown in them, it seems after all it was hardly necessary to have so much fighting in order to prove that Englishmen, whether colonists or of Old England, or to prove that Frenchmen, were courageous men; and if I come to think of the battles and the sieges, my regret is rather that so much fighting was found necessary; and one would be sorry to see these warlike preparations if one thought they tended to create a military spirit. I believe, however, that has not been the nature of our celebrations here. It has been the reverse. I need say nothing more about our relations and your relations to France. That has been admirably dealt with by my friend and colleague, the French Ambassador. All I can say is I most heartily reciprocate every word of friendship that he has spoken; and I need say nothing about your relations to Canada, because I could not possibly improve upon what

has been said. I can do nothing but express my thanks for the words which have been used by the President of the United States, words which I am sure will be read with delight, both in Canada and in England as voicing the sentiments which animate your people toward the people on the north of you; but I do hope this, gentlemen, that not only will those sentiments continue, as we feel sure they will, between the three peoples that have joined in this celebration, but that our generation will go farther, and will try and make some effort that the same peace which now happily reigns upon this continent shall reign over the world at large. (Applause.)

A hundred years hence I suppose there will be another celebration of the centenary of Samuel Champlain, and crowds thrice as large as those we have seen will gather from a country thrice as populous, and then speeches will be made and these old recollections will be revived, and then I hope it will be said that our generation here and elsewhere, in Europe and Asia, as well as in America, provided no more battle-fields to be commemorated; and I hope that those who then meet and speak will be able to say that in the 20th century and perhaps within the life time of the present generation the clouds of war that sometimes still darken the horizon in 1909 had vanished away into the blue, and that battles and sieges were remembered only as our poet says, as old, forgotten, far off things, things destined never to recur in a wiser and gentler and a more enlightened age.

Governor HUGHES — When we saw pass in review to-day the Foot Guards of the Governor-General of Canada — the magnificent array of the Highlanders — we did not think that we were watching the armed force of a foreign power. I must say, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the State of New York, that the thought was in my mind, how the National Guard would look in a uniform like that (laughter). We were friends watching those who represented to us the panoply of peace, the guarantees of our common prosperity. Over that boundary line which marks no distinction in our ideals, are men of restless energy, winning an empire from the snows — a strong, hearty race, whom we recognize as brethren. We learn from them; they may learn from us. And without thought on either side of interference with the political destinies of the other, we are rivals only in enterprise and in cordial friendship. (Applause.) I now have the pleasure of introducing the representative of the Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada, the Postmaster-General of Canada, the Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux. (Great applause.)

TOAST: "CANADA"

Honorable RODOLPHE LEMIEUX — *Mr. Chairman, Your Excellency, Ladies and Gentlemen:* I must, in the first place, thank you most cordially for giving me the opportunity of being present on this most interesting occasion. It is one of those occasions that bind peoples together and promote international amity and good-fellowship, and I regard it as a high honor as well as a pleasure to occupy a small place in your important programme. If for no other reason than that it afforded an opportunity of meeting the chief magistrate of your great republic it would be a memorable day. Not that President Taft is indeed a stranger to me, or to the people of Canada generally. Next to the heads of our own government, we in Canada are interested in the great man who is chosen by popular vote every four years to preside over the destinies of ninety millions of our kinsmen. We regard your proceedings on these remarkable occasions as amongst the grandest object lessons contained in history of the wise and judicious use made by freemen of their freedom, and to be equalled only by the smoothness and facility with which our own governmental machinery, modelled along somewhat different lines, enables us also to choose our rulers and to control our destiny. Thus it is that we have learned to know Mr. Taft almost as though we were his own countrymen, and to admire and respect him no less. We have followed his great career as counsel, judge, diplomat, statesman, and rejoiced with you when his long services to the state and to humanity won for him the highest gift it is in the power of any people to bestow.

Now, as to the celebration itself. Need I say what a special pride I feel in the fact that my ancestors came from that same land of chivalry and song that sent forth the great navigator who three centuries ago sailed, first among the white men of the world, the waters of this beautiful lake. A year ago we in Canada celebrated the foundation by Samuel de Champlain of the ancient city of Quebec, which thus became the mother city of the present Dominion. You will not wonder that we in Canada were proud and glad to do honor to Champlain's memory, that Canadians of English and French blood united to pay enthusiastic tribute to the intrepid French mariner who had been the founder of a nation. How can we be other than proud of a man who fathered and cherished an infant colony as he fathered and cherished the tiny community of Quebec? How can we but admire and marvel at the pluck and persistence of the man who crossed the Atlantic ocean twenty times in days when one such passage was a thrilling adventure, sailing not in luxurious liners with elaborate menus and electric light and daily newspapers and wireless telegrams throughout a short six-day voyage, but in tiny cockleshells of 60 or 80 tons, and amid all the personal discomfort and risk that such navigation entailed. Whether

we view him as explorer, missionary, soldier, statesman, or even as historian, Champlain will always remain one of the great figures of American history. No man foresaw more clearly than he the vastness of America's destiny.

It is natural, too, and right that the people of the United States and of Canada should come together in such a celebration. Their histories have been interwoven from the beginning, and their relations have been of the closest and most intimate character. It was from the United States somewhat over a century ago that we received the first considerable addition to our population, a gallant band of immigrants who laid the foundation of the English stock of Canada. Time passed on and a generation or so ago your new and fertile west proved a magnet to scores of thousands of sturdy and progressive young Canadians from Ontario, while at the same time the great manufacturing cities of New England drew off many thousands more of our people from Quebec and from our provinces down by the sea. We were returning with interest the loan of population you had originally made to us.

These same Canadians, we are proud to remember, have entered every walk of life in your country and have everywhere acquitted themselves well. To-day they constitute one of the most important elements in your great population.

Now it is the Canadian star which is again in the ascendant, and the movement of population is once more from you to us. A welcome stream of settlers began five or six years ago to trickle from your west across the boundary line into the newly opened prairie lands of Canada, and the stream grew from year to year until it became during the last year or two a mighty torrent which is continuing still to flood our vast vacant west with well-to-do and experienced settlers at the rate of fifty, sixty and seventy thousand a year. Is it surprising that under such circumstances, with such an ebb and flow of population our relations should be close, that we should know each other with an intimacy which but rarely exists between neighboring peoples?

Are there elsewhere in the world two states where there is such international intercourse of every kind as between the United States and Canada, such marrying and giving in marriage, such interchange of friendly visits, such borrowing and lending between banks; such courtesies between newspapers, such similarity of social method and commercial outlook, such bonds of unity in thought and speech, in reading and religion, in all in fact that goes to make the sum of our life from day to day and from year to year, as between our people and your people? Those relations have never been more cordial, more wholly happy than they are at the present time. In a general way I do not know that there is room for improvement, but we on our side at least are determined that they shall never be less happy than to-day.

Commercially, certainly there is room for expansion, and expansion there is bound to be of the widest character. When we reflect that there are to-day seven millions of people in Canada who live in almost every respect as you live in the United States, and who, taken in the mass, are as comfortable and as prosperous as any equal number of people in the world, it is not a wildly impossible idea that we should buy from you to the extent of say $50 per head per annum. That would still be a very small fraction of our annual outlay, and if we buy from you to that extent then surely we should sell to you in somewhat the same proportion, and buying and selling to the extent of $50 a head of 7,000,000 people would represent a total trading of nearly $700,000,000. Last year our total trade with you was $324,169,425, and two-thirds of it was what we bought from you. You will agree, I am sure, that there is room for expansion here, an expansion which would mean an increase in the commerce and prosperity of both countries and an even greater intimacy than at present. For you cannot trade with people without knowing them; and you cannot quarrel with those with whom you do extensive business — it does not pay. So let us have trade and friendship and harmony without end, as befits two enlightened races of a common stock, a common tongue and a common literature. Such matters of difference — nay, I will not say "difference," such matters of regulation as there must be between us we shall refer as a matter of course to arbitration, as we are doing to-day — we have signed five treaties with you during the year and a sixth is under consideration — and each new arbitration, each new treaty shall be but a new bond of amity between us.

I am not sure that it may not be said, it has at least been suggested by some students of history, that we in Canada owe to you of the United States in a measure our first symptoms of national life. Your great revolution caused a new outlook on affairs for all concerned, and our earliest form of self-government in Canada, far back in 1791, followed hard upon your own establishment as a republic. It is hard to trace the workings of history, but doubtless your own epoch-making struggle, guided by the giant minds of Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Hamilton, had its influence on the new Canadian colonies that had lately passed from the possession of France to that of Britain. Then at any rate were planted the seeds of the broad confederation which to-day stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Then it was that we made our first step in self-government, to be followed as time passed, not without passing here and there over rough ground, by other steps, which secured us the fullest control of our own internal affairs.

The difficult question of fiscal powers was soon afterwards settled once and for all, in what we know now to have been the only possible way, by the concession of

absolute fiscal independence, an independence which included of necessity the right of putting the parent country on a level with all other countries with respect to taxation, but an independence of which we have made use for a number of years to give a preference in our markets to goods from the mother land.

Then came the crown of the political edifice, the confederation of our scattered provinces, and then at last, some two score years ago, your northern neighbor was fairly started on its career as a nation.

You have heard somewhat from us since those days. Time does not permit that on the present occasion I should enter too much into detail or attempt to place before you a complete picture of the Canada of to-day, but since my toast is " Canada " I shall be pardoned for dwelling for a moment in conclusion on what we are doing and intend to do in the way of developing this wonderful heritage that has passed under our control. For over twenty years a great Transcontinental Railway has bound the remote East to the remote West, and has been a great artery of commerce and travel and enlightenment, a revelation to our own people and to all the world of our wealth of territory and our vastness of opportunity. Twenty years ago we believed one such railway the climax of effort. We were half afraid at what we had done. We hardly realized the strength that lay in our boundless resources. Now we have changed all that. Years of prosperous development have given us confidence and assurance. Instead of being satisfied — almost more than satisfied — with our Transcontinental Railway, we wanted a second and a third, and trains are running to-day on the three of them. In a year or two the three bands of steel, with innumerable feeding and connecting lines, will lace our broad northern land with a network of railways. We have made homes for hundreds of thousands of settlers from the old world, for scores of thousands of settlers, as I have said, from your own country. We have built populous and prosperous cities by the score on lands which twenty years ago, ten years ago, in some cases even five years ago, were unknown to any but the explorer or the trapper. We have made great seaports on the Pacific Ocean; we propose now to make a seaport in the middle of the continent and carry our grain by salt water from the wheat fields to Liverpool. And we know that we are only at the beginning of our possibilities, that there is practically no limit to what we may achieve, to the height to which we may rise, to the contribution we may make to human happiness, if we have but faith in ourselves, and seek to accomplish the destiny that manifestly awaits us. We can do nothing of all this unless we work in harmony and co-operation with yourselves, our great neighbor, whose example has done so much to stimulate our best efforts. Working side by side for the same high ideals, inherited

equally from an ancestry and a literature in which we have a common interest and pride, we cannot fail, each under the flag we honor and love, to promote the true welfare of our people and to advance the happiness of mankind. (Applause.)

Governor HUGHES — We cannot close this celebration without paying special tribute to the land of Champlain — the scene of his first efforts at colonization, the scene of his first discovery, the land of thrift and prosperity, where the people, secure in their new allegiance, still fondly cherish the traditions of the past. I introduce as representing the Province of Quebec the Honorable Lomer Gouin, Premier of Quebec.

TOAST: "THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC."

Sir LOMER GOUIN — It is always a pleasure to the people of the Province of Quebec to visit with their neighbors of the adjoining Republic, whether in our own country or in yours. We are delighted to have you visit us, and we feel perfectly at home in visiting you. In fact, to listen to the applause with which you have received the toast of the Province of Quebec, I can almost imagine that I am still amongst my own people in the old City of Champlain.

In the name of my fellow citizens I thank the organizers of this banquet for the delicate compliment they have paid them in placing the name of the Province which I represent here to-night upon the list of toasts. The thought no doubt occurred to them, as well as to all of you who applauded their sentiment, that there was an appropriate place in this demonstration for a province whose territory was at one time comprised in the vast domain of New France founded and governed by Champlain three hundred years ago.

We have all read something of the history of those feudal times which tells of the heroic deeds wrought upon the fringes of ancient empires. The inhabitants of those military frontiers prided themselves upon the part played by their respective localities as chosen fields of military conflict, forming as they did the periodical battle grounds of contending armies.

No other part of the American continent, perhaps, recalls those series of border conflicts of olden times as does the valley of Lake Champlain. In fact for more than two centuries it was the highway for invasions of every kind, the theatre of epic wars — first of all between the Indians and the heralds of civilization, then between rival European powers contending for supremacy of this continent, and later still, between colonies struggling for their emancipation and independence of old world rule. Everything on these enchanting shores speaks of an heroic past; the very air that we breathe is impregnated with glorious souvenirs.

But as I understand it, gentlemen, these splendid demonstrations in which we have participated have not been organized for the purpose of resounding in our ears the warlike notes of former combats, so much as to commemorate and to exalt an entirely pacific exploit — the discovery by Champlain of the magnificent lake which bears his name.

To mention Champlain is to name the herald of Christian and French civilization in North America; it is to name the father of the Canadian nation. To name Champlain is to name the prince of the pioneers of my country, the founder of the capital of my province. Happy, indeed then, am I, to take part in these imposing demonstrations of honor to his glorious memory.

France, which was the cradle of his family, honored in him the enterprising and intrepid mariner who hewed for her a kingdom out of the solitudes of the New World. Canada, by a series of never-to-be-forgotten fêtes, glorified in him, last year, the founder of the Canadian nation. To-day the great American Republic claims him for one of her own, and honors him for having been the first to explore Lake Champlain and its magnificent shores. Champlain is worthy of all those honors, of the homage rendered him by these three different nations; for his work belongs to the world at large.

The truly great men are not those who destroy, who sow ruin along the highways of history, but are rather those who establish and spread life and activity in the solitary and desert places of the earth. Now Champlain was above all, and before all, a founder. Very far in the advance guard of the pioneers of his race he planted the names of Christ and of France in the northern part of this continent for the future harvest of humanity. Looking far ahead of his time, he was not content to work for his own day and generation, but embraced in his far-seeing vision, and in his far-reaching plans and labors, the welfare of the centuries that are yet unborn.

I am not going to describe the career of Champlain. The orators who have preceded me have eloquently made his eulogy, and I have really nothing to add, except that his entire life and work may be summed up in these two words: idealism and perseverance.

An idealist he was, this bold sailor and indefatigable discoverer, with his eyes turned towards the unknown, the unexplored, the future.

A persevering soul, Champlain was too, and beyond all expression! Others might exhaust themselves in more desires, or in putting forth certain feeble efforts to attain their ends; but he knew that the important point was not simply to desire for one day, but to persist every day, and to increase in determination in proportion to the difficulties with which he had to contend. Active, courageous, inured to

Floats in Plattsburgh parade

Grandstand exercises at Plattsburgh Barracks

Throngs at Plattsburgh during Tercentenary Celebration

President Taft and others saluting the Flag at Plattsburgh Barracks

Chairman Knapp, Commissioner Witherbee, Governor and Mrs. Hughes, and Secretary Treadwell

suffering, he struggled day by day against the obstacles of all kinds that surged in his way, and, aided by the genius of his patience, attained ultimate success. Never was it better illustrated that the world belongs to the persevering and to those who never cease to press forward to the highest and noblest ideals that can be set before them.

Without doubt, gentlemen, the glory that crowns the name of Champlain is the well-merited recompense of his works and of his virtues. But if we would participate in his glory, we must imitate his example. If we wish to be considered his true descendants we must follow the road he has traced for us, and see to it that we do not degenerate from his virtues.

Citizens of the United States: I shall not preach idealism and perseverance to you; not long ago an eminent publicist said of you that you "are always faced towards the future," and that you are "a living lesson of national energy." But as to-day is a holiday, permit me, on behalf of the Province of Quebec which you have so signally and so generously honored to-night, as well as on my behalf, to offer you, Mr. President, and to all the citizens of the United States, our very best wishes for your future success, prosperity and happiness. May you always merit the flattering compliment so lately paid you by the publicist to whom I have referred, and may you continue to show to other nations new roads to progress and to its harvest of glory. (Applause.)

The responsibility of the anteprandial arrangements for the State banquet rested largely on Senator James J. Frawley and Assemblyman James A. Foley of the Banquet Committee and members of the Commission from New York city. It was a stately banquet eminently conducted for such a diplomatic occasion.

The postprandial exercises were of a remarkably high order of literary merit and thoroughly appreciated by the four hundred and fifty guests. At this banquet were distinguished speakers officially representing three great nations, whose high ideals and true grandeur were impressively exemplified in the scholarly and eloquent addresses delivered on this and other occasions during the celebration. Intellectual and moral culture, imbued with the spirit of genuine patriotism, pervaded all the literary exercises, which abounded in cordial expressions of amity and good will. Thus did the Champlain Tercentenary contribute something towards universal peace,

"* * * a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd * * *"

by all civilized nations.

VI. AT BURLINGTON

251

VI. AT BURLINGTON

The following day, Thursday, July 8th, the scene of the festivities shifted to Burlington. This, the chief city of Vermont, had for months been making elaborate preparations and had arranged an independent programme of festivities and exercises covering the entire Champlain week. The $10,000 which the city had voted for the purpose had been more than doubled by individual subscriptions. This fund was chiefly used in decorating the streets and in providing prizes for various amusement features, including regattas of several kinds on the lake, competitive drills by uniformed companies of fraternal societies, band concerts, athletic sports, and other diversions. The citizens with great zeal shared in the preparations. By day the business streets and principal residences were beautifully draped with flags and bunting, by night the town was ablaze with the most elaborate installation of electric lighting ever attempted in the region. Some 25,000 electric lights were installed by one contracting company, along the principal streets. Most attractive of all were the natural beauties of Burlington's shaded thoroughfares and pleasant homes, set amid well kept grounds.

The local programme was adapted to the general programme of the joint Champlain Commissions. By this arrangement Sunday, July 4th, was generally observed in the Roman Catholic and Protestant churches and especially, as has been noted, with open-air vespers services at 4 o'clock.

Monday was really the Independence Day celebration, its features including decorated automobile parades, airship ascensions, military and civic parades with floats and review of troops, band concerts, races and fireworks. Tuesday, July 6th, was almost as generally observed as a holiday, being devoted to the celebration of French societies. A grand street parade of local and visiting organizations was reviewed by Mayor

Burke and the Board of Aldermen. Sports, band concerts, and an illuminated boat parade followed by fireworks filled out the day.

Much interest was taken on this day in the Tercentenary regatta, the programme of races being carried out under the auspices of the Lake Champlain Yacht Club with $1,600 in prize cups. Contests included competition for open motor boats of various classes, for cabin cruisers and other cabin boats, and two classes of sailing races for sail yachts. There were also rowing, canoe, swimming and other contests.

Wednesday, the 7th, was called Patriotic and Fraternal Society Day. The main feature of its observance was a great parade of fraternal organizations with floats followed by a competitive drill.

Thursday, the 8th of July, was designated as President's Day, and on this day the exercises formed a part of the general programme arranged by the Champlain Commissions. The President of the United States, the foreign ambassadors and other official guests arrived by boat at 10 o'clock in the morning. They were met at the wharf by the Vermont division of the National Guard, Col. J. Grey Esty commanding, and were escorted to City Hall Park where literary exercises were held, over which Governor Prouty, chairman of the Vermont Champlain Commission, presided.

It was one of the most interesting scenes which had been presented to the distinguished guests during the entire celebration. The little park in which the exercises took place is surrounded on all sides by buildings. Burlington claims only about 20,000 inhabitants, but during the speaking probably twice that number were gathered in the park enclosure, which seemed like a great hall without a roof. Everywhere shaded by the beautiful elms, which are a source of pride to Burlington, the scene was enlivened by the color of some fifty great American flags hung from wires stretched from tree to tree.

The appearance on the platform of one quickly recognized guest after another was the signal for repeated applause. When the President ascended the steps the entire throng seemed to join in cheers of greeting, to which with manifest pleasure he responded with many bows and

smiles. The presence here of the Canadian Governor-General's Foot Guards in their brilliant uniform was to many of the rural people a great novelty and gave a pleasant international character to the occasion. Nowhere else had there been more manifest a genuine spirit of comradeship and good-fellowship. When order was secured and the many bands of music had been hushed, the President's impromptu reception on the grandstand was brought to a close, and Gov. Prouty introduced the Rt. Rev. Arthur C. A. Hall, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Vermont, who pronounced an invocation.

After a happy introduction and welcome to all, distinguished guests and townspeople alike, the Governor concluded in these words:

VERMONT'S OFFICIAL WELCOME: GOVERNOR PROUTY

I now, on behalf of the State of Vermont, welcome our most distinguished citizen, the President of the United States. (Long continued applause.) I thank you, ladies and gentlemen. That is better than anything I can say, but it is extremely fitting that our President should come back to the home of his forefathers, and we welcome him as at least part a Vermonter. We appreciate the distinguished honor which you have done us, Mr. President, and I can assure you, ladies and gentlemen, that it is only because the President is anxious to be with us that he is here, for I am sure he has been called away, but has refused to go. We ought therefore to appreciate his presence. (Applause.)

To the representative of the French Government, I wish to extend a cordial greeting (applause), and to extend to him the thanks of this State for coming here at this time to represent that nation that has been so intimately acquainted with the history of the State, the nation which produced this great discoverer, Samuel Champlain, that we come here to honor to-day. And to the British Ambassador I wish to extend my thanks and a welcome from the State of Vermont (applause), thanks for his presence, and to his government for having sent to us such a distinguished gentleman as Ambassador Bryce.

And to those ladies and gentlemen who have come to us from our near neighbor, Canada, the neighbor that we have all learned to love and respect, I say I thank you. We welcome you most cordially to the State. We do it because we are neighbors and because we want to become better acquainted. (Applause.)

I am not going to detain you longer, because I know you want to hear somebody else, but it is fitting at this time that the City of Burlington should extend a welcome,

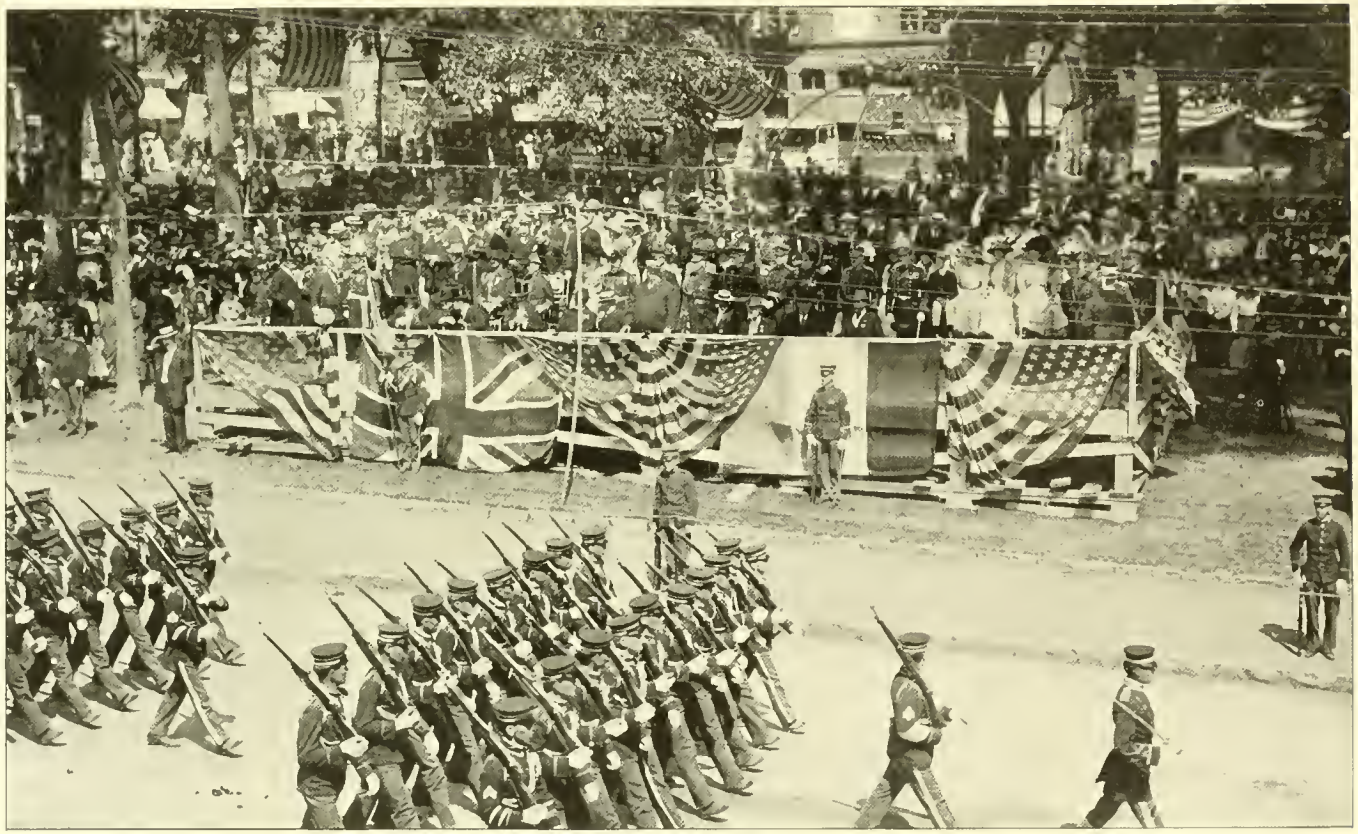
and because of that I am going to ask Mayor Burke for a moment to give a welcome to our guests — Mayor Burke. (Applause.)

BURLINGTON'S WELCOME: MAYOR BURKE

Mayor BURKE — *Ladies and Gentlemen:* This certainly is a most magnificent thing to witness from this platform here to-day, this large assemblage of people, but I want to say to you, ladies and gentlemen, no matter if it was a hundred, yea, a thousand times larger, it would be only in keeping with the event and the persons we have present with us here to-day as our guests. To me has been assigned the pleasant duty to extend a hearty welcome to our guests and the people assembled here to-day, and I want to say, representing, as I do, the people of the city of Burlington, that to you, Mr. President, our most worthy ruler, I do on their behalf, extend to you a most cordial greeting and welcome you to the foremost city of the State. (Applause.) And also to you, representatives of other governments, who have seen fit to honor us and grace us with your presence I also extend a cordial welcome on this occasion. And to all other guests here, no matter from where they come, I extend this cordial welcome. And to you, ladies and gentlemen, I also extend, in behalf of the citizens of Burlington, a cordial welcome to our city on this occasion.

The last 300 years represent a period of discovery, conquest and development. On the fourth day of July, 1609, the great Champlain discovered what I believe to be the most beautiful body of water whose ripples in response to the gentle breeze were ever kissed by the sun-light. The importance of the discovery of these beautiful waters is considered of so much importance that our own dear Vermont, and the great Empire State across the water, have seen fit to join together and help celebrate the anniversary of this great event in a befitting manner.

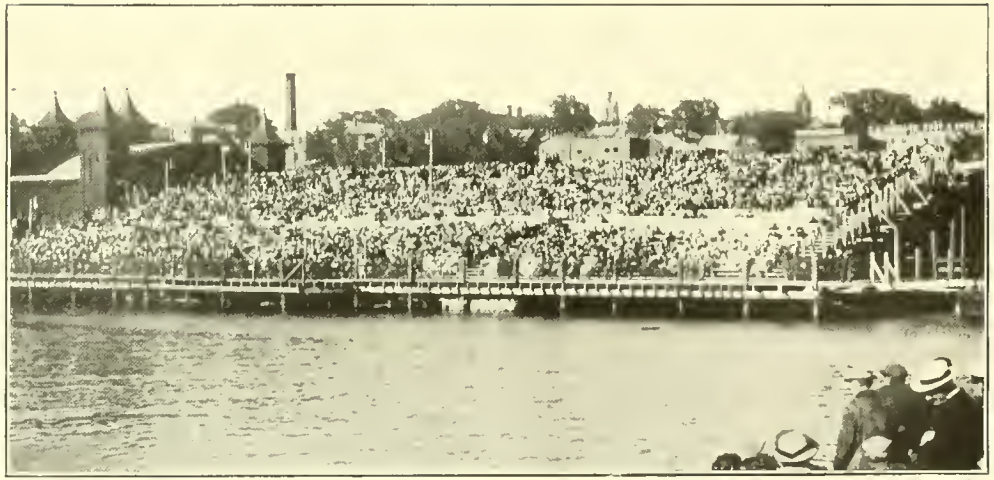
Three hundred years ago the only craft that appeared upon these beautiful waters was the Indian canoe. To-day floating palaces have supplanted the canoe of the Indian; to-day along these beautiful shores, beautiful cities and villages have supplanted the camping ground and the wigwam of the Indian. To-day, ladies and gentlemen, a high state of civilization tempered by uplifting christianity has taken the place of the barbarous custom and lives of the Indian, and speaking from a broader sense, as it affects our Government at large I want to say, and I think I have a right to say it along the lines of development, to-day this great nation stands without a peer among the nations of the world in all those things which make a nation great. (Applause.) Is it any wonder then, when we stop to contemplate this great progress and development made during the last 300 years, that we should assemble here together, to help celebrate in a fitting manner that great



Review of troops at Burlington by President Taft

Published by courtesy of the Vermont Commission

Crowds listening to speeches at Burlington, July 8th



Published by courtesy of the Vermont Commission

Burlington's grandstand during Indian pageants

By courtesy of the Vermont Commission

President Taft, Governor Prouty, Ambassadors Jusserand and Bryce, Governor Hughes, Admiral Uriu and Hon. Seth Low

Published by courtesy of the Vermont Commiss.on

Governor-General's Foot Guards from Ottawa

event? Notwithstanding the fact that this progress and development during the last 300 years has been of material benefit, not only to the people of this country, but the whole world, I believe that our mission is only just begun; I believe that while notwithstanding the fact that the past is bright in achievements of this country, I believe the future is to be brighter yet; I believe that the destiny of this great nation of ours is to continue on and lead in the achievements of those great things which make for the material advancement and the uplifting of the human race of the whole world. (Applause.)

Now, ladies and gentlemen, speaking from a local standpoint, I want to call your attention to a certain project which I believe means much to this section of the country. It is no other than the deep waterway project. I believe that is to come, and I believe it is my duty and that I have a right to take the opportunity that presents itself to me from this platform to-day to just say a word in regard to that great project. That great project means much to this section of the country, and while the benefits may be of a different nature, there is one particularly that I wish to speak of to-day, and it is this: by the completion of that great project it will have as one of the benefits derived — the connecting of the metropolis of our friends to the north, Canada, with the great metropolis of the United States, New York City; and one of the results will be that it will have a tendency to further strengthen those ties which bind us to the people across the line. What do we see to-day? We see to-day soldiers of England, and soldiers of the United States marching side by side in our streets. It means much, and why? Simply because in days gone by the predecessors of those very men have met on many a field in the past in deadly conflict. To-day they march side by side as friends, a condition which I hope and believe is to last for all time. (Applause.) It is only a few short years ago on a similar occasion — when the news flashed over the wire, giving an account of the great Dewey victory in Manila Bay — that the predecessors of these same soldiers were here as our guests, and I want to say to you that no cheers were given on that day any louder in honor of the great victory than were given by guests from across the line. (Applause.)

I told you a few moments ago that I believed I had a right to take advantage of the opportunity that presented itself to me to-day, and I am going to do it in this way. I have already extended a welcome to each and every one of you. I am going to repeat it, and I want to say to you, Mr. President, and you representatives of the different countries and invited guests, I invite you now to be once again our guests when we will again assemble here, to help celebrate that great event, the making of these beautiful waters the connecting link in this great deep waterway project, at a time which I hope will not be in the far distant future, but on or before

the year 1919. Ladies and gentlemen, I think I have said enough. I would like to talk on and on, but it will not do; there are others here; but there is one other thing that I want to say. I have already given you a cordial and hearty welcome. I want to say in closing, enjoy yourselves while you are here to the fullest extent. I extend to you the freedom of the city, and I hope that each and every one, and you, Mr. President and representatives of foreign governments and invited guests, I hope that when you leave this city and go to your homes, you will carry with you nothing but pleasant remembrances of your visit to the foremost city of the State. (Applause.)

Governor PROUTY — Possibly you noticed that when I was extending a welcome to the various people here that there was one notable omission. That was not entirely carelessness; it was somewhat premeditated, because for the last three days it has been my privilege to assist in the celebration in the State of New York, and I want to say just a word for the State of New York. I want to say to you, citizens of Vermont, that it would not have been possible for the State of Vermont to have a celebration like this if we had not received the assistance of the State of New York. It is true that the idea of this celebration was conceived in this State, as everything else good is. But the assistance of the great Empire State was necessary in order that we might carry out that idea to the full extent, and I wish now to extend to the State of New York and its Commission the heartfelt thanks of the citizens of the State of Vermont, and of the Vermont Commission, for all they have done for us in the way of helping us in this celebration. I can assure you that it is a great thing that they should have done this and we appreciate it. Now, there is another thing; there is a gentleman over in the State of New York that is pretty well known there and he has been holding me up every day until after he had a chance to make his speech, and you can understand just how I felt when, after he had finished, they called on me. He said yesterday that he had been made the burnt offering and he is going to be made the burnt offering to-day. He talked a good deal about Ethan Allen and Seth Warner and Remember Baker, and from what he said I thought he wanted to call them New Yorkers, but he did not dare go quite as far as that.

Now, my friends, I want to introduce to you, as the representative of the State of New York, a gentleman whom I am sure you will all be pleased to see here to-day. He said that after he left New York that he should tread softly. I say to you that after he has received your greetings he won't be able to "tread softly," he will be so puffed up, and without any further remarks, I wish to present to you, ladies and gentlemen, the Governor of New York. (Applause.)

GOVERNOR HUGHES AT BURLINGTON

Governor HUGHES — *Mr. President, Governor Prouty, Ambassadors, Distinguished Guests, Fellow Citizens of the United States:* It is impossible for any of you to know with what emotion a New Yorker finds himself upon Vermont soil. It is impossible for you to understand how warmly appreciated is the greeting that you have given to your dearest foe. (Laughter.) And now lest I be misunderstood, I want to say at the outset, that on behalf of New York, personally and officially and in any other way that you may suggest, I admit it all. If there is any son of Vermont who can step upon this platform and adequately portray the services that you have rendered to the cause of liberty and to the maintenance of our unity, if there is any one favored with the benedictions of these hills who can stand before you and tell truthfully of your virtues and just renown, then I will say to him, to all I agree; and I wish that I had the power of language and the skill of rhetoric to tell what is in my heart of love and affection, and what is in my mind of respect and just esteem, for the people of the Green Mountains. A little boy who was seen walking with a man was asked whether he was related to him. "Well," he said, "we are distantly related; he was my mother's first child and I was the seventeenth." (Applause and laughter.) New York and Vermont are somewhat more closely related, and they are walking together in a fellowship which they understand and the value of which they appreciate. It is true that we looked with jealous eye upon this beautiful country. We did not covet it, at least consciously, because we believed it to be our own. We wanted it. We parted with it sadly. We looked longingly to the New Hampshire grants, but we realize in these days of charming unity of sentiment that "it is better to have loved and lost than not to have loved at all." (Laughter and applause.)

Now, I am a native of the State of New York, born over here, hard by the scene of bloody strife — in old Glens Falls. I belong to this highway, and I have cherished from my earliest memory, the stories that are connected with this beautiful valley. I am a son of New York in every sense, and I rejoice in the resources and power of the Empire State, but I also recognize what you have in Vermont in that inborn love of liberty, without which our prosperity becomes a mockery. Here among the Green Mountains, are those who will never forget what independence means. Now, your great Governor is not going to deprive me by unfortunate prevision of the right to talk about Ethan Allen here or anywhere else. And if I choose to speak of Seth Warner and Remember Baker, I am going to do it. I have been doing it more or less for three days, not only because I hold those eminent men in high honor, but because I have thought he would appreciate the

reference. What was more distinguished in the career of Ethan Allen than his capture of Ticonderoga was the fact that he was a home ruler. He was not a Vermonter. He came to Vermont and he espoused the cause of the settlers; and while he espoused that cause against New York, he espoused it in defense of a fundamental principle which has made you strong and all New England strong, and we must hold tenaciously to it in New York if we are to maintain our strength (applause), the principle that those who live in a community shall have the right, so far as the local concerns of that community go, to determine their own destiny. (Applause.) Ethan Allen took up the cause of independence with an assurance which reduced the commander of the little garrison at Ticonderoga to instant humiliation. He never lost his spirit. While it may offend Vermonters to recall the circumstances, he once went down to Albany when a proclamation had been made for his arrest and took a drink in the presence of the officials of the State (laughter and applause), just to show that he was unafraid and full of daring. Well, the bottom thing with him was that he wanted the people of these mountains to do what they thought was necessary in the resistance of what he believed to be tyranny, just as he had aided the colonies in opposition to what they believed to be unjust exaction on the part of the mother country; and he was repeating for Vermont, on a small scale and of course with varying circumstances, something of the drama which had been enacted on the large scale upon the stage of the Revolutionary War.

Now, my friends, as I said to New Yorkers and to some Vermonters last night, this celebration is of national significance, and we are to-day more conscious of our unity as a people, more intent upon carrying forward with prosperity and justice our national interests than upon anything else in the world. Even you proud Vermonters forget Vermont when you think of the United States. (Applause.) And were the flag of our common country ever to go in advance of armies of defense, those armies would be filled, as of yore, with Green Mountain boys, side by side with the sons of the Empire State, knowing no distinction in their patriotism. (Applause.) But while we cannot too strongly emphasize our national unity, and desire our national growth, and are most solicitous that all powers necessary for national prosperity should be exercised by a strong central government, we realize that the great success of the administration of our political affairs has been due to the fortunate division, which has given us local governments, which we desire to have within their proper domain equally strong and equally efficient as that, within its domain, of the Federal Government itself. (Applause.)

And to-day we have not the rivalry of contests over territory. We are glad that you got your Hampshire grants. We are glad that you own this fair land. I

assure you, as one having knowledge, that proud as we are of New York, we are conscious we have got all we can attend to. We could not deal with any more than we have, and we have a few, perhaps, to spare, and with the greatest city in the United States, we have problems of a sort which fortunately do not vex your politics. But, as I say, we realize that in the future our rivalry is to be a rivalry of State efficiency. (Applause.)

One of the finest things that has been done in recent years was the calling together of the conference of Governors. It is of great importance that those who, by popular election, represent the entire people of their respective States, should come together for conference in order that they may learn what has been wisely done in other jurisdictions, what experiments have failed, what have succeeded, and that by fair comparison they may take advantage of the extraordinary scale of experience which is being afforded throughout our various States. And, therefore, citizens of Vermont, I am glad that we have an event which we now celebrate in common, and one that is back far enough to antedate any difference. We go back there on this day of happy celebration, and then we jump all the intervening time, and we forget everything that has divided the children of these favored communities. We look forward to friendly competition in good government, with intense desire to make use of our State facilities in order to promote the real interest and happiness of our respective peoples, realizing that by doing so we buttress the foundations of the Union and prepare ourselves better to do our duty as citizens of the United States of America. (Applause.)

Governor PROUTY — *Ladies and Gentlemen:* We are exceedingly fortunate in some things, and we are exceedingly fortunate in having the gentleman with us who will speak to us next, because his arrangements were all made to have sailed for France to-day, as I understand it, and because of this celebration, because of his desire to be with us, and to show us that his country wished to participate in this and that they appreciate the honor that we are doing to that great Frenchman, Samuel Champlain, he consented to remain over. No one could be here that we should do more honor to than to him, because France has been our traditional friend, friend at all times. Therefore, it is with great pleasure that I welcome Ambassador Jusserand to-day and present him to you. (Great applause.)

THE AMBASSADOR OF FRANCE AT BURLINGTON

Ambassador JUSSERAND — *Mr. President, Your Excellencies, Ladies and Gentlemen:* Before I saw the beautiful lake which stretches beyond your city, I had read a description of it, and that description gave an account of the bluest and finest sheet of water, and of the bluest sky. It told of the mountains around it, it told of the chestnuts, the pines, and all sorts of fine trees; it told even the beauty of the fishes in the water. That was a thoroughly complete description, and that description I read in the works of Samuel de Champlain. He was a good observer, and his account, the first ever penned, gives a very exact idea of the lake whose waters wash on one side New York and on the other Vermont. I am very happy to meet you, and I wish Samuel de Champlain had been able to describe not only the trees, the mountains, and the fishes, but, if it had been possible, this very assembly. He would have had to describe something handsomer than he ever saw in his day. I have just come from the West. I was recently in Portland, Oregon, and I saw there a square full of roses; when I walked onto this platform, your assembly reminded me of that square. (Applause.)

As a representative of France, I have several reasons to be happy and proud to address you. If France was not the mother of Vermont, France was surely the godmother of Vermont; such a name cannot have been given save by French people, to the land of green mountains. And there is another thing which makes Vermont very dear to France. As you know, France had a feeling for the thirteen States, and France wished for their welfare and increase. The first example of the increase of the old thirteen was given by Vermont, which formed the fourteenth. This was a great thing, and a mighty good example. The example given by Vermont has been followed; it has been very recently by Oklahoma. You did it first, and thirty-four other States imitated your example. This I consider a magnificent following of what you did. (Applause.)

The souvenir of France remains visible in many places on this continent. Your name is French, and many others along the great road that leads to Seattle, names of rivers, of states, of cities, of Indian tribes, are French names, those very scattered so far inland recalling the pluck and energy of the ancestors who first visited those parts; such ancestors were better sowers than reapers. They sowed broadcast and far and the harvest was not always theirs. But sowing is a praiseworthy deed, and those who performed it deserve gratitude. I cannot say, however, that France, while she was such a good sower, was not also a reaper, for there is one thing France considers she has garnered, and she attaches more importance to it than to the possession of many more tangible harvests, and that is American friendship. (Applause.)

Ladies and gentlemen, you know, I am sure, if not by personal experience, at least by hearsay, what an ambassador is. An ambassador is a man whose duty, whose trade, is to smooth away difficulties; and an ambassador, like various other sorts of laborers, is never so happy as when he has nothing to do. I am for this cause grateful to your State, for it is a fact that in the relations between France and Vermont everything is very satisfactory. (Laughter.) I see no difficulties looming forth, and if ever, which heaven forbid, there were any, I am sure the French Ambassador, whoever he might be, would have no difficulty in smoothing away troubles arising between the land of "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," and the State of "Freedom and Unity." (Applause.)

Governor PROUTY — In the past we have had some trouble with our mother country, but she is our mother country and we love her for it. Therefore, we are extremely pleased to-day that she should have sent so distinguished a representative here on this occasion, one who has shown himself to be so familiar with our institutions; and it is with great pleasure that I present at this time Ambassador Bryce of Great Britain.

THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR AT BURLINGTON

Ambassador BRYCE — *Mr. Governor, Mr. President, Citizens of Vermont, Ladies and Gentlemen:* You are met to-day to commemorate in Vermont a great event, which it is fitting that you should commemorate — the discovery three centuries ago of that noble lake which forms the western boundary of your State, and is one of its greatest charms. When we think of what this region was 300 years ago, one can hardly believe that such great changes can have passed in so short a time. Short it is, if one compares three centuries with the long ages that it took to effect similar changes in the countries of the Old World. In 1609 this place here where we stand was in the midst of a solemn and awe-inspiring wilderness. What daring it must have needed to explore those vast and solitary forests — solitary because the Indian tribes, always at war with one another, had desolated them by continual strife, leaving hardly a man alive through enormous tracts, and how bold a spirit must that have been of the men who in their frail canoes, along long stretches of rivers and lakes, venturing through dangerous rapids, following difficult trails through dark woods with no guide except the Indians, on whom they could not always rely, woods filled with wild beasts and with wild tribes more dangerous than any beasts, what hearts of steel the men must have had that could have made those discoveries, the fruits of which we now enjoy. They came far away from all hope of succor.

When Champlain first guided his canoe over the shining waters of your lake, there was no European settlement nearer this spot than the little English colony planted two years before on the James river in Virginia, and I venture to say that Champlain did not wish that the English were any nearer. (Applause.) This was just the year, 1609, when Henry Hudson first steered his bark up the waters of that Hudson river, with which you are now connected by navigation. And if Hudson had gone north through the woods from Albany and Champlain had moved south through the woods from the southern end of the lake, they might have met — let us hope they would have met — in friendship, because both were worthy of one another, for both had the true spirit that nerves the courage of the explorer.

Ladies and gentlemen, the men who discovered and explored the continent of North and South America, made a wonderful line. If you begin with Christopher Columbus and go on to a man who seems to me in some ways quite as great, both in his nautical skill and in his courage, as Christopher Columbus himself — the Portuguese Magellan — and if you follow that line through Cabot, Vasco Nunez de Balboa, the discoverer of the Pacific, and De Soto, who first reached the Mississippi, and Cortez and Pizarro and the great Frenchmen Cartier and La Salle and Champlain, you have a line of daring and gallant men to whom the history of the world forms no parallel. And among all those Samuel de Champlain was not only one of the ablest but also one of the best. He was equally skillful by sea and by land. He knew not only how to discover, but also how to govern his colony of Quebec. He was able to describe with wonderful accuracy, the places which he visited. The French Ambassador has told you how well he narrated the events of his voyage here, and described the features of this lake; and the people of Mount Desert Island will tell you that the accounts he gives of their shores are so accurate that you may still navigate parts of that coast by the description he gave of the coast line and its fringing isles. He was ready to fight when the time came for fighting. He inspired confidence in his followers, and he was also kind and considerate to his followers — more considerate of his followers than was the great La Salle. And he thought first of France and of the faith which he came to propagate, and last of himself. Samuel de Champlain was what we call and what you call, take him all around, a fine fellow. He was a man of whom his country might be proud and of whom you may be glad that your lake shall bear his name. (Applause.) I like to picture him sailing up the long stretches of that river and coming out upon a summer evening upon the glittering waters of your lake, seeing it stretch further to the south than the eye could reach, with, on each side, these deep waters and above them the long lines of blue mountains, which now enshrine, like a choice picture, the beauties of this inland sea. The name of your lake in Indian is " Caniaderi-

guarunte." Now "Caniaderi-guarunte" means, in the Indian language, "the gate of the country," the opening by which men can pass north and south through this country in every other part of which the basin of the St. Lawrence is divided from the basin of the Hudson and the Connecticut by lofty mountains and what were then impassable forests. It is a noble natural highway for commerce, and what hope for dominion and for trade must have thrilled the heart of Champlain when he saw this splendid highway stretching south right across between the lines of the mountains. It was an age when the growth of the great Spanish Empire in the southern parts of North America and over the most of South America had fired the imagination of other nations to emulate what Spain had done, and Holland and France and England all sought to create for themselves dominions similar to that which Spain had acquired so easily.

So the example of Champlain, who came to found an empire here for the King of France, fired many an excellent French pioneer after him, until Du Luth reached the furthest corner of Lake Superior at the spot where a great city now bears his name, and until La Salle, passing up Lake Michigan, and by the spot where now Chicago stands, crossed over to the Illinois river, and then descended down to its mouth, the mighty stream of the Mississippi.

Of all that has happened, ladies and gentlemen, since those days of Samuel Champlain, I have no time to speak. I cannot tell you of the long process by which Vermont was built up, and filled with the stalwart race of the Green Mountain boys. I don't know, by the way, ladies and gentlemen, why we should always have to refer to the Green Mountain boys and not speak also of the Green Mountain girls. (Applause.) Those men of the Green Mountains were indeed a sturdy and stalwart race. They were the early predecessors of the Western backwoodsmen of later days, they were the men who had the hardy virtues, which in your later days, you associate with the Far West. But in one respect they are perhaps better than the men of the Far West, for they were not so free and easy in their use of shooting irons. Perhaps, however, that is so only because in those days the revolver had not yet been invented. Nor can I stop to describe the long strife that ranged along the shores of your lake. We have been hearing about that for the last three days in New York State. Nor will I attempt to discuss the rival claims that were put forward to the territory in the presence of two such potentates as the Governors of New York and Vermont. I will only say that those contests gave an occasion for the display of that admirable quality in which the citizens of the United States, and particularly of the northern part of the United States, stand pre-eminent, a very high sense of justice and individual right, and a determination to assert individual right by every legal method. These long differences have now been happily

adjusted, and I will leap across the intervening centuries to give you one thought that occurs to me when I consider what has become of northern New York and Vermont, now three centuries from the time when those territories were first discovered.

How strangely does the present differ from what anybody in the past could have foretold. How wonderfully are all the purposes of man turned aside. How little can anyone foresee what the future has in store; how little can the discoverer himself tell what will become of the land which he discovered. Champlain thought that he came here to establish the dominion of the Royal House of France, to open up a great trade in furs, and to make this a great highway of commerce. The monarchy of France is gone, the furs are gone, the Indians whom he sought to convert are gone; and except for a short time when the trade in furs was active along Lake Champlain, it has never yet been a great highway of commerce. It promised to become one when the second steamboat, immediately after the first steamboat of Fulton was launched upon the Hudson, when a steamboat was launched to ply here. But soon after there came the railroad, and by the time that the lands to the north and south were so filled that there were plenty of passengers and freight to carry to and fro, the swifter transportation by the railroad superseded water carriage, and it is now the railroads and not the steamers that carry the passengers on your lakes. If the hopes entertained by your mayor are realized and this projected deep water line of navigation is opened up, it may be that the dream of Champlain may at last be realized and that your lake will again be that highway of commerce he desired.

But now it has become at last a dwelling of peace and quiet. No more warships are seen upon your waters, no more forts stand armed upon your shores, no shouts from war canoes awaken the echoes of your cliffs. We have been celebrating for the last two days on the other side of the lake, and you are now celebrating here a veritable festival of peace, in which the representative of France is here to mingle his thoughts of peace with ours, and in which the soldiers of Canada have come to parade beside your soldiers. (Applause.) I wonder, ladies and gentlemen, what the future has in store for a lake whose history is now so strangely unlike what was predicted for it. When one speaks of the failure of prophecy in the past, one ought to be shy of making any prophecies for the future; but a man may perhaps venture to prophesy when he knows that the truth or falsity of his prediction cannot be known until long after he and those who hear him have all disappeared from this scene. So I will venture to make one prophecy. It does not seem likely that your shores on this side, or on the other side of the lake will ever be the scene of any very startling or sudden development of material wealth. You have indeed some fertile lands in southern Vermont, but you have not the coal here that other parts

of the country have, and your soil is not as fertile as are the prairies of the Mississippi Valley. You may, indeed, possess mineral wealth that is not yet revealed. Science makes so many discoveries that we can never tell what stores of new minerals — perhaps of radium, far more costly than gold — may lie hidden in your hills. We cannot tell what new minerals will be added to the marble quarries which are one of the sources of wealth of your State. But as I see the future at present, it seems to me that the great assets of your country in Vermont are two. One is the race of men and women that inhabit it. (Applause.)

You men of northern Vermont and northern New Hampshire, living among its rocks and mountains in a region which may be called the Switzerland of America — you are the people here who have had hearts full of the love of freedom which exists in mountain peoples, and who have the indomitable spirit and the unconquerable will which we always associate with the lake and mountain lands of the Alps and Scotland. You have shown it in the great men that you have given to the United States, and in the hardy pioneers and settlers which you have sent forth from northern New England to settle in northern New York, and all across the continent as far as the ranges of the Rocky Mountains. And then your country is unequalled in the beauty and variety of the scenery with which Providence has blessed you. (Applause.) No other part of eastern America can compare for the varied charms of a wild and romantic nature with the States that lie around Lake Champlain and the White Mountains. And as wealth increases in other parts of the country, as the gigantic cities of the eastern States grow still vaster, as population thickens in the agricultural and manufacturing parts of Ohio and Pennsylvania, and Indiana and Illinois, one may foresee a time when the love of nature and the love of recreation and health will draw more and more of the population of those over-crowded cities and States to seek the delights of nature in these spots where nature shows at her loveliest. I would need the imagination of a poet or the pen of a real estate agent to figure out what the value of property will become on the shores here half a century hence; but this I can say, that I do believe that all eastern America will come more and more to value this region of mountains and lakes, as the place in which relief will have to be sought from the constantly growing strain and stress of our modern life. And anyone who values nature and loves nature, and who foresees such a future as that for this part of America, cannot refrain from taking this opportunity of begging you to do all you can to safeguard and preserve those beauties and charms of nature with which you have been endowed in such liberal measure. (Applause.) Do not suffer any of those charms to be lost by any want of foresight on your part now. Save your woods, not only because they are one of your great natural resources that ought to be conserved, but also because

they are a source of beauty which can never be recovered if they are lost. Do not permit any unsightly buildings to deform a beautiful bit of scenery which is a joy to those who visit you. Preserve the purity of your streams and your lakes, not merely for the sake of the angler, although I have a great deal of sympathy with him, but also for the sake of those who live on the banks, and those who come to seek the joy of an unspoiled nature by the river-sides. Keep open the summits of your mountains. Let no man debar you from free access to the top of your mountains and from the pleasure of wandering along their sides, and the joys their prospects afford. I am sorry to say that in my own country there are persons who in the interest of what we call their sporting right are endeavoring to prevent the pedestrians and the artists and the geologists and the botanists, and any one who loves nature and seeks nature for her own sake, from enjoying the mountains and the views they afford. Do not, in this country, suffer any such mistake to be made; but see that you keep open for the enjoyment of all the people, for the humblest of the people, as well as for those who can enjoy villas and yachts of their own, the beauties with which Providence has blessed you.

These, ladies and gentlemen, are some of the means by which this noble shore, the most beautiful of all throughout eastern America, can be preserved for the enjoyment of your whole United States with some of that romantic charm, and that wild simplicity which it possessed when the canoe of the discoverer first clove its silent waters, and when gazing southward he marked the long ranges, the Adirondacks to the west and the Green Mountains to the east, from whose peaks two sister States now look at this shining expanse and unite, as we do to-day, in celebrating the fame and the name of one who belonged then to France, but who now belongs to the world, Samuel de Champlain. (Applause.)

Governor PROUTY — *Ladies and Gentlemen:* To the north of us we have a neighbor of which I have spoken before. We love her as a brother. We are glad to welcome her representative here to-day. We are glad that she has sent such a distinguished man, and without further words I present to you the Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, Pastmaster-General of Canada, who will address you in behalf of Canada.

SPEECH DELIVERED BY THE HON. RODOLPHE LEMIEUX

Mr. President, Your Excellencies, Ladies and Gentlemen: Twelve months ago, the eyes of the world were riveted on Quebec, on the occasion of its tercentenary. The heir to the throne was there to represent our great and good King, His Majesty Edward the Seventh. France and the United States, the two sister republics, were also welcome guests at that unique gathering.

Unfurled at the masts of a mighty fleet, floated the Union Jack, the Tricolor, and the Stars and Stripes. The flags of three great nations were thus unfurled and entwined in honor of Samuel de Champlain, founder of Quebec and father of New France.

The event is one never to be forgotten. Fortunate were those who witnessed the memorable pageantry. They brought back with them a sense of rapture which the vision of Quebec, alone of all American cities, can produce.

The Plains of Abraham where the two heroes fell, the old walls and the world-famed Citadel, remind one of the mighty struggles of the past; while over yonder, what a panorama unrolled itself before the eyes! Here the city with its glacis and terrace, its battlements and quaint gables; there, the fort-crowned heights of Lévis, the graceful meandering of the River St. Charles, bathing the Laurentian mountains, the Emerald Isle of Orleans, and, as far as the eye can reach, snow-white villages dotting the banks of the St. Lawrence, their spires resounding with the soft tinkle of chapel and convent bells.

Twelve months have elapsed, and to-day as by enchantment, we are assembled here to take part in other festivities in honor of the same hero. The scene has changed — but the three great nations vie with each other in again offering their homage to Samuel de Champlain.

We are privileged in having with us the President of the United States. France and England are also officially represented by their Ambassadors. The scene has changed, but the actors are the same.

Indeed, the name of Champlain belongs not only to one race, but to humanity. His fame as a navigator and as a discoverer extends far beyond Quebec, far beyond this lake. It extends all over America.

With the hope of finding the highway to the riches of India, the fervor of his ardent spirit led him in his first voyage to project a canal across the Panama.

And later on, still dreaming that a pathway might yet be found which would lead him to this golden land, he penetrated through the St. Lawrence as far as the great inland seas. He, before all others, surveyed the Ottawa river and its tributaries. He was a pioneer.

The Panama canal is now well under way, and thanks to the vigorous and enlightened policy of President Taft, the world will soon realize what the opening of the Isthmus means for the interchange of commerce between the east and the west.

Some day, not too far distant, the Canadian government will build the Georgian Bay canal. Its course will follow practically the same route as that surveyed by Champlain three centuries ago. The dream of a pathway to Cathay has long ago been fulfilled. From Montreal, four days' travel carries one to the Pacific, and the wealth of the Orient is within his grasp. With the transcontinental railways and the Empress lines of steamers, the mysteries of the far east have now faded away.

But, sir, what is the true significance of this celebration, and why this gathering?

If Quebec, if the Plains of Abraham, the scene of the last conflict between the two great rival powers, stand in bold relief in the annals of America, this Lake Champlain valley can also well be pointed to as one of the hallowed grounds of this continent.

Long before its discovery by Champlain, the blue waters of the lake shaded by the primeval forests were traversed by the warring Indian tribes in their crafts of fragile bark The red men knew the importance of this site in their errands. They had called it the " Gate of the Country."

And when Champlain, induced by his allies to visit these shores in July, 1609, gazed upon this sheet of water, he soon foresaw what its undisputed possession meant from a strategical point of view. Here was the highway between Quebec and Albany, between the north and the south, between New France and New England, a highway through which, during 250 years surged the tides of war and travel. In time of peace, the picturesque flotillas of canoes brought here from the deepest recesses the fur trader, the trappers, the *coureurs de bois* and the black-robed missionary.

In time of war, from the north and from the south, marched with unfaltering steps the *élite* of French and English armies — and later, of the American army — in order to gain control of this all-important thoroughfare.

From whatever point the eye wanders on this lake, it rests upon some historical fortifications which, though silent, bear witness that the destinies of France, of England, of the United States and of Canada were largely decided here. Fort Ste. Anne at Isle La Motte, Fort St. Frédéric at Crown Point, Fort Carillon at Ticonderoga, are landmarks familiar to every schoolboy on both sides of the boundary. And what great men — pioneers, generals, soldiers, whose fame re-echoes from shore to shore!

On that roll of honor Canada stands prominently. In the words of Parkman: " When America was first made known to Europe, the part assumed by France on

the borders of that new world was peculiar, and is little recognized. While the Spaniard roamed sea and land, burning for achievement, and while England with soberer steps and less dazzling result, followed in the path of discovery and gold-hunting, it was from France that those barbarous shores first learned to serve the ends of peaceful commercial industry."

A Canadian, of French descent, it is with pardonable pride that I may recall the fact that the pioneers of civilization on the American continent were men of my race.

They were the first to leave the ridges of the eastern hills and to open the march through those reaches of the continent where lay the untrodden paths of the far west. There, upon the courses of the distant rivers that gleamed before them in the sun, down the farther slopes of the hills beyond, out upon the broad fields that lay upon the fertile banks of the Mississippi, upon the long stretch of the continent to the Rockies — those were the regions in which, joining with people in every race and clime under the sun, they helped to make the great compounded nation whose liberty and mighty works of peace were to cause all the world to stand and gaze in wonderment.

Frenchmen of the seventeenth century, who, following the footsteps of Champlain, settled in New France, were of a roaming and adventurous disposition. Being, many of them, scions of noble families, sons of warriors, trade — and still less the tilling of the soil — did not appeal to their tastes; they preferred forest life, with the entrancing emotions of the hunter; it was almost war again.

The Puritans of the New England colonies were more practical and satisfied with living on the land close by the sea. One hundred years after the settlement of Virginia, the colonists from that State had not yet crossed the Alleghanies, whilst explorers from New France had overrun all the vast regions along the Mississippi to New Orleans, whose founder, Iberville, came from Quebec. These daring ancestors of ours had tramped, before the Seven Years' War, the country covered to-day by Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa. They had staked the sites of many great cities of to-day.

Louis Joliet and Father Marquette, to whose memory statues have been erected, discovered the Mississippi in 1673, though it is pretended that de Soto had visited that river almost a century before, but for a long time all knowledge of that great water course had been lost.

Cavelier de la Salle, explored the course of the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico three years after Marquette, and gave the country adjoining it the name of Louisiana, which designated for a long time a much larger tract of country than it does now.

Then Father Hennepin, who had accompanied La Salle, also explored the west and discovered the Falls of St. Anthony, where the Indians captured him.

Du Luth, after whom the promising city of Duluth was named, was the first European who visited the State of Minnesota, establishing a settlement on the shores of Lake Huron (St. Joseph), 1680.

Detroit was founded by Lamothe-Cadillac; the city of Dubuque by Julien Dubuque, a Canadian; Chouteau built the first house in St. Louis, and Salomon Juneau was the father of the ambitious city of Milwaukee, whilst Vital Guérin chose the site of the ever-growing city of St. Paul.

Beaubien camped on the site of Chicago and afterwards established a trading post on that spot.

Vincennes owes its name and origin to the Chevalier de Vincennes.

Glancing over the archives of Wisconsin and Minnesota, there is no exaggeration in saying that the colonization and settlement of the West was due to Canadians.

In fact, the descendants of the "coureurs de bois" so vividly described by Parkman, were wont to overrun the West.

After the War of Independence, they made the territories which now comprise the States of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, etc., their home, and many of them were the connecting link between the Indians and the United States, acting as interpreters when treaties were concluded between the aborigines and the American government.

Leclerc, Perrault, Bisaillon, to name but a few, were well known by American statesmen of the time, and advantage was taken of their intercourse and good relationship with the Indians to bring about treaties with the United States.

It is also a fact that these Canadians were much more in sympathy with the Indians than the American colonists, living their lives, associating with them in their every day pursuits. Thus, they contributed largely to the extension of civilization westward.

"Westward the *Star of Empire* takes its way," says the American poet. Might I not add: "Guided by Canadian explorers"?

I referred a moment ago to the Puritans. The stern Puritan character of the Puritan Fathers, who founded New England, was perhaps less romantic and picturesque than that of the French cavaliers who planted the cross on the heights of Quebec and roamed all over the continent, but they also represented ideals which contributed in the making of the North American continent.

To them, to their courage and their patient labors, is due the enormous expansion of the Republic.

To their spirit of individual initiative and endurance must we assign the evolution which has taken place in the political institutions of the continent.

Sons of Great Britain, they could not but live up to those ideals which, born in the forests of northern Europe and nursed on the sea, were destined to rise to full stature in the boundless regions and wilds of America.

They, above all others, can claim to have accomplished the great task of building this great American nation and of inspiring its polity.

Englishmen bred in law and ordered government, they left an ancient realm, a land of art and letters, to build states in a wilderness. They brought with them the steadied habits and sobered thoughts of a highly civilized nation into the wild air of an untouched continent.

All honor to the Puritan Fathers!

But whilst we must show appreciation of the explorers and pioneers of this continent and of the warriors who fought and died here for their country, whilst to forget such true and brave men or even to yield them indifferent praise, would be but shame, yet, sir, is not this the fittest occasion to proclaim our determination that now on and forever the American commonwealth and the Dominion of Canada shall always promote and advance the cause of peace, harmony and civilization on this vast continent.

There are heroes of peace as there are heroes of war. In our modern times, death sacrifice is not demanded as in days gone by. With less glamour, perhaps, but with no less glory, can the statesman, by standing faithfully to their unthanked tasks of public service, make their country a better land.

Assembled here, on the historic shores of Lake Champlain, the representatives of three great nations can well afford to proclaim before the whole world that the arts of peace are above all most civilizing.

The *entente cordiale* between France and England has given Europe the assurance of a long period of rest. The ties of friendship which bind Great Britain to the American Republic have removed from the New World all causes of friction.

What better evidence could be given of the existence of that friendly spirit than that for nearly a century the policing of the Great Lakes has been reduced to a minimum of armed cruisers.

What better evidence of a sincere mutual affection between the two nations than that within a very short period of time five treaties affecting Canada and the United States have been negotiated, signed and ratified; a sixth awaits ratification, and a seventh is almost completed.

This is indeed an inspiring example to the whole world — two nations separated only by a boundary line — which for three thousand miles have no other protection

against hostilities than the fixed and settled determination of both people to pursue in peace the different paths which they have been treading for more than one hundred years.

Under different flags we are pressing toward a single goal: *freedom*, *righteousness* and *duty* — thus uniting in the loftiest of hopes, aspirations and ideals. (Applause.)

Governor PROUTY — My friends, what do you think about now? (Laughter and applause.) There is one thing more, and that is this, we may forget the story which is told, we never forget the song, and as we wish to commemorate this event, so that it shall always be remembered we have secured a sweet singer who we believe will be able to sing such a song as shall be remembered. I present to you Mr. Bliss Carman, who has written a poem appropriate for this occasion and will now deliver it.

Mr. Bliss Carman read the following poem:

THE CHAMPLAIN COUNTRY

An Ode by BLISS CARMAN.

When the sweet Summer days
Come to New England, and the south wind plays
Over the forests, and the tall tulip trees
Lift up their chalices
Of delicate orange green
Against the Blue serene;
When the chestnut crowns are full of flowers,
And the long hours
Are not too long
For the oriole's song;
When the wild roses blow
In blueberry pastures, and the Bobwhite's note
Calls us away
On the happy trail where every heart must go;
When the white clouds float
Through an ampler day,
And the old sea lies mystical blue once more
Along the Pilgrim shore,

Crooning to stone-fenced pastures sweet with fern
Tales of the long ago and the far away;
And when to the hemlock solitudes return
The gold-voiced thrushes, and the high beech woods
Ring with enchantment as the twilight falls
Among the darkening hills;
And the new moonlight fills
The world with beauty and the soul with peace
And infinite release;
Is there any land that history recalls
Bestowed by gods on mortals anywhere
More goodly than New England or more fair?

On such a day three hundred years ago
By toilsome trails and slow
But with the adventurer's spirit all aflame,
The great discoverer came,
Finding another Indies than he guessed
To reward his darling quest,
And fill the wonder-volume of Romance —
The sailor of little Brouage, the founder of New France,
Sturdy, sagacious, plain
Samuel de Champlain.

On many a river and stream
The paddles of his Abenakis dip and gleam;
Their slim canoe poles set and flash in the sun,
Where strong white waters run;
By many a portage, many a wooded shore,
They press on to explore
The unknown that leads them ever to the west;
And when at dusk their camp is made
Within the dense still shade,
The white shafts of the moonlight creep
About them while they sleep
On the earth's fragrant and untroubled breast.
They on a day upon some granite rise
They stand in mute surprise,

And wonder, as they gaze
On the green wilderness in Summer haze,
At a new paradise
Unrolled before their eyes.

What did he seek,
This hardy voyager with the steady hand,
And the sunburnt cheek?
Passage to India and the fabled land
So longed for and foretold,
Where rivers ran with gold —
Man's fond far hope of unlaborious ease,
Miraculous wealth and benefits unearned,
For which he vainly yearned.

He found here no such place,
But in this new world again was face to face
With life's familiar laws and orders old,
Still to be followed, if we would fill the mould
Of our ideal — a manhood that is free
With the soul's large and happy liberty.

As if God said to man,
"Try once again my plan.
Here is a continent all new,
Take it and see once more what thou canst do.
The happiness which thy stormy heart desires
My will foresees, requires.
On the long road that lies
Across the centuries
To my perfection dimly understood,
Seek thou the almighty good,
The everlasting beautiful and true."

Men of New England, sons of pioneers,
And in your birthright peers
Of the world's masters, this is holy soil,
The divine ancestral dust from which we come,
Bringing our dreams of justice, the high thought
Of a pure freedom for which our mothers wrought

In dreamful pride,
And our fathers lived and died.
With unselfish toil.
Even as they willed,
We too must toil to build
The ideal state,
Which shall be strong without brutality,
And by its fine humanity be great.

This is no fairyland,
No Eldorado planned
For our salvation. The law runs forth and back,
Immutable as the sun on his sidereal track,
Beneficent and profound:
Only with labor comes ease,
Only with wisdom comes joy
And greatness comes not without love.

This is God's garden ground,
And we are the tillers thereof.
And the crop shall be women and men,
As ever of old —
Not a pale city breed,
Bred between hunger and greed,
But a new cosmic race,
With the poise of the world in its mien,
The ineffable soul in its face,
Remembering the best that has been,
And its password, "The best that can be!"

No Mesopotamian valley, nor Eden age,
Is the place, is the time,
For the birth of the sublime,
The lovely and the same.
But the time is now, and the place is here,
For the life divine,
In July of the year
Ninteen hundred and nine,
In the Country of Champlain. (Applause.)

Governor PROUTY — *Ladies and Gentlemen:* We are celebrating historic events. The valley of the Champlain has been the scene of many wars, of much strife, but we must remember, as was so beautifully said here the other day, that the nations which contended in this valley are neither of them here at the present time, but a new nation has arisen, and to-day that nation is represented here by its first citizen. I present to you the President of the United States. (Applause.)

PRESIDENT TAFT AT BURLINGTON

President TAFT — *Governor Prouty, Messrs. Ambassadors, Governor Hughes, and Other Distinguished Guests, and Citizens of Vermont:* It is true as Governor Prouty said that I had a summons to Washington yesterday and that I disobeyed that summons, because I did not wish to miss the honor of being present on this occasion to testify to the pride I have in showing three generations of my ancestors as Vermont men. (Applause.) I am proud of it because it means that they live among a people of rugged honesty, with the spirit of true liberty, with faith in God, and with ability to help themselves. (Applause.)

I had a colleague on the bench when I was a judge who came from Vermont, and I asked him why he came from there. "Well," he said, "there were giant tracks in that State, but," he said, "I can only explain to you why I left by the fact that I was examined for the bar by a committee of three, one of whom was the clerk of the court and two others were then leaders of the bar. One was 92, the other 94, and the third was 96, and I concluded that if I sought a place of prominence at a bar I had better move out of the State." (Laughter.) Now, whether it is that you all live to be a hundred here, or whether it is that the severities of your winters and the obstacles that you have to encounter in living are such that the weak are cut off in their youth and only the survivors live, I don't know (laughter), but certain it is that a man who can claim Vermont lineage has something to be proud of. (Applause.) My father knew every man in the State of Ohio that had come from Vermont. And there is something about Vermont men, whether you meet them in California or Ohio, or any other State — and they are in every State — that makes between them a bond almost equal to a bond of Freemasonry. (Applause.)

Now, my friends, I am not in the theatrical business, and I have not fully understood until the last three days what was meant by a continuous show. (Laughter.) Now I know. (Laughter.) And it affects differently those who are engaged in it and those who come in.

I have had the pleasure of attempting to compose the differences arising between the Governor of New York and the Governor of Vermont, and it has been at times a difficult task. I do not mean to make that harmonious union that they speak of now, and that I hope will continue to be preserved, any more difficult by suggesting a solution of the problem about to arise in respect to the place where the monument to Samuel Champlain is to be put. (Laughter.) I suggested last night that it might be well to submit it to a committee consisting of the French Ambassador, the English Ambassador, and the Chief Executive of the United States, and that we might then reach a conclusion that would satisfy nobody. I don't know how you are going to satisfy everybody unless you make Champlain a Colossus of Rhodes and put one foot in New York and one foot in Vermont (laughter) and then when you do you will interfere with that ambitious plan of your mayor with reference to a deep waterway. (Laughter.) I feel about the solution of that question very much as the gentleman did who came across a creek which he was told was called the Saskascheiqualie Creek, and he asked his informant how they spelled that name. He said: "Some spells it one way and some spells it another, but in my judgment there are no correct way of spelling it." (Laughter.)

My friends, this is a most unique and many-sided memorial. I know there has run through your minds as there has through mine this morning the happy feeling of being present to hear such beautiful speeches from the heart, as we have heard from the eloquent representatives, from all who have been invited to take part in this celebration. (Applause.) We meet to celebrate an event and a man upon whose life and upon the acts of whose life turned, in a way which he little expected, the whole settlement of this country. We meet here to celebrate his virtues and to congratulate France, his country, as one that could produce such a hero (applause), but the feature of this memorial that I think so unique in all memorials that I know of is the gathering here in amity, in peace and in a union that cannot be torn apart, of three great powers, England, France and the United States (applause), and with England her fairest daughter, the Dominion of Canada. (Applause). I ask you, where in all the history of memorials can you find one that in that respect will match this? (Applause.) Only yesterday — and it will be the same to-day — two regiments of Canadian soldiers, the Governor's Foot Guards and the Royal Highlanders, march shoulder to shoulder with the militia of Vermont and the regulars of the United States. They will all understand the same orders in the same way and you won't feel, except by the difference in color, that you are looking on any different or varied race. (Applause.) And now, my friends, I am not going to keep you any longer. If there is any one thing that my experience in a continuous show has taught me it is that each man ought to limit his particular stunt. I thank you. (Applause.)

When the speaking was over the President and other principal guests reviewed the parade of the day. It included the Canadian Governor-General's Foot Guards, the members of the Grand Army of the Republic, the Vermont regiment of the National Guard, the Indians who were presenting the historical pageants, and many civic guests. At its close the Presidential party was taken to the Ethan Allen Club for luncheon. On the way thither the President met a detachment of Civil War veterans. There was a halt and an exchange of hearty greetings, which, to many an old soldier, was perhaps the pleasantest incident of the day.

Later in the afternoon the President witnessed for the first time the Indian pageant of Hiawatha, from a grandstand on the lake shore, seating some five thousand spectators. It was packed to the utmost. At the close of this exhibition, President Taft and other guests were given a drive through Burlington's attractive streets and parks, and at 6 o'clock they were taken to the Gymnasium of the University of Vermont where a commemoration dinner was served to some five hundred diners.

On the President's entrance the whole assemblage which packed the long hall rose to its feet with a single impulse and for some five minutes made the rafters tremble with a storm of applause.

The President was seated between Governor Prouty and Mrs. Prouty, the former acting as toastmaster for the occasion. The Gymnasium was most strikingly decorated. From the center of the high ceiling a cluster of American, English and French flags was artistically arranged and from them radiated long streamers of red, white and blue bunting. Great blue banners bearing the fleurs-de-lis of France hung from either side and spaced about the walls were smaller flags of the three nations represented.

The guests were seated at six very long tables; and at the end of the hall, raised on a platform and banked with evergreen, was the speakers' table. At the close of the dinner Governor Prouty presented the first speaker and the chief guest of the occasion in the following words:

THE BANQUET AT BURLINGTON.

Governor PROUTY — For the last three days it seems to me that I have done nothing but talk and to-night all I can say to you is that I am pumped dry. I have not any ideas and I ought not to be presiding. But the powers that be have said that it was my duty to do so, and therefore I am here. If I have not said it before, and if the gentleman who told me the story were not here, I don't know but that I should try to get off that same old joke, and that is that my speech is like the tail of a yellow dog, it is bound to occur, but that I will try and not have it like the tail of a cat, that is, fur to the end.

For the last few days we have been revelling in history. We have talked history from morning till night. We have not only talked of history, but we have talked of the future. It seems to me that it is about time to talk of the present, because, while we may look back on the past, and we may surmise as to the future, the present is here; it is the vital thing that we have with us all the time, and we should, to the best of our ability, think of the present. We should think of the things that are going on at this time in our country. We should try and do what we can to assist in making those things the best possible. I know of no one who can do more for us along this line than the speaker whom I am going to introduce to you in just a moment, because no one is in a better position to know of the present, no one is in a better position to know of the aims and the objects of our government than he. We, in our State, have aims and objects at the present time, and in our Republic we have aims and objects, and because I believe that we should know something about them at this time I am going to introduce to you our most distinguished, our most beloved President of the United States. (Applause.)

THE BURLINGTON BANQUET: PRESIDENT TAFT SPEAKS

President TAFT — *Governor Prouty, Ladies and Gentlemen:* The Governor has referred to the fact that we have been talking for three days, and each time we have had to talk, the question has been, who should be offered up, or who should be given to the audience as the burnt offering, that is, who should be selected as the first speaker, and deprived of the opportunity to get ideas from those who follow him. Governor Hughes has figured in that capacity several times in New York, acting as a proper host. To-night I am offered. (Laughter.) Perhaps because the train leaves early, perhaps because it is my turn. I don't suppose that audiences realize in post-prandial discussions, as you call it formally in your programme, how much you lose by reason of the presence of the press, and the reporting of what is said. No speaker likes to go into the light and frivolous if he is going to face it in amber and in cold print the next morning, and yet a great many things might be said under the influence and inspiration of such a presence as this that would pass for coin that the next morning seem spurious, and I may say have the air and taste of a chestnut.

Now, one of the stories and experiences that comes to me to-night at the end of these three days is that of George Fred Williams of Massachusetts, who attended a meeting in celebration of the completion of the bridge at St. Louis. They gave him the hospitality that that region is famous for, for a day or two, continued from hour to hour, and finally he was called upon at three o'clock in the morning at the closing banquet to say what he had to say to the people of Memphis, and what he said was " People of Memphis, we of Massachusetts thank you for your ferocious hospitality." (Laughter.) I only want to say that if there be any similarity between our two experiences, it is fitting that this one should end, as it certainly does end, in spite of the decorations, in a gymnasium. (Laughter.)

I would not object to make two and three speeches a day, even with the presence of every member of the distinguished company of the travelling show of which I am a part (laughter), if it were not that at least two and sometimes three of those speeches have to be made to the same audience, and therefore, the jokes and the repartee and the light persiflage and the badinage cannot be repeated, and when the distance is only across the lake, you are very much afraid that some of the audience may have been in New York as well to hear those acute remarks that you so pride yourself on in your first speech. (Laughter.) And that is one difficulty about a late speech. When you get into your first speech you always forget that you ought to keep something in reserve, and you let go of both barrels, and there is nothing left. (Laughter.) And so this morning I referred to the fact that I have great pride in my Vermont ancestry, and I intend to repeat that to-night.

I have often seriously studied the question why it was that there seemed to be a distinctive character and a peculiar individuality in Vermont men. I suppose it is due to the fact that the problems that the Vermont men had to solve when they came here from Massachusetts and otherwheres were so difficult that they necessarily developed all the traits of character which we call virtue. (Applause.) They certainly did not find any opportunity for luxury here that would destroy their energy and enterprise. They made, therefore, a safe and conservative people. If I were to describe the Vermonter in one word, I would say he was a safe man, safe for himself, safe for his family, safe for his State and safe for the nation. (Applause.) His experience was not unlike, and his standing in our community is not unlike that of the canny Scotch in Great Britain. Nobody ever got ahead of a Scotchman in a trade, and I have yet to hear of the Vermonter that has been left in that regard. (Laughter.) You came here and found a large agricultural crop of rocks, and you went to quarrying and you developed the greatest marble quarries in the world, and then when marble ceased to be stylish, you developed the greatest granite quarry. And then it is very well when you are engaged in selling and buying goods, to have a little control of the things that determine how much, and so you organized the greatest scale factory that there is in the world.

We heard a great deal about your deserted farms at one time. Whether that was put forth for the purpose of inviting innocent outsiders to come in, or whether it really represented an actual condition, certainly it has passed. I do not think there are any deserted farms in Vermont to-day. The housewife has ceased to be uncomfortable; the milk is sold or sent to a creamery in such a way that she is now enjoying a luxury that farmers' wives in the past generation never did, and the statistics show that you are putting aside a pretty penny every year on account of your dairy products. In other words, you have wrestled with the problem and you have made a great success. You are not all millionaires, but you are all in that condition of respectable wealth, or respectable poverty that are the two best conditions to make a good people. (Applause.) You preserve your traditions just as the English did, and accomplish reforms though you do preserve your traditions. You elect your judges by the legislature, I should think in a way that might be improved; and you elect them every one year or two years, I forget which, but whatever it is, the tenure of office is practically for life, because you believe that when you have got a good thing you ought to keep it. So, too, with respect to your Congressmen and your Senators. You have learned that the way to exercise an influence in Washington far beyond anything that your population entitles you to, is to keep your Congressmen and your Senators there. (Applause.)

It is a great pleasure and a great honor for me to say that even in my short career I knew and have the honor of knowing well, for a man of my age, your distinguished Senator Justin S. Morrill. (Applause.) That I had a similar benefit in knowing well your distinguished Senator George F. Edmunds (applause), and also that *rara avis*, a Vermont Democrat, that able jurist, that great diplomat, Edward J. Phelps. (Applause.)

Now I have been a good deal interested in trying to break up in a sense — not exactly in a political sense, but in the sense that you all understand it, that of feeling and sentiment — the solid South. And when I have suggested that, the irreverent southern politician has suggested that it is about time to break up the solid North, and reference is made to the fact that Vermont is just about as solid as Alabama and Georgia. (Applause.) Well, what the effect on Vermont would be if the South were really to break up and some of those States become Republican, perhaps we cannot say. It is my own theory that Vermont and many another northern State has been made solidly Republican because there was a solid South, and that one of the benefits of breaking up a solid South would be that there would be no solidity anywhere on sectional lines. (Applause.)

But one thing I am bound to say, that even if Republican majorities are pretty certain in Vermont, there is something about a Republican majority in every four years that a man who has been a candidate for the Presidency studies with most anxious concern, and that is, whether the majority of the people that favor the Republican ticket in Vermont at a Presidential election shall amount to more than 20,000, for if they don't the Republican candidate may as well make no arrangements, or rather ought to make other arrangements, for the next four years. (Applause.)

One of the things that I congratulate Vermont on and the Vermont management is, that at their banquet they have ladies present, not only to sneak in at the end and hear the speeches, but to partake of the fare and the good-fellowship. (Applause.) And without making invidious comparisons, I think this plan is a great improvement over the one we had last night.

Now, my friends, I am going back, as the Governor did not go back, to the historical events of which these various meetings have been a memorial. We have discussed at considerable length the effect of this memorial upon our international relations. It cannot but be good. It is, as I said this morning, a memorial that in this regard you cannot match the world over. (Applause.) But what I am especially glad to welcome is the intimacy of relation that such memorials as this are apt to increase between this country and Canada. (Applause.) We have been going ahead so rapidly in our own country, and our heads have been somewhat

swelled with the idea that we were carrying on our shoulders all the progress that there was in the world. Well, that is not true, as you will realize when you think a moment. And we have not been conscious, or as fully conscious as we ought to be, that there is on our north, with a border line between it and us of some 5,000 miles, a young country and a young nation that is looking forward, as well it may, to a great national future. They have nine millions of people, but the country is still hardly scratched; it is still undeveloped. They have two great strains — the French and the English. They are under a government abroad to which both strains acknowledge full loyalty, which has exhibited a great wisdom in its treatment of the Dominion, and in giving to the Dominion a practical and almost a complete autonomy. The bond between them and the mother country is sweet, but light, and there is nothing that prevents the indulging on the part of each, whether French or English, in the traditional pride of the race of each. Now, they are going on; they are building railroads; they are exercising great discretion in the West, and they are taking from us many of our best farmers who are in search of rich wheat fields in the West. All these things, if we adopted a short-sighted policy, would perhaps arouse in us a jealousy, and a desire to prevent a growth on their part into what we might regard as a competitor of ours. That I think is a most short-sighted policy. They can't have a prosperity with their neighborhood to us that we cannot and must not share. (Applause.) And we cannot have a prosperity on our side that they will not derive a benefit from. Therefore each may look upon the growth of the other with entire complacency and with an earnest desire that the ideals and ambitions that they have formed may be carried to fruition; and I am glad to feel, from a national standpoint, that these celebrations, these memorials, are a permanent step forward in bringing about that union of feeling and sentiment and neighborhood effect that ought to be encouraged between those two great powers on the North American continent. (Applause.)

Governor PROUTY — During the progress of this traveling show there has been one act which has always appeared at the head of the programme. I expect as it started in New York that it had all been prepared beforehand, but now that it has come to Vermont, things are rather different. After the speech we heard this morning from the next gentleman I shall introduce, it became very evident to us that we had exhausted his ideas and that therefore we would have to place him at the end of the programme hereafter in order to have him say anything, and therefore, ladies and gentlemen, he is placed there to-night. I trust he has imbibed

a little inspiration, which I trust you also have imbibed, and that he will be able to give a little of it to you to-night. I introduce to you, or rather I present to you Governor Hughes of New York.

GOVERNOR HUGHES AT THE BURLINGTON BANQUET

Governor HUGHES — *Governor Prouty, Friends of Vermont, Ladies and Gentlemen:* The troupe has disbanded; the chief actors have played their part; the leading man has gone his way; nothing remains but for one of the supers to roll up the rugs and, in a tired and sleepy state, wend his way home. (Laughter.)

Two thoughts have crowded upon me as I have imbibed inspiration — and nothing else. (Laughter.) The one is that if Champlain, as he started on that memorable day, had seen the vision of this valley and the Democracy of the future working out its problems in contrast with the France of Henry of Navarre, and if in particular he had witnessed in imagination the events of this week and had been compelled to listen to the addresses that have been delivered — in prophetic anticipation of the consequences of his act — would he have had the nerve to discover us? (Laughter.)

The other thought that has occurred to me is that the Champlain Valley, per square mile, has got more out of the President of the United States and the French and English Ambassadors than any other section of this country. (Laughter.) If there had been no Champlain we ought to have invented one, to have a celebration like this. It is worth while to bring together such a combination of intellect and ability, and such a representation of great powers, as this valley has witnessed this week. We have seen one of the noblest specimens of American manhood that have adorned the chair of the Chief Executive (applause), a man in whose clear eyes is no guile, who means what he says and does plainly what he proposes, who speaks candid and straightforward words to his fellow citizens. It was worth all this celebration has cost, to give to our people this intimate association with President Taft. (Applause.) We have brought here the brilliant exponent of the traditions of France, a cultivated, distinguished representative of the race which Champlain honored. We have had no one among all those who have so worthily represented this friendly nation across the sea, who in such measure has won our esteem, by reason of his attainments, his spiritual appreciation, his regard for our American ideals, his sympathetic approach to our people; no one more dear to our hearts, more highly commended to our judgment than Ambassador Jusserand. And to think that our cup should be filled until it runs over by giving us in addition our old friend, Ambassador Bryce, the man that every American student knows as his teacher, the man that every intelligent American citizen knows as his mentor, to

whom we look for advice and correction, for instruction in righteousness, to point clear the trail of Democratic success. What a representative of old Mother England! (Applause.) Despite the fatigue of this moment and the extreme effort that it costs to say anything, I should like to travel in that company as long as I could stand on my feet, and if I could do no more than say " ditto " in a faint voice, I would go with them to the end. (Applause.)

Now, I have mentioned these nations not intending to disparage our friends from Canada, because they have not risen yet to that altitude of national life — but when you need a dramatic company doing a continuous performance of this sort, they play a rôle second to none (applause), and so we rejoice in our Canadian friends, and marvel at the exuberance of their eloquence. I am not going to say anything about " ice " or " snow." I was taken severely to task for that. I was informed I had committed an unpardonable affront in saying anything about ice and snow in Canada, and after my last heart to heart talk with the Postmaster-General of the Dominion of Canada, I am prepared to asseverate that the climate there has changed (laughter), and I know what has changed it. It is the warmth of the hearts of those Frenchmen under an English flag. (Laughter and applause.)

Oh, if we could only count up the value of this reunion and celebration. The trouble is we can't weigh it in ordinary scales; we can't measure it with a commercial yard-stick; it is difficult to grasp. If our boys and girls will only begin really to love American history! I have said several times that if there had been anything more discovered in 1609, the State would have been bankrupted; these celebrations are costly — it was very thoughtless of Champlain and Hudson to do this thing in one year. (Laughter.) They evidently were not prophets. Whatever they were in the way of discoverers, they didn't see the burdens they were laying upon an unsuspecting progeny. (Laughter.) But if our children would only love American history! It is too bad that it is taught so much in the early years, before the import of it is apprehended, or can justly be appreciated. I do not know what courses you have in the University of Vermont, but I suppose you have everything that you ought to have, and more, too, like most universities. But I do wish that in our colleges our boys would get " chock full " of American history. Not simply a little constitutional history at the end of the course — with a faint remembrance of some dates learned in the secondary school, but without any real knowledge of what has happened to their country in the course of its development. It will do us all good if we go back to our school books, and with access of interest study the history of the land which we profess to love, and do love. And then if we would only safeguard some of our sacred spots, some of those treasure places of the fancy, some of these rich soils for the imagination, and prevent the desecrating touch! Think of the battlefield of Saratoga! It ought to be preserved as a *Mecca* for

good Americans and for good Britishers, too, because we can all go to Saratoga to-day with clasped hands and friendly words and talk over the old campaign in amity. We must do more and more of this work of memorializing, of preserving. We cannot be true Americans simply by studying present day problems as such, unrelated to the past. We cannot achieve the destiny which we should achieve by mere introspection or by dealing with what lies immediately around us. The best study for the man of action is biography; the best study for the statesman is history, and as all boys are prospective statesmen in this country, they ought to be thoroughly charged and recharged with history, and with biography of men of light and leading.

We have gathered together these representatives of the nations, and that forms a guarantee of peace. Why, we could never have any trouble with France or with England after this week. (Laughter and applause.) It is impossible to think of it. We have strengthened the bonds of our international friendship. But after all, we don't have peace for the sake of peace, we don't have peace simply to have an absence of bloodshed, desirable as that is. We do not have celebrations merely to honor the character of famous men of the past. We want peace to provide a proper basis for obtaining the right rewards of industry, to secure the resources of leisure, and to make certain the foundation of social justice. (Applause.)

We have peace. What shall we do with it? We have the inspiration of the high mindedness of Champlain, of the purity and loyalty of Montcalm; we have the inspiration of the splendid soldierly qualities of Lord Howe; you have in Vermont inspiration from a thousand sons who have done honor to the commonwealth. But what shall we do with it? Here we are now, inspired, fully inspired, filled with a week of inspiration from the most powerful sources. What are you going to do with it? My friends, it is not that we should turn to whimsical schemes of legislation, or that we should consult the fancy for some novel method of meeting the difficulties of the day; it is not that we should suppose that by some divine gift we may find a new procedure by which all obstacles may be satisfactorily overcome. Let us make our present institutions work as they ought to work, and execute our laws without favoritism and run our politics without corrupt rings. Let our officers do their duty according to the statutes, impartially, and with love of justice. Let our citizens appreciate their opportunity under institutions designed to give equality of civil rights. Then we shall realize what peace is intended to bestow, and what the world's amity may help us to secure. (Great applause.)

Governor PROUTY — The burnt offering gave us a pretty good keynote. The next speaker whom I will introduce to you is one that I can say from the bottom of my heart I am pleased to see here to-night. From my associations with him during the past few days I have come to learn of his true worth, of his sterling qualities, and of his delightful companionship. I have found him a gentleman who loves this country — I mean that he has respect for it, and I believe he does have the same love for it that the nation he represents always has had. It is therefore with great pleasure that I introduce to you now the Ambassador of France.

REMARKS OF AMBASSADOR JUSSERAND

Ambassador JUSSERAND — *Mr. President, Governor Prouty, Your Excellencies, Ladies and Gentlemen:* A modest member of the travelling show, I have to go back to Washington following the President himself. We are lured there by no lake bluer than yours, no cooler breeze, no siren's song, but by a thing, the magnetic attraction of which, we cannot resist. It is called the tariff.

Yielding to it, I must however, before beginning our journey south express to you my thanks and congratulations for the ceremonies at which we have been present for the last three days. We owe the credit for their beauty, and the pleasure derived from them to the hospitable and friendly disposition of the people of New York and the people of Vermont; to the two Commissions which devised with such success so artistic a programme, and to the eloquent Governors of those two States, our honored leaders during these days. We owe credit also to another personage of some importance on this occasion, namely Champlain himself. Champlain was a right man to commemorate, and when you choose a right man, the commemoration cannot fail to go very well.

My friend and colleague, the British Ambassador, spoke this morning of the future and what would take place 50 or 100 years from now. His true description and prophecy are the more striking when you look back and think of the past. What was that past? The news of America reaching old Europe when Champlain was living on this side of the water does not resemble much those now daily flashed across the ocean. In one of his plays, that great dramatist, second only to Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, has given us a sample of such news dating from the time when Champlain was living in Quebec; and the sample is as follows:

* * * We hear of a colony of cooks
To be set ashore o' the coast of America,
For the conversion of the cannibals,
And making them good eating Christians.

What progress since then! This very banquet where the refined tastes of "good eating Christians" have been so well satisfied is a sufficient proof thereof, and may be accepted as the token and emblem of the progress accomplished in all that concerns man's life on these shores. Senator Root in an admirable address, the other day, explained why the mighty changes which have occurred did occur, and he pointed out the considerable part played by his own friends, the hot-headed Iroquois. To them we owe certainly a debt of gratitude, since it is due to them, as we heard, that Senator Root himself speaks English, and pretty good English, too. But giving their due to the Iroquois, I beg to recall that there were other causes at play and that if the French flag does not cover any more this part of the earth supplementary motives should be taken into consideration. There was once a battle and there was in that battle a soldier fighting on the top of an entrenchment, and the people behind him were shouting to him, saying: "Be brave, be brave!" And the soldier looked back and said: "I am brave, but I am not numerous enough." It was the same with us, we were brave but we were not numerous enough. We were not numerous enough; a friendly flag but not ours waves o'er these regions; but we have not disappeared from them; French blood and French language are now abundantly represented here; so much so that I must take the liberty of turning, with your permission to my kinsmen in this very assembly and of addressing a few words to them.

(The Ambassador then spoke in French.)

The France of to-day has every reason to join you in your tributes to the memory of her illustrious son Champlain; for the examples he left have not been forgotten and the task he attempted three centuries ago on these shores has been resumed by France on others in our own days. Since we have been a Republic, we have prodigiously increased our colonial empire not merely to our own private good: lands of human sacrifice have become lands of prosperous trade and of quiet development. In no way has France better shown her undying vitality than by producing so many modern discoverers and civilizers of remote regions, by producing new Champlains.

Many of the words spoken during these past days have deeply touched me, as they showed that, in your mind, the France of now was associated with the France of old who sent here the worthy whose deeds we are celebrating. For those feelings of sympathy so warmly expressed, in the course of these memorable celebrations, the respected chief of the State giving the example, the Representative of the French Republic expresses to you the gratitude of his nation.

Governor PROUTY — I have been very much interested to-day in listening to the addresses which have been made, and I think we must all of us have realized, especially since the last, that probably there has not been very much done except by Frenchmen; at the same time there is always two sides to a question, and it seems to me that the other side ought to have something to say now, and no one can represent the other side better than the gentleman that I shall introduce, Ambassador Bryce of England.

REMARKS OF AMBASSADOR BRYCE

Ambassador BRYCE — *Mr. Governor, Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:* I must decline the arduous though no doubt magnificent task which your Governor would lay upon me of maintaining the claims of my country to her share in the making of the civilization of the world. That strolling company which has been referred to by the President of the United States is now giving its very last performance for this season; and although, speaking for one member of that company, he is exceedingly sorry to depart from the Green Mountains and Lake Champlain, yet he is sensible that after three speeches a day — and this is the third day of it — his ideas are all gone and nothing is left but a flow of words. I therefore rise, ladies and gentlemen, only to say two things, which can be said very shortly.

The first is to render to you my hearty thanks for the great kindness of your invitation here and for the immense pleasure which it has given me to be present and take part in this celebration. I have never been at any celebration which has brought to one's mind a greater variety of ideas, which has more set one thinking upon all sorts of things, past, present and future, and which has suggested a large number of new lights upon the history of this part of your continent.

The other thing I have to do, is to call attention to one subject which among all the speeches that have been delivered during these festivities in the State of Vermont and the State of New York has never yet been alluded to; and yet that subject is perhaps one of the most important of them all; because when you have talked about the beauties of the lake, and the early dwellers along the lake and the discovery of and the navigation of the lake and the battles that have been fought round the lake, you ought to say something about the population of the lake. And nobody yet has said one word about the fish. (Laughter.)

Now ladies and gentlemen, I desire to call your attention to the fish in Lake Champlain. It is a subject of great importance. I am surprised to see a smile. It is not a laughing matter at all. It might very nearly have become a crying matter. The presence of fish was observed by Champlain himself, as my friend

the French Ambassador remarked yesterday. The fish were noted by Champlain as being large and abundant. Now, those fish are still a very important element in the value of the lake. They are migratory in their habits. They move from United States waters into Canadian waters and back again, and the taking of them is an important industry both for United States fishermen and for Canadian fishermen. Now here, ladies and gentlemen, you have all the materials for a quarrel of the first magnitude. Those of you who know history — and on these historic shores I may assume that history is one of your favorite studies — know that there is no subject about which more international troubles and quarrels have arisen than the subject of fish, and you know when anything has got into a great mess, we say it is a " pretty kettle of fish."

Now, on this question of fish there was here the opportunity for a very pretty quarrel to have arisen. There were complaints on the part of the Vermont fishermen, and complaints also from many of the Canadian fishermen, about the way in which the other traders conducted fishing operations, and feeling was getting quite hot. But what happened? The United States Government proposed to my Government to make a treaty which should regulate the fisheries of all the great border lakes, including Lake Champlain, and the Canadian Government and His Britannic Majesty's Government at home gladly welcomed that proposition. Mr. Root and I conferred upon the subject and agreed on the terms of a treaty, and under that treaty the two Governments have appointed Commissioners, one for you and one for us, and those Commissioners are now making regulations for the conduct of the fisheries. Those regulations are, I believe, likely to give general satisfaction to those who understand the subject, and in particular to those fishermen living along Lake Champlain. Thus I may say we feel confident that by means of this treaty and under these new regulations all causes of dispute will be avoided, and the supply of fish will be largely increased. This is the last incident in the history of Lake Champlain. It is a very agreeable sequel to the former wars of French and English and Americans. It is an omen for good relations in all other matters when a question relating to so delicate a subject as fish can be amicably settled.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, as I have referred to Canada, I desire to thank the President of the United States on behalf of my countrymen — that is to say, of the United Kingdom and Canada, for we are all one — I want to thank him for the wise and friendly words that he has spoken about Canada. They will find an echo in Canada. I will not attempt to add to his words because no one has so far as I know better described or could more adequately describe, the relations which ought to subsist between those two nations dwelling in neighborly friendship and mutual help on the same continent. (Applause.)

Having made this acknowledgment, let me say also that I have a little personal piece of thanks to give the President. He wished to honor Vermont as she deserves to be honored. He was good enough to select for comparison with Vermont my own mother country of Scotland. I welcome that comparison. We Scots are glad to be compared with a State which in the robust vigor of her sons and in her love of liberty is one of the States of the American Union to which my country might most gladly be compared.

I noticed another similarity (which was not referred to by the President) between Scotland and Vermont. Both the men of Scotland and the men of Vermont have a well-known habit of emigrating to other parts of the world, and wherever they emigrate they are respected and they prosper. (Applause.) I wish to say that I have met very many Vermonters and many Scotchmen in many parts of this continent and indeed in other continents also, and nearly all of them have been respected and successful men, keeping their hearts warm to the country whence they came.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, let me once more convey to your two Governors and to each and all of you the hearty greetings of my country. I was specially commissioned and directed by my Government to come here and represent Great Britain and the British Empire at your celebration (applause), to assure you of the interest which that celebration excites among us and to tell you with what sympathy and with what affection Britain follows your fortunes and rejoices in your greatness. (Applause.)

Governor PROUTY — The pleasure which I should have had in introducing the next speaker has been taken away from me because he has been introduced, at least his subject has been introduced, by one so much better fitted than I that it is entirely unnecessary for me to say more. When the President spoke of our Canadian friends and of that great country to the north of us, he told more than I could possibly tell, and he told you what we ought to do in regard to that country. It gives me, therefore, great pleasure to introduce to you a representative sent here to help out in this celebration, the Honorable Rodolphe Lemieux, Postmaster-General of Canada. (Applause.)

TOAST: "CANADA"— HON. RODOLPHE LEMIEUX

Your Excellencies, Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: Although there is no toast to which I would be more desirous of doing full justice than that of Canada, with which you have been kind enough to couple my name, yet I would remind you that I have already once to-day spoken at some length, and I know that you will not

therefore expect me this evening to attempt to play the orator. Some few obvious remarks are all that I shall offer you on a subject which of all others, would stimulate eloquence and stir the imagination — that of one's native country. For the third time during this brilliant week of pageantry and festival I find myself in the same gathering with your distinguished President and each time I rejoice the more at my good fortune. For we in Canada are almost as proud of Mr. Taft being President as you are in the United States, and I sometimes find it difficult to believe we are not really countrymen of each other. I was referring yesterday, Mr. Chairman, in yet another speech I had been called upon to deliver on this prolific subject of Canada, to the number of American citizens who have lately been coming into Canada to live, but none of these western settlers have, I assure you, settled in Canada half as often as President Taft. Your President, Mr. Chairman, has settled down in Canada promptly at the beginning of summer for several years, but unfortunately with the ending of summer he has " settled up," and left us, just as do those gay feathered visitors whose stay is all too short. But if we have not been able to keep Mr. Taft with us we have returned him to you in good condition year by year, for I am proud to believe that no small share of that splendid health, those buoyant spirits he possesses, are the fruit of those glorious summers on the St. Lawrence, and I promise you that if after a year or two of the cares of office you find your President getting pale and frail, and you send him back to us for a summer, we will do our duty faithfully and return him to you as well as ever.

Nor must I forget to point to a record claim which Canadians may well advance to part ownership in your President, whether as to Mr. Taft or his predecessor or his successor, when in the course of time, some eight, twelve or sixteen years from now he shall have a successor. Let me remind you that you have received into the republic some hundreds of thousands of Canadian citizens, men and women whom I admit we could ill spare, and whom we saw with reluctance cross to your side of the border. But since they did not stay with us we are glad at least that they went to help build up a great nation kindred to our own and bound to us by an infinite number of ties. And we have not only helped thus with our bone and sinew to build up your nation, we have not only sent you what we may without boastfulness claim to be one of the most progressive elements in your population, one that assists rather than retards you in the wonderful process of race assimilation in which the republic is ceaselessly engaged, but we have stood shoulder to shoulder with you to preserve the Union. The little Canada of fifty years ago sent no less than 45,000 men to fight in the ranks of the North, to maintain the ascendancy of the Stars and Stripes. That is one of the great facts of history, a fact which we are proud to remember in Canada, and which constitutes a link of golden sentiment,

a bond that may never be severed, between your country and mine, between Canadians and Americans.

I think, Mr. Chairman, I have justified my statement that Canadians may claim part ownership in your President, but the kinship of the race is a pleasant subject, and it is well to dwell upon it yet for a moment. Our common language alone wipes out a multitude of barriers such as commonly exist between nation and nation, causing prejudices, confusion and misunderstanding, and enables either of us to feel at home in the other's country, even though another flag than our own flies above us. But with a common tongue comes a common literature, and we in Canada and you in the United States have an equal pleasure and an equal ownership in the glories of English literature. Is not the common right to Shakespeare alone a constant source of pride and joy, a binding force which cannot be equalled by laws or legislatures. Well has Carlyle said: "Here is an English King whom no time or chance, parliament or continuation of parliaments can dethrone! This King, Shakespeare, does he not shine, a crowned sovereignty, over us all, the noblest, gentlest, yet strongest of rallying signs, indestructible, really more valuable in that point of view than any other means or appliance whatever." What American or Canadian goes to Shakespeare's shrine at Stratford but feels as strong a sense of ownership in this sovereign of the intellect as do those who still live in the island-cradle of the race; and as with Shakespeare so with the lesser princes of English literature. Milton and Pope and Byron and Burns and Shelley and Keats till we come down almost to our own time with Browning and Tennyson in poetry and Scott and Dickens and Thackeray and George Eliot and countless others in fiction; are not Ruskin and Carlyle names cherished in all the English-speaking world, whether it be in Boston or Montreal, in London or Edinburgh, in Melbourne or in Johannesburg? When you celebrated a few years ago the centenary of your great Emerson, the Aristotle of New England, did not the tributes that came from across the Atlantic equal those which America itself paid the memory of the sage? Is not a memorial of the author of "Hiawatha" and "The Village Blacksmith," songs that breathe the atmosphere of the new world, to be found in Westminster Abbey, the Valhalla of the British race? Do we not in fact find the whole brilliant group of Nineteenth century New England poets and teachers loved and honored through all the English-speaking world — Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, Whittier. Nor must I forget Parkman, the classic historian of the past century, a name peculiarly grateful to Canadian ears since no writer has equalled the fascinating pages in which this gifted American depicts the romance and the tragedy of the pioneer era of our country. Particularly, too, should we to-day remember Parkman, seeing that it is he who has told for us the story of the stirring events we are now celebrating. There is an entire community in all these great

names, a joint ownership giving us in Canada rights with which we do not intend to part, and weaving ever-strengthening ties of love and affection between the kindred people who have partnership therein.

I would remind you, too, of another historic navigator whose tercentenary is celebrated this present year, Henry Hudson, who stands to the English race as Champlain stands to the French, and whose name is perpetuated in yet more famous pieces of water, the beautiful Hudson river, with you of the south and the majestic Hudson bay, with us of the north. Here once more, in the deeds of the Hudson and their fruit to-day, we have the same division of ownership, the same binding influence of history. Our past is inextricably interwoven with yours. Such a partnership gives an added zest to the tribute we yield to these old heroes of Europe whose undaunted hearts and iron resolution won for us by years of suffering and privation the two rich and wonderful lands we control to-day. It is curious to reflect that both Champlain and Hudson were possessed with the same dream that inspired Columbus, that of finding the road to the East by going West. Hudson believed he was on the way to China when he entered the broad river that bears his name, and when he knew he had failed he tried again a year later, and was more convinced than ever when he sailed the waters of the great inland Sea of the North that he had at last found the passage to the Orient. Such achievements under such circumstances must intensify the respect and veneration in which we hold the names and memories of those who thus slowly and painfully traced the secrets of the new world. They found not always what they sought, it is true, but not infrequently won their greatest triumphs in what appeared their direst failures. If they won triumphs at all under such circumstances it is because they were animated by high ideals, by ardent patriotism and by a passionate desire to add to the strength and vigor and glory of the stock from which they sprung.

Reverting for a moment to Champlain, of whom we know much more than history tells us of Hudson, we may say of him that he was far more than navigator. He was statesman and missionary as well as explorer, and it is not too much to say that the leading spirits of those who worked with Champlain were in their way as ardent missionary reformers as any whom we to-day send out to China and India, or to darkest Africa. Champlain aimed to Christianize the new world, and many who followed after him, as Parkman's pages tell us, were martyrs to this lofty and inspiring hope. May we not with advantage to-day pattern ourselves after these fine spirits of our remote past. Is it not your own Emerson who says " Hitch your wagon to a star? " Let us continue the development of the lands we have received in trust, and continue also the high aim and noble ambition of our predecessors, and

W. B. MOOERS

Mayor of Plattsburgh, N. Y.

JAMES E. BURKE

Mayor of Burlington, Vt.

if we do not always accomplish precisely what we set out to do we may at least be sure that efforts and energies so spent will leave humanity the richer.

In the words of the poet:

Nothing worth winning is won with ease,
The goal worth reaching is sacred ground,
And it can't be reached in a gentle walk,
Or a burst of speed and a leap and bound.
The eagle of victory perches high,
And the climbing soul has far to climb,
With death and doubt in the vales below,
And the stars far off on the hills of time.

Before the speaking was ended, President Taft was obliged to leave for his return to Washington. The French and British Ambassadors also returned to the Capital that evening. The Governor and members of the New York Commission returned in the late hours of the night to Hotel Champlain at Bluff Point.

VII. FRIDAY, JULY 9: AT ISLE LA MOTTE

VII. AT ISLE LA MOTTE

THE TERCENTENARY OBSERVANCES closed on Friday, July 9th, at Isle La Motte. Although somewhat remote from the centers of population, and although the programme had not the elaborate features of those at Plattsburgh and Burlington, yet it was generally felt that in many essential aspects the celebration reached its most significant expression and true climax here. The island itself has the unique interest of being in all probability the first land visited by Champlain in what is now the United States. It is a fair reading in his own narrative to construe his first landing in his voyage of discovery as on the shores of Isle La Motte. Here, too, in 1666, was made the first French military and religious establishment in the valley. At old Fort Ste. Anne, the site now known as Sandy Point, was set up in the year named, the first Christian altar in the present State of Vermont. The early associations of Isle La Motte, as have been detailed elsewhere in this report, are with some of the most notable soldiers and pioneers of the church under the French régime in North America. Here came the great military captain whose name the island bears; here, too, were Dolbeau, Dubois, Dollier de Casson, and many another famed in history; especially, of hallowed memory in French-American history, the pioneer bishop of Canada, the revered Laval.

These and other significant facts of the very early history of the island are alluded to in some of the speeches of the day, notably in that of Senator Henry W. Hill, in pages following.

The Island's permanent population scarce exceeds 500, but in proportion to its numbers, no community had outstripped these people in the thoroughness of their preparations. The approach to the island is had under normal conditions by a bridge from the Vermont side and by a ferry from the New York side. Most of the visitors on this day, however, came by steamboat or other water craft. Two troops of the 15th U. S. Cavalry and Co. "M," 1st Vermont Infantry, shared in the exercises, and it is stated that this was the first time on record that

regular United States troops ever set foot on Isle La Motte. The torpedo boats which were on the lake for the celebration week anchored off shore, and the band of 150 Indians, with spectators numbering several thousand, gathered under the great pines at Sandy Point, forming a scene of extraordinary picturesqueness.

Governor Prouty of Vermont, attended by his military staff and accompanied by numerous guests, came to the island on the steamer *Ticonderoga* from Burlington. The 1st Regiment Band from Brattleboro and Co. "M" of the Vermont National Guard, Captain O. H. Parker, Commander, were the Governor's escort. The St. Albans Choral Union of three hundred voices and some thirty members of Belleview Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, were also in attendance. The ladies of this last-named organization shared in one of the most interesting features of the day, which was the dedication of a boulder monument bearing a bronze tablet to the memory of Col. Seth Warner and Captain Remember Baker, heroes of the Revolution.

From the New York side, the steamer brought Governor Hughes and Mrs. Hughes, members of the New York State Champlain Commission, and numerous other officials or specially invited guests, among them Lieutenant de Vaisseau Benoist d'Azy, naval attaché of the French Ambassador, who on this occasion was to represent the Republic of France in the place of his superior who had been obliged to return to Washington.

In the throng that gathered were many French-Americans and French-speaking Canadians from beyond the border. Nowhere else in the valley had the French element been more manifest. This had been especially noticeable at services held here earlier in the week. The exercises of Champlain Sunday at the shrine of Ste. Anne had been of exceptional impressiveness. Here, in the open air, in nature's cathedral, pillared with giant pines, under the blue vault of heaven, was celebrated pontifical mass, attended by probably 1,500 devout worshippers. Before the little chapel erected in honor of Ste. Anne, the Fathers of the Congregation of St. Edmond and the pious congregation remained for four hours. Mgr.

Roy, auxiliary bishop of Quebec, officiated. Mgr. Cloarec, administrator of the Diocese of Burlington, also shared in the service, as did the Most Rev. Abbé Mitré, of Oka, Don Antoine. Mgr. Lindsey, archdeacon of Quebec, and Abbé Laramée of Redford, N. Y., served as deacon and subdeacon. The Abbé Marion, curé of Ste. Anne of Ottawa, was master of ceremonies. The boy choir from the church of St. Peter, at Plattsburgh, under the direction of Wilfrid Tremblay, chanted with superb effect Bartholomew's mass to orchestral accompaniment. It was 11 o'clock when the service began. The address of welcome was spoken by the Rev. Thomas A. Prével, superior-general of the congregation of St. Edmond, who had come from England to share in this celebration. In a magnificent address he paid his respects to Mgr. Roy, as well as to Governor Prouty, and reviewed in glowing terms the epoch and achievements of Champlain. Mgr. Roy replied to the address of welcome, giving a swift but vivid review of events which have made Isle La Motte, and especially this spot where they were gathered, illustrious in military and religious history. Mgr. Roy recognized it as providential that, 241 years after this spot was first visited by Mgr. Laval — then a savage wilderness — he was now presiding there, a successor to Laval, over so imposing a religious ceremony, attended by such a throng of the faithful. "The tree of Christ," he exclaimed, "is never a barren tree; it always yields fruit."

The sermon of the occasion was preached by the Rev. Abbé Lecocq, Superior of the Sulpicians of Montreal. After the apostolic benediction, another sermon was preached in English by the Rev. Dennis O'Sullivan, of St. Albans. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon, before solemn benediction, the Rev. Father L'Oiseau, S. J., of Montreal, pronounced a final allocution.

At the termination of the religious ceremonies, Senator Henry W. Hill was presented to the congregation and spoke briefly in eulogy of Champlain, with expressions of warm sympathy for his French-American countrymen.

As the beautiful Sabbath afternoon waned, the pilgrims and visitors departed by boat.

At Ste. Anne's on the morning of Friday, July 9th, religious services were again held. Among the participants was the Rt. Rev. Thomas A. Prével, who delivered the following devout and beautifully poetic address:

Monseigneur, Messieurs les Gouverneurs: La présence simultanée des autorités religieuses et civiles dans toutes ces fêtes; les actions de grâces rendues en commun à la bonté de Dieu; le frémissement d'enthousiasme qui fait vibrer les coeurs comme la brise fait frissonner les drapeaux; les hommages adressés à l'illustre explorateur au nom de la Patrie, au nom de l'Eglise, au nom des peuples disséminés sur tous les points de ce territoire, au nom même de ces tribus sauvages dont les représentants, dans leurs costumes pittoresques, font revivre dans notre imagination les émouvantes réalités de Juillet 1609, tous les éléments de ces grandioses manifestations parlent haut de l'importance attachée à la découverte de ce lac et surtout de la transcendance du génie du grand Français et du grand chrétien que fut Samuel Champlain. Ce serait l'avilir que d'en faire un vulgaire trafiquant de fourrures; ne bornez même pas son rôle à l'ardeur, noble pourtant, des conquêtes géographiques, ce serait l'amoindrir. La science qu'il y déploie, les intuitions de son génie, la sureté de son coup d'oeil, son énergie, son endurance dans les fatigues, contre les difficultés qui surgissent sous ses pas, l'égalent à Colomb, à Cortes, à Cartier, â Stanley, à Shackleton. Il leur est supérieur à tous en ce qu'il a été un pasteur de peuple, un semeur d'humanisation.

Planter un drapeau sur un rivage nouveau, c'est affirmer la conquête du sol, l'assujettissement des habitants, la mainmise sur ses richesses, c'est faire acte d'autorité, ce n'est pas faire acte d'humanité. Suivez Champlain dans sa carrière si mouvementée et si féconde. D'étape vous le verrez s'élever vers l'idéal sublime sur lequel est fixé son regard; édifier une nouvelle France; plus que cela, faire du Canada une France catholique des ses rêves. Et avec quels hommes? Sont ce des hommes? Lorsqu'au lendemain de la fameuse journée du 29 Juillet où les 4 balles de l'arquebuse de Champlain avaient décidé de la victoire, les sauvages descendaient ce lac dans l'ivresse de leur triomphe, ils morcelaient, membre par membre, à chaque halte, un malheureux prisonnier, à ce point que le rude marin ému mais impuissant à attendrir leur barbarie n'obtint qu'une grâce, celle d'achever d'un coup la pitoyable victime. C'est donc bien d'humanité qu'il fallait tout d'abord infuser dans l'âme de ces êtres qui n'avient d'humain que les traits du visage.

Senator Henry W. Hill delivering address of welcome at Isle La Motte, Vt.

Witnessing Indian pageants at Isle La Motte

By courtesy of the Vermont Commission

Boulder unveiled at Isle La Motte, Vt. (See page 333)

Voilà le point de départ. Quel sera le point d'arrivée? Samedi dernier à Swanton, autour d'un mouvement religieux, une vingtaine de sauvages, de tribus jadis irréconciliables, sauvages aux traits durs, à la peau rougéâtre, à l'oeil d'épervier, aux vêtements bizarres, s'étaient rangés. Au moment où le prêtre eléve la main pour bénir la pierre commémorative, ils échangent un regard et ce fut un curieux spectacle: toutes ces faces s'adoucirent, les traits se détendent, et les mains, d'un geste spontané, enlèvent cette auréole de plumage qui reste sur leur front comme un dernier vestige de l'antique férocité? L'âme est chrétienne, il ne reste de barbare que l'apparition. Quel chemin à parcourir pour atteindre ces sommets!

A la violence substituer la justice, à la rapine le droit; au caprice substituer la loi, à l'instinct brutal de sauvage la pensée morale; de la main crispée qui déchire faire la main délicate qui pense les blessures; des dents qui grincent et des lèvres qui maudissent faire les lèvres qui consolent et qui prient. La tâche est surhumaine, la foi de Champlain ne craint pas de l'aborder. Ne demandez pas à la force qui s'impose la création du bien. Les mousquets furent réservés pour la défense. Une étoile toute nouvelle va entrer en campagne. Voici l'avant garde, les francs-tireurs du bon Dieu, les missionaires. Pas plus que leur mère la Saint Eglise, ils n'ont à changer le genre de vie de leurs sauvages. Mais ils se font nomades avec eux; ils s'attachent à leur pas; ils vivent de leur vie; ils les aiment et les civiliseront par l'amour. Puis vient l'Etat-Major de l'armée; c'est la sainte hiérarchie, prêtres et évêques, la paroisse et la diocèse. Et alors, semblable aux grandes étoiles au milieu de leurs nebuleuses surgisses çà et là des églises! Sur quatre murailles de bois une toîture de branchages, une forme de clocher, et dans les airs brille au loin le signe du ralliement, la croix. Pauvres sauvages saluez, c'est la miséricorde, c'est l'amour, c'est la maison de Dieu.

On parle quelquefois de l'âme des choses. Ne croirait-on pas aussi que certains lieux ont une âme qui s'impressionne des événements dont ils furent témoins?

Hier soir, à l'heure où la nature s'enveloppe d'ombre et de silence, j'étais venu m'asseoir solitarie et rêveur au pied de la croix blanche qui étend ses grands bras comme un appel ininterrompu à la confiance et à l'amour. Et il me sembla que des ombres glissaient à la surface tranquille des eaux; le passée se levait du repos où dorment les générations et remontait la voie douloureuse ou triomphale que fut tour à tour ce large sillon destiné par Dieu aux grandes choses.

La gloire militaire passa, et sous les plis flottants de leurs pavillons nationaux marchaient fièrement en ordre de battaille les Américains avec Macdonough, Arnold, Warner, St. Clair, Schuyler, Allen; les anglais à la suite de Amherst, Burgoyne; les Français sur les pas de Lévis, Bourlamaque, de Vaudreuil, Montcalm, et le vieux fort tressaillit, et au passage du couleurs, le canon tonnait; à tous ces braves le fort Sainte Anne rendait les honneurs.

La civilisation passa. C'etait 300 ans de progrès sortis de cet acte fécond que fut la découverte de ce lac. Et, des fermes, des usines, des villages, des villes, de tous les foyers de vie disséminés dans le New York et le Vermont, s'élevait le joyeux murmure de la richesse terrienne, agricole, industrielle, commerciale; parole de la justice, de la vie civile; ordres de la magistrature, du gouvernment, émanations de tout ce grand organisme qu' assure l'ordre et la paix dans la nation.

La Religion passa, et avec elle un défilé incomparable de prêtres, de missionaires, de Religieux, et la petite chapelle Ste Anne, premier abri du divin Sauveur en ce pays chantant des noms chers au coeur chrétien: Dubois, Dolbeau, Dollier de Casson, Marquette, Jogues, Frémin. Voici le noble cohorte des évêques, depuis nos seigneurs Michaud et de Goesbriand au Vénérable de Laval comptait dans ses rangs des prélats commes les Plessis, Cheverus, Carroll, Rappe, McCloskey, Fitzpatrick.

Un dernier cortège se dessina, le premier en date, le plus étrange, le plus touchant. Un frémissement courut dans les arbres de nos bois. Ils avaient reconnu leurs antiques sauvages, Iroquois, Hurons, Abenakis, Algonquins dont leurs fourrés profonds avaient abrité les sanglants conciliabules. Mais voici qu'au milieu d'eux Champlain s'apparut et il me semblait que la gloire militaire, la Prospérité civile, la Religion lui adressaient leurs félicitations sur son oeuvre sublime. Et Champlain, d'une main indiqua la croix du lac, de l'autre montra ses sauvages convertis; et ses lèvres prononcêrent lentement ces simples paroles: " La salut d'une âme vaut mieux que la conquête d'un monde."

(*Translation*)

The simultaneous presence of the religious and civic authorities in all these fêtes; the thanksgivings offered in common for the goodness of God; the thrill of enthusiasm which makes our hearts beat as the breeze makes the flags flutter; the tribute offered to the illustrious explorer in the name of Country, in the name of the Church, in the name of the People spread over every part of this region, in the name even of those aborigines whose representatives, in picturesque costume, revive in our imagination the stirring realities of July, 1609 — all the elements of these grand manifestations speak emphatically of the importance attached to the discovery of this lake, and especially of the transcendent genius of that great Frenchman and great Christian, Samuel Champlain.

To regard him as a common fur trader is to degrade him; even to restrict his character to the ardor, however noble, of geographical conquest, would be to belittle him. In the science which he showed; in all the intuitions of his genius; in his clear vision, his energy, his endurance of fatigue, notwithstanding the difficulties which beset his steps, he was the equal of Columbus, of Cortez, of Cartier, of Stanley, of Shackleton. He is superior to all of them, in that he was a pastor to his people, a sower of the humanities.

To plant a flag upon a new coast, is to assert the conquest of the soil, the subjugation of the inhabitants, the seizure of its wealth — that is an act of authority, but not of humanity. Follow Champlain in his active and fruitful career. Step by step he raises himself towards the sublime ideal upon which his gaze is fixed; to found a new France; more than that, to make of Canada the Catholic France of his dreams. And with what men? Are these indeed men? When on the day after the famous 29th of July — when the four balls of Champlain's arquebuse had decided the victory — the savages came down the lake intoxicated with triumph, they parceled out at each halt, member by member, a wretched prisoner, so that it came to pass that the rude sailor, touched but powerless to soften their barbarism, obtained as the special favor that the pitiable victim should be ended with a single stroke. It was then the kindness of humanity that he had first to infuse into the soul of these beings, human only in form.

This is the beginning. What shall the end be? Last Saturday at Swanton, round about a religious gathering, were ranged a score of Indians from tribes formerly hostile, men with stern features, red skins, eagle-eyed, in strange garments. At the moment when the priest raised his hand to bless a commemorative tablet, they exchanged glances. It was a curious spectacle. Their faces softened, their features relaxed, and their hands with one spontaneous gesture raised the ornament of feathers which rested on their brows as the last vestige of their old ferocity. The soul is Christian. There remains only the semblance of barbarism. What a road to travel to reach these heights!

For violence, to substitute justice; for rapine, uprightness; for caprice, to substitute law; for the brutal instinct of the savage, moral thinking; from the shriveled hand which tears, to make the delicate hand which soothes wounds; from the teeth which grind and the lips which curse to make the lips which console and pray! The task is superhuman. The faith of Champlain did not fear to undertake it.

Do not ask by what power good is accomplished. The muskets were reserved for defense. A new star takes the field. Behold the advance guard, the sharpshooters of the good God — the missionaries. No less than their mother, the Holy Church, have they changed the savage life. But they made themselves nomads with the savages; they followed their footsteps, they lived their life. They loved them, and they civilized them by love. Then came the staff of the army — the holy heirarchy, priests and bishops, the parish and the diocese. And then, comparable to great stars in the midst of nebulae, here and there, churches! On four wooden walls a roof of branches, the semblance of a tower, and raised in the air, shines from afar the rallying-sign, the cross. Poor savages, salute! It is mercy, it is love, it is the house of God.

We sometimes speak of the soul of things. Do you not believe that certain places have a soul which is impressed by the events of which they are witness?

Last evening, at the hour when nature wraps herself in shade and silence, I was seated alone and reflecting at the foot of the white cross which extends its great arms like a constant call for confidence and love. And it seemed to me that from the shadows lightly resting on the tranquil surface of the lake, the Past awakened from the repose in which the generations sleep, and showed the way, mournful or triumphant, which was the great trail destined by God for mighty things.

Military glory passes. Under the floating folds of their national banners march proudly in order of battle the Americans with Macdonough, Arnold, Warner, St. Clair, Schuyler, Allen; the English follow with Amherst, Burgoyne; the French, in the steps of Lévis, Bourlamaque, de Vaudreuil, Montcalm; and the old fort thrills. At the passing of the colors, the cannon sounds; to all these heroes Fort Sainte Anne gives honor.

Civilization passes. From this fruitful act, the discovery of this lake, spring 300 years of progress. And from the farms, the factories, the villages, the cities, from all the firesides scattered in New York and Vermont, is raised the joyous murmur of wealth, agricultural, industrial, commercial; the word of justice, the order of civil life; decrees of law, of government; outcome of all this great organization which assures order and peace in the nation.

Religion passes, and with it an incomparable defile of priests, missionaries, religious orders; and the little chapel of Ste. Anne, first shelter of the divine Saviour in this land, singing the names dear to the heart of the Christian: Dubois, Dolbeau, Dollier de Casson, Marquette, Jogues, Frémin. Behold the noble cohort of bishops, from our seigneurs Michaud and de Goesbriand, to the venerable Laval, with prelates like the Plessis, Cheverus, Carroll, Rappe, McCloskey, Fitzpatrick.

The last cortege outlines itself, the first in date, the strangest, the most touching. A thrill runs through the trees of our woods. They have recognized their ancient savages — Iroquois, Hurons, Abenakis, Algonquins, whose bloody councils their profound depths have sheltered. But behold, in the midst of them Champlain appears! And it seemed to me that military glory, civil prosperity, religion, offered to him their felicitations on his sublime work. And Champlain points with one hand to the cross by the lake, with the other to his converted savages, and his lips slowly pronounce these simple words: "The salvation of a soul is worth more than the conquest of a world."

The principal sermon on this occasion was preached by the Rev. P. J. Barrett, of St. Mary's Cathedral, Burlington, as follows:

AT ISLE LA MOTTE: SERMON OF REV. P. J. BARRETT

"Joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving, and the voice of praise." — Isaiah, chap. 51, v. 3.

As God's chosen seer beheld in prophetic vision Christ's glorious kingdom on earth rising majestically and triumphantly above the ruins of the synagogue, witnessing its peaceful extension from sea to sea, gazing on its brilliant conquests under the law of love, and as he saw in it nations and peoples laden with heaven's choicest favors, he foretells that Christian joy and gladness shall inundate the souls of the faithful and that praise and thanksgiving shall be their grateful offering to God.

Assembled this morning on a spot hallowed by saintly memories, made sacred by altar and shrine, purified by the breath of prayer and sanctified by the mystical outpouring of the Saviour's blood, we cheerfully give vent to the feelings of joy and gladness that fill our Christian hearts; while we commemorate the noble and self-sacrificing life of that great Christian hero who left his name to be mirrored forever in the crystal bosom of our lovely lake, and whose deeds of distinction and valor contributed, not a little, to emblazon the first pages of the history of this picturesque lake and valley. Our paeans of joy and gladness would be of small worth were they not welded in union sublime with our heartfelt thanksgiving and praise to the giver of every best and perfect gift. So we gather at the altar of the Spotless Lamb and unite with the Pontiff while he offers the infinite and divine thank-offering, the purest possible act of thanksgiving, the sweetest note of praise.

This great tercentenary celebration was ushered in, not with the booming of cannon, nor with the mighty roar of artillery, but with the calm, peaceful, heaven-like, prayerful, Christian worship of the Sabbath morn. Our first tribute of adoration and praise we offered to the King of Kings and Lord of Lords, who shapes the destinies of nations and men, who poises the world on His mighty finger, and in whom we live, move, and have our being.

At this memorable shrine, in beautiful Burlington, in Plattsburgh, yea, all along the shores of historic Champlain, the firstlings of our hearts we sacrificed to our God. The tremendous mysteries of Calvary pierced the clouds and rose to the Throne of the Most High, and the Word of God was preached by learned divines to vast congregations of the faithful. Eminently fitting and appropriate it is that the closing functions of this festal week should be accentuated and crowned by the highest supreme act of homage to God, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. And so the words of my text will be fulfilled to-day and "joy and gladness shall be found herein, thanksgiving, and the voice of praise."

It is the special joy of man's heart to admire where he can. We are readily and easily impressed by the great, good, and virtuous. Yes, even weak and timid souls, though spiritless, are lead to do honor to the virtue, courage and self-sacrifice they witness in their fellow men. A great soul, a noble character, will command respect and attention the world over, even after he has shuffled off the mortal coil. "The memory of him," says the Scripture, "shall not pass away. His name shall be in request from generation to generation. Nations shall declare his wisdom and the church shall show forth his praise." Just here then does the illustrious memory of Samuel Champlain loom up before our mind's view; it seems to steal in upon us like a vision bright from a better world. Let the mists of three hundred years be cleared away. How nobly and gracefully our hero stands, a paragon of virtue, the fearless explorer, the daring discoverer, the intrepid soldier, the untiring pioneer, the successful founder, a man among men, a born leader, a chivalrous crusader. We would not, for all the world, detract one minim from the well-earned fame he has won, nor take one jewel from the precious niche in which history has placed him. Yet, let us remember that there is a glory which never fades; it is a shadow however dim, a foretaste however small, of the eternal glory of paradise. It is the glory that shines out in the life of the man who is a hero, not only because he has conquered kingdoms and subdued nations and peoples, discovered new worlds and founded new empires, but because he has learned and has the courage to subdue his own rebellious appetites, unruly passions and wayward propensities. It is the man who has fought the good fight under the saving banner of the cross, who has bent his will and toned his intellect to the sweet yoke of the Saviour; a man of sound, unswerving, practical faith. The stars of heaven shine not with so great a lustre in the vast field of the firmament as does God's imaged beauty radiate in the soul of the true Christian hero. A man may scale the heights of worldly fame and deserve well of his country and fellow men for deeds of valor and renown, but let the foul breath of habitual vice or sin taint his life and the blot is there, the stain is there, that awful cancer that poisons and devours his Christian manhood, and saps and corrodes his moral vitality, leaving him the crouching slave of a base hypocrisy, a king without a kingdom, a monarch without a throne. Extol, if you will, the arm which he raised in defense of his country or to strike the blow for freedom's cause, but conceal his own life from the eyes of your children, shroud it in the mantle of charity, let it be hushed into deathlike silence. The mighty hath fallen. He lies prostrate. He had a name as if living, but, alas, he is dead.

The battle of Christian manhood is fought and won by a virtuous life. Love of God and fellow men, unswerving obedience to the voice of conscience, undying allegiance to holy faith, a living exponent of the highest principles of virtue and morality — behold the life of the man, of our hero, Samuel Champlain. May

his illustrious memory live long in the hearts of our people, and spur them on to purity of life and works of Christian valor for God and country. Under the heavenly hues of our glorious flag, the religion of Champlain blooms and flourishes like the fairest flower of Eden. Not only is it tolerated here, but protected and honored. Here are recognized its inalienable rights that are born of the justice of heaven which nestles so fondly and securely in the magnanimous heart of our mighty nation. The priceless value of Christian religion is appreciated here, for we citizens of this matchless republic have long since learned that there can be no civil society without government, no government without authority, no authority without law and no law truly efficacious without religion. We are proud of our peerless republic, we glory in the great mainsprings or elements of our national greatness, in union, liberty, and prosperity. A union strong and lasting not only binding us together by political ties, but especially uniting us in one by the heaven-born, mystic tie of true brotherly love. A liberty pure and wholesome like the breath of heaven, unsurpassed in the annals of nations. A prosperity whose bright star rose gracefully o'er our nation's cradle, and to-day it shines the brightest in the firmament of nations, bidding fair to hold its place of honor to the end. This unity is made more solid, this liberty more secure, this prosperity more blessed by the divinely appointed ministrations of the Christian religion. Virtue and morality must ever abound, that peace and order, union, liberty, and prosperity may reign forever. For all this let joy and gladness be found herein, thanksgiving, and the voice of praise.

May the fundamental principles of virtue and morality, taught us by our holy religion and practiced by Samuel de Champlain, permeate the veins and hearts of our God-fearing, God-loving people, that they may cling more firmly than ever to the " Rock of Ages " and spurn the arrogant, self-sufficient dastard who would turn them from that impregnable rock which in the beginning was cleft from the very battlements of heaven by the hand of God for the salvation of the world.

May this beautiful isle which first welcomed to its embrace the great Champlain, and which is blessed forever by the shrine of the good Ste. Anne and the host of pilgrims who journey here to pray at this memorable sanctuary, be nature's sweet inspiration to the people of Vermont and may our historic Champlain, cradled in the lap of our peerless republic, and faithfully guarded by Marcy's and Mansfield's towering peaks, teach us more and more of the beauty, power, and love of our Father in heaven who has given such precious gifts to men. When the generations of another century will have come and gone and the beacons of freedom will still be lighting every wave and ripple of this beautiful inland sea, and a grateful people will gather on this historic spot to honor the far-famed discoverer of our lake, may that far-off day be replete with heaven's fairest blessings, and may the children of

fair Columbia be congregated under the Aegis of true faith, to worship together in spirit and in truth. Surely then " will joy and gladness reign therein, thanksgiving, and the voice of praise."

Preceding the sermon and after the arrival of the steamer *Ticonderoga* with the official guests, high mass was celebrated at the shrine, the Rt. Rev. Thomas M. A. Burke, bishop of the Roman Catholic diocese of Albany, officiating. Over sixty members of the clergy were present. Among the Catholic societies represented were the Knights of Columbus, the Catholic Order of Foresters, the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and, among others, several local societies of Burlington, Winooski, St. Albans and Swanton. Mass was sung by the priests of the diocese, after which the sermon was delivered.

For the literary programme, the throng assembled on the shaded level space near the old fort and convenient to the wharf. Governor Prouty of Vermont presided and, asking silence, introduced the Rev. John M. Thomas, president of Middlebury College, Vermont, who offered the following invocation:

PRAYER AT THE EXERCISES AT ISLE LA MOTTE, JULY 9 ,1909, BY PRESIDENT JOHN M. THOMAS OF MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE, MIDDLEBURY, VT.

Almighty and eternal God, who in the fullness of time didst grant unto our fathers mastery of the western seas and dominion over this new continent, we humbly thank Thee for the providential care and gracious leading that has blessed our fathers, that has guided our own generation, that has ever kept watch over us in love and in kindness. We thank Thee for this good land and large, which Thou hast granted to us for our home, the land wherein we have eaten bread without scarceness, whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills we have dug wealth.

We pray for Thy blessing upon our country, upon the President of these United States, and all who have authority with him. We pray Thee that thou will grant unto our country the old time love of liberty, the old time honor of the right, the old time devotion to that which is noble and worthy and pure. Grant unto us tasks that try our mettle, work that requires all our courage, and help us to serve the ideals of our fathers, and the better ideals of the present, with all fidelity and devotion.

Bless, we beseech Thee, the nations that have participated in the exercises of this commemoration. Grant unto each of them fidelity to the ideals of their own past and devotion to the religious faith in which their fathers established them.

We ask Thy blessing to rest upon the Church of God, which is the pillar and ground of the truth. We pray Thee, to bless the church of the martyrs of Nero, the church of St. Francis of Assisi, the friend of the poor, the church of St. Anthony of Padua, the lover of little children, the church of unnumbered heroes and devoted sons. Make her ministers in this day aflame with zeal and pious devotion, and may she minister as of old to countless thousands the benediction of Galilee and the peace that passeth understanding.

We pray for Thy blessing upon those who minister in plainer forms, after the custom of their fathers, the truths of the same God and the gospel of the same master. Grant unto them the daring of the Puritan in the truths of freedom and the strength and vigor of their own martyrs. May they be faithful to the truth committed to them and ever devout and reverent before the new light that in each generation breaks fresh and clear from the word of God. Grant unto us all reverence for truth by whomever spoken and for noble work by whomever done, and with increasing veneration for the right may we seek to know the will of God and with all our strength perform it so long as Thou shalt give us light. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord, who taught us when we pray to say:

Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the Kingdom, and the Power, and the Glory, forever. Amen.

Governor PROUTY — My friends, after the strenuous week which we have just passed through, or at least, this being simply the close of the week, it is to me at least with a great sense of relief that I come here, because the atmosphere is so quiet and restful, and it seems to me that that is the attitude which we should have here to-day, because this is the close of this celebration of the event which we have been celebrating during the week. To my mind there can be no question but that the spot where we are now is the spot that Samuel Champlain first landed in the State of Vermont (applause), and I gather that, and my judgment determines that, because I believe that it must have been so from force of circumstances. But I do not intend to say a word in regard to that. I do

simply say that this is a fitting time and a fitting place for us to close this celebration. This is the first spot where he saw the lake. This shall be the spot where we shall close the celebration in memory of that event. There could be nothing more fitting than that the welcome to this spot should be given to you not by myself, but by a son of this island, one whose heart comes back to it, although he has been away from it for many years, and has become the son of another State. While I know his loyalty to that State is unquestioned, while I know that his interests are there, and that his efforts in the future will be for her interest, yet I also know that his heart comes back to his old home and that he holds it very dear, and therefore, I am going to present to you at this time, to welcome you to this place, the Hon. Henry W. Hill, Senator from New York.

ISLE LA MOTTE: ADDRESS OF WELCOME BY SENATOR HENRY W. HILL

Senator HENRY W. HILL — *Your Excellencies, Representative of the Republic of France, Ladies and Gentlemen:* I have been requested by the officials of this township to welcome you, on behalf of its people to this historic point.

In their name, therefore, I bid you welcome to Isle La Motte, one of the beautiful islands of this charming lake, first described by Samuel Champlain and then famous in Indian legends as the common meeting place of the warring aborigines, whereof authentic historic record runneth not to the contrary.

Its citizens are here to extend their greetings and to join with you in the closing exercises of the Tercentenary Celebration.

This assemblage is an impressive one, comprising as it does, distinguished citizens of three great nations, including the Governors of two American States, the Naval Attaché of the French Embassy, eminent clergy of the United States and Canada, and prominent citizens of this and all the towns surrounding the north end of Lake Champlain, as well as a large delegation of representatives of the original tribes occupying this valley. The physical and atmospheric conditions are all that can be desired and everything has been done by the people of this town to make this one of the most enjoyable days of the celebration week. Nature has bountifully bestowed its charms upon this scene, which is one of the most picturesque ever witnessed on this island, noted for its fine apple orchards, large marble quarries and at one time for its flourishing high schools.

When it was proposed to include Isle La Motte as one of the five places where formal exercises were to be held, some question was raised as to the propriety of so doing, but in view of its historic significance, it was not to be left out, and people

are assembled here from the towns of northeastern New York and from those of northwestern Vermont and from the Province of Quebec, all deeply interested in this celebration, to participate in the concluding exercises thereof. I cannot well refrain from calling your attention to some of the events that have transpired in this part of Champlain valley.

Three hundred years ago, undoubtedly on this very Sandy Point, in an atmosphere as brilliant as this of to-day and under the stately trees, which we see still standing around us, Christianity and Civilization were first introduced into this territory in the person of the discoverer of this lake, Samuel Champlain.

This was but two years after the settlement of Jamestown and eleven years before the Pilgrims sailed into Plymouth Bay. Isle La Motte therefore must rank, after St. Augustine and Jamestown, as the next place in this country where the white man blazed the way for the establishment of civil and religious liberty. (Applause.) The story is so thrilling from that time to the present that one need only read it to be enthused with its charm. Long before the advent of Champlain, however, this valley was the arena of cruel and deadly combats between the savage Iroquois, Algonquins and Hurons in their desperate struggle for supremacy and its control, and this Point is described in the Jesuit Relations as the common meeting-place of the Iroquois and Algonquins as late as 1646. From the same authority we learn that Father Jogues and other missionaries were here as early as 1642, that mass was celebrated here in 1666 and that during the same year Fort Ste. Anne was built under the direction of Sieur de La Motte with the aid of his six hundred veterans of the Carignan-Salières regiment stationed on this Point, whose position is strategic, projecting as it does into waters forming the boundary between two States and also intercepting the highway of trade and travel between the north and the south through the lake.

It was the convenient stopping place for military and naval expeditions as well as a port for passenger steamers for many years running through the lake and has been visited by civil, military and naval officers of three nations and such distinguished personages as Peter Kalm in 1749 and quite likely by Charles Dickens in 1842 and later by President William McKinley and Col. Theodore Roosevelt while Vice-President, and many others. Viceroy de Tracy, M. de Chazy, Bishop de Laval and others were here at various times in the 17th century. Captain John Schuyler, on his return from his military expedition to Canada, spent here the night of August 24th, 1690. Major Peter Schuyler in his journal describes his trip through the lake with his flotilla of canoes manned by 266 whites and Indians in the year 1691 and his advance to " Fort La Motte several years deserted " on the 26th of August, where he remained over night. Captain John Schuyler stopped near this fort on his mission to Canada in September, 1698. This island was included

in the grant by the Governor of Canada, M. de Beauharnois to Sieur Péan, major of the town and castle of Quebec, on April 10, 1733. It was also included in the French seignory granted to Sieur Bedou, Counsellor in the Superior Council of Quebec in 1752. Canadians were attacked on this Point by the savages in 1694 or 1695, and French settlers were put to death here in 1746 and others were taken prisoners by the Indians. We know not the extent of the martyrdom nor of the savage persecution that has been suffered on this soil which has been made sacred by the shedding of human blood.

In 1775 General Philip Schuyler and Brigadier-General Richard Montgomery met here on their way to Quebec, where the brave Montgomery afterward lost his life. In 1776 Arnold's fleet lay at anchor off this island, from August 8th to August 19th, from which he made an official report.

Over at yonder Point au Fer, within view of this Point, was stationed in 1775, a large body of Americans, and that point was fortified by General Sullivan in 1776. It fell into the possession of General Burgoyne in 1777 and was occupied by the British until 1788, five years after the Treaty of Peace. Farther to the north may be seen Windmill Point, where was held an International Council in 1766, to consider the location of the boundary line between New York and Quebec and to hear the arguments of the French claimants to seignories on Lake Champlain. The boundary was fixed in 1768. There it was that Arnold on August 6, 1776, encountered Indians in the British service.

Isle La Motte was settled in 1785 by Ebenezer Hyde, Enoch Hall and William Blanchard, and organized into a township in 1790, a year before Vermont was admitted into the Union and while it was an independent republic. This island was occupied by the British in the War of 1812; and Captain Pring erected a battery of three long eighteen-pounders on the west shore on September 4, 1814, "to cover the landing of the supplies for the troops."

On September 8th, Captain Downie arrived with the rest of his fleet and on September 11th proceeded to Cumberland Bay, where he met defeat. Commodore Macdonough's fleet lay off the north end of this island for several weeks prior to his victory in Cumberland Bay, during which time my great-grandfather, Caleb Hill, who had been commissioned by the Governor and had raised a company of local militia for the defense of the town, was surprised at night in his own house and was shot, it is believed, by one of the marines from the fleet.

Amid such historic associations as these and with the evidences of its early fortifications still visible, the successive generations of its inhabitants have learned something of the sacrifices that have been made in the building up of our civil and religious institutions, and when the call to duty came, they failed not to respond and

many of them shed their blood on the fields of battle to preserve this republic from dismemberment.

This town sent to the Civil War more soldiers than it had voters. Hardly a family was there that did not have one or more of its members in the Northern armies. Among them were some of the "noblest and bravest warriors that ever buckled sword." (Applause.)

When an appeal was made to the voters of this town to make suitable appropriation for this celebration, they responded by voting a dollar for every inhabitant of the town to insure the success of this Tercentenary Celebration. It is well, therefore, that we assemble on these historic shores to continue the exercises in commemoration of the discovery made by Samuel Champlain, the intrepid navigator, the colonizer, the humanitarian, who was the first white man to set foot on this soil and to bring into this valley the light of civilization. It is fitting that we call attention to his many virtues as has been done by the prelates and others who have spoken to-day and on the other days of this celebration, because his was a mission of peace and of good will even to the aborigines of this new country. His was a pure and noble life and his virtues worthy of emulation.

As we near the close of this celebration, I think it proper that I should express to those who have given it their intelligent and cordial support the sentiments of the members of the two Commissions. The idea of the Tercentenary Celebration was first suggested to me in the fall of 1906 by Governor Fletcher D. Proctor of Vermont, who requested that I present the matter to the Governor and Legislature of New York with a view of securing their endorsement of the project and co-operation in its execution. This was done and in due course of time the Vermont and the New York Commissions were co-operating in friendly accord in formulating plans for this Tercentenary Celebration. Too much praise cannot be bestowed on your esteemed Governor, George H. Prouty, who has been resourceful in suggestion and intelligent in directing such plans and enthusiastic in their execution. No less praise should be bestowed upon our esteemed Governor, Charles Evans Hughes, for his cordial and intelligent support of the project from its inception. He wields the strong arm of the Empire State not only for good government but for a proper recognition of the forces and factors in the evolution of our progressive and complex civilization. His support has made the celebration a success.

When Vermont and New York made their appeal to Congress it responded as liberally as could be expected in view of the extraordinary demands then being made for governmental purposes upon the treasury and we are grateful to the President and Congress of the United States for their support and co-operation.

The pageants presented here and elsewhere by L. O. Armstrong and his company of one hundred and fifty descendants of the original tribes, occupying this valley, the

naval exhibition and military parades, the high order of historical addresses and poems delivered during these Tercentenary exercises and the distinguished representatives of the three great nations participating in the celebration, have all contributed to make it a success and worthy the dignity of the national and international characters and events it was designed to commemorate.

The United States has been represented by the President, the Republic of France by its brilliant Ambassador, M. Jusserand, the Kingdom of Great Britain by its distinguished Ambassador, Mr. Bryce, the Dominion of Canada by its gifted Postmaster-General, M. Lemieux, and the Province of Quebec by its talented Premier, Sir Lomer Gouin. All these official representatives and many others have contributed to the success of this celebration and to all of them the people of this valley are under lasting obligation. Its benefits, however, are not confined to the people of this valley, nor to the present generation. They will extend to other peoples and other generations. Its contribution to international amity between the United States, France and Great Britain, including the Dominion of Canada, is worth all the efforts put forth to make it a success. It will also awaken a deeper interest in the history of our country and in some measure stimulate the youth of our land to emulate the patriotic deeds of the men who heroically represented their respective governments in the fierce conflicts that have been waged in this valley for its permanent possession and sovereign control.

On this beautiful island, set in the blue expanse of softly moving waters, beneath an overarching vault of blue sky, dappled here and there by the play of light and shade and fleecy drifting clouds, and in the presence of representatives of the aboriginal tribes and of the three great powers, that have successively occupied it, now happily in friendly accord, altogether forming one of the impressive scenes of the celebration, the formal Tercentenary exercises are to conclude to-day.

To the citizens of this, my native town, to the people of Vermont and New York and to all others, who have given the Tercentenary celebration their support, we are grateful. We are also grateful to the all-wise Creator, that on this and the other days of this week, we have been favored with good weather and that the exercises from Ticonderoga on the south to Isle La Motte on the north have been fully carried out without mishap or accident. (Applause.)

Governor PROUTY — When this celebration was begun, when invitations were issued to the nations of France and Great Britain, I am glad to say that they were responded to most heartily, and the ambassadors of those two great nations were delegated to represent their respective governments during this time. But I think I may say that the ambassadors

themselves possibly may not have felt that the celebration which we were to have was of such great national importance, and I am frank to say to you now that the ambassador of France sent word to me that it would be impossible for him to come to Vermont. That was in the first place. Afterwards, he decided that he would put off his trip home and come here as a matter of courtesy. From the time those two gentlemen started from their homes, we have been trying to convince them, and we did convince them, that this was the greatest celebration which has ever taken place in this country. (Applause.) Now, you may think that that is a little of the New York air, which has been coming over here lately. (Laughter.) But I assure you that it is a fact that those two gentlemen came to believe that this was the greatest celebration which we have ever had. Not the greatest in spectacles, not the greatest in numbers, but in the influence which it will exert on this continent. There has never been a celebration which was of any greater importance than this, because when expressions of friendship are made in a great meeting such as we had last night in Burlington, and the President of the United States makes such statements as he did in regard to Canada, there can be no question about its influence upon the future policies of this country, and therefore I say that this celebration is one of the greatest, and I say the greatest celebration that has ever taken place. I believe it is a fact that never before have the Canadian troops been reviewed by the President of the United States. (Applause.) Now, to show you that what I say is true, I want to say to you that Ambassador Jusserand was obliged to leave for Washington last evening. He went because of his obligation, and not because he wanted to, and he said to me before he left, "Mr. Governor, I am unwilling that you should hold your celebration on Isle La Motte without the uniform of France being represented." (Applause.) "I shall delegate my representative to be there and act for me," and it gives me the greatest pleasure at this time to introduce to you that representative, Commander d'Azy.

ISLE LA MOTTE: REMARKS OF LIEUT. D'AZY

Lieutenant DE VAISSEAU BENOIST D'AZY — *Mr. Governor of Vermont, Mr. Governor of New York, Ladies and Gentlemen:* I appreciate very highly the honor of representing on this marvellous island the Ambassador of the French Republic. As a sailor and as a friend of your glorious country I rejoice that I have been chosen to bring to your sympathetic company the expression of our friendly feelings. Our Ambassador has expressed our feelings better than I can. I should have regretted it had I lost the opportunity to bring here for the first time after so many years a French military uniform, which this country seems not to be willing to forget. (Applause.) I thank you for this opportunity given to me to have my dream realized, and wish I could better express to you my feelings. I am the proper man to have them, and would like to be also the one who might develop their intensity. (Applause.) Perhaps some people may believe that the French Naval Academy is a school of English speakers. I hope you will be kind enough to let them know it is not so (laughter), and that one of the graduates of that school made in your honor an audacious experiment and finished his very short and maiden speech in French. (Applause.)

Lieutenant d'Azy then addressed the audience in French.

J'essayais de vous dire en Anglais, combien j'ai été ému en mettant le pied sur cette île si belle, ce bouquet de verdure sur une glace d'asur, en mettant le pied sur cette terre ou mes aînés m'ont précédé, joyeux soldats, audacieux ancêtres, bravement immités encore par nos soldats de France.

Au Tonkin, à Madagascar, en Afrique, au milieu des sables ardents du désert, le petit pioupiou sonne encore sa fanfare joyeuse sans avoir jamais pensé à se décourager. Qu'importe de tomber si la partie à été belle? Alors méme qu'elle resterait oublié?

Combien en est il de ceux la dont personne ne saura jamais le sacrifice?

Aujourd'hui j'assiste à un spectacle plein de consolations pour mon coeur de soldat. Des héros oubliés depuis plus de cent années tressaillent à votre voix. On me le disait tout à l'heure. L'ombre de Champlain et de ses successeurs plane au milieu de nous.

Vous avez fait là, en vénérant le passé l'acte le plus grand que puisse faire un peuple qui pense à son avenir, qui veut voir se continuer son glorieux élan. Vos braves de demain sauront comment vous honorerez leurs vertus. Ils sauront qu'ils peuvent verser pour votre honneur et pour votre bonheur jusqu'a la dernière goutte de leur sang, et que vous apprecierez leur dévouement.

Vous êtes un grand peuple, sage, plein de jugement, enthousiaste. Les charmantes fées qui cultivent au milieu de vous tant de délicatesse et que je salue ici devant moi ont droit à un hommage qu'il vous sera très doux de leur rendre. Parmi ces sentiments, la reconnaissance pour le sacrifice et l'abnégation, l'admiration du soldat qui fait son devoir est l'un des plus beaux.

Merci aujourd'hui, merci de votre vénération pour ces pionniers français qui se sont inscrits dans votre histoire.

Merci pour le soldat français qui continue la tradition de ses aînés.

Enfin laissez moi finir par un voeu, par un souhait qui à dèjà commencé à se réaliser.

Puissent vos beaux soldats que j'ai admirés tant dans l'Etat de Vermont que dans l'Etat de N. Y. continuer à être l'orgueil de votre beau pays. Leurs lauriers portent des fruits de paix. Leur honneur est le votre, leur grandeur sera la grandeur de votre Star Spangled Banner, que je vois déjà dans une auréole de gloire.

Governor PROUTY — Champlain in his narrative has created considerable discussion and made a great deal of trouble. Possibly we may be able to clear up some matters here to-day. I believe he says that as he passed down the lake he noticed that the tops of the mountains were covered with snow. I think that has always troubled the historians, because so far as you and I can remember, I hardly think we have ever seen the tops of the mountains covered with snow in July. But I think I have found out why the climate has changed so much here. We heard the other day about the Lady of the Snows from our Governor of New York. Now, I have found, since this celebration began, that we have hot air enough coming over from New York to melt all the snow on the mountains. (Laughter.) And I want to introduce to you a gentleman to-day who brings with him hot air, but brings with him the good will of New York, as I am sure you will find out.

GOVERNOR HUGHES AT ISLE LA MOTTE

Governor HUGHES — *Governor Prouty, Distinguished Guests, Fellow Citizens:* I cannot tell you how glad I am finally to have reached the spot where Champlain made his discovery. (Laughter.) We first visited the field of carnage, then we fed the pride of Plattsburgh, and bowed before the pomp of Burlington (laughter), and now at last, having fattened these ambitions, we may really celebrate. (Laughter and applause.) I am very glad that Champlain chose such a delightful

spot for his discovery. I am not surprised at all to find that the place he first landed upon was in Vermont. We are in Vermont (laughter), the Governor of Vermont has spoken, and when he speaks New Yorkers in his jurisdiction keep silent. (Laughter.) For who shall meet the boasts of Vermont? If you ever have a centenary of the claims of this favored State I want to be here. (Laughter and applause.) And I will now concede that you claim all that is good, and have much of it. I wear upon my bosom, over my heart, the insignia of New York and Vermont (applause), and in this bi-partizan capacity, I salute you as fellow citizens and friends. Whenever you grow cold in your fastnesses and desire to feel again the cheering warmth of the Empire State, look westward (laughter); let your hearts once more glow with fraternity, because you cannot look across at us without feeling the warm friendship which goes out to you and inevitably must return.

It is appropriate that on this last day we should come here to this spot of rare beauty, where we can see what Champlain first saw, very nearly. We speak of the charm of the discovery. Each one of us must feel that charm as for the first time we look upon the glories of this lake. And it is appropriate that we should come to a place which has been associated in memory with those characteristics of Champlain which the addresses of the week have emphasized and we should never forget. This has been the scene of preparation for war, both of savages and of civilized man. At this place have gathered those who are bent upon conquest and destruction. But here pre-eminently was and is the place of worship. Here we return after visiting the battlefields, the final result of which was our independence as a nation, after witnessing the grateful prosperity of the cities of the two States, to learn again the lesson that religious faith must ever be the motive power of humanity, and whatever might become of despotism with or without it, it is absolutely essential to democracy. (Applause.)

Along our different paths we seek the same goal, and in our different ways we recognize the supremacy of Providence; and I am glad that at this last hour of the celebration we meet in a hallowed place. We remove ourselves to a large degree from the scene of conflict; we are prompted through the perspective of the centuries to forget differences of creed; we are led the more to rejoice in modern tolerance and in the security of religious liberty, and we come here to a place of consecration to appreciate with just estimate the victories of faith, to do honor to Champlain for his piety and purity, and to resolve that in our different circumstances we will seek to be guided by the same high motives and to make the same loyal submission to the Providence of God, in whom we trust. (Applause.)

Governor PROUTY — At this time we are about to do something which has taken place at every one of the principal celebrations during the week, because it does seem extremely fitting that we should in some way create something which shall stay with us, which shall become dear to us in the way of song, and therefore, at each time, some one has provided a song for us appropriate to the occasion, and at this time we are going to present such, and I now present to you Professor John Erskine, who will deliver a poem appropriate to the occasion.

CHAMPLAIN

By JOHN ERSKINE

I

The mind that once aspires shall never rest,
But mounts eternally from quest to quest,
Winged forever; still in us they live
Who to the golden welcome of our West

Followed their dreams and found their visions true —
Builders of states and realms, themselves tho' few,
Yet without measure prodigal, who gave
From their own hearts the seed whence nations grew.

Lords of the spirit! Shakespeare's thought divined
Hamlet and Lear, dark frontiers of the mind;
And Galileo in his wandering star
Sweet purpose found and heaven's will defined;

And leagued with Spain, the son of Italy
His fabled Eldorado reached; and he
Who in the new world was the mind of France,
Found in the wilderness this inland sea.

II

Child of his age, to wander and explore,
The quest in him its kindliest fashion wore —
By simple faith devoutly led, not driven,
He set God's kingdom on this northern shore.

As a true son his father's form and face
Inherits, from his long-believing race
His spirit drew its strength, and God unchanged
In his adventure dwelt with antique grace.

Love of forbidden worship, nor desire
Of freedom laid in him the wandering fire,
But love of danger and the will to find —
The wide-winged soul that can not but aspire.

They shall have honor till our land shall cease,
Stern fathers who brought England overseas,
Restless for conscience, wed to homeless truth:
He too hath honor who had faith and peace.

For him each bright adventure and heaven's doom
Were undivided joy; he could not roam
Where life and his own spirit were not one,
And on this inland sea he was at home.

III

The sea was in his blood; the rhythmic urge
Cradled his race; and from the patient merge
The mothers of his grandsire and his sire
Gave back their children to the ocean surge;

So when the northern forests backward rolled
And his impatient eyes beheld unfold
This inland mystery of sea and isle
And mirrored heaven spreading blue and bold,

The quickened blood pulsed faster in his breast,
His calm cheek flushed with joy else unconfest;
Boy-like he loved adventure, man-like, truth,
But poet-like loved truth in nature best.

For him the sea was nature — her divine
Familiar beauty cheered his heart like wine;
And where she met him at his wandering's end,
Here on this lonely isle he set a shrine.

IV

Columbus on his midnight deck alone;
Balboa knee-deep in the Pacific foam;
In this wild harborage the child of France —
One deathless moment each hath made his own.

So to this isle forever he draws near;
His cautious, lithe canoe still beaches here;
And from much time and dust and vagueness, he,
As from a faded portrait stands forth clear.

Quaint flowing locks, stiff dress of long-gone years,
Armor uncouth, strange gun and sword he wears.
O Captain, lonely 'mongst thine Indian crew,
Knowest thou what dearer freight thy frail craft bears?

Here thou didst bring, here shalt thou bring for aye,
The seeking heart, fain of the long highway
From the worm's troubled yearning leading up
Where to know all shall light man more than day;

Here didst thou bring, unguessed, man's loftiest fate,
Freedom, whereto our blood is consecrate;
O humble argosy, in thee was brought
Man's hope in man, whence sprang out mighty state!

Vision and freedom — the soul's twofold wing
That brought thee hither, hither didst thou bring,
Where yet in grove and cliff they linger — Hark!
Still round this shore their voices float and sing.

O resolute strong soul that sought and found,
First of our race to tread this virgin ground,
Now the full choir of thrice a hundred years
The faultless harmony of thine honor sound,

Live still, and most, in our desire to find
Unknown horizons — prisoned truth unbind,
Into the darkness of the secret world
Bearing the light of thy aspiring mind!

Ours be thy strength, thy simple faith be ours,
And peace in nature, whence thy spirit's powers,
And for our hope, thy tender-cherished fame,
That from this shrine forever buds and flowers.

Governor PROUTY — As has been so well said by the Governor of New York, it seems as though this was the place where we should sum up all the lessons that have been learned by the celebration, where we should take to ourselves its lessons, and it is therefore with a great deal of pleasure that I introduce to you the next speaker, because I know of no one who is better fitted to do this; I know of no one to whom I would delegate such a duty. He is one of our State; I personally have known him for many years, and it is with great pleasure that I introduce to you now Judge Wendell P. Stafford.

ADDRESS BY HON. WENDELL P. STAFFORD

Your Excellencies, Fellow Citizens of the Great Republic, and Dear Friends Every One: When I was in Buffalo last winter Senator Henry W. Hill took me to see the home of the Historical Society. It stands on the reputed scene of ancient Indian gatherings. Over one of its arches runs a legend in the dialect of the Senecas: *Neh-Ko, Ga-Gis-Dah-Yen-Duk.* "Other council-fires were here before ours." I was thinking of that legend as I sat here to-day and thinking how few were the places over all the earth where some such words might not with truth be written, if we could only know all that has gone before for

> All that tread the globe are but a handful to the tribes that slumber in its bosom.'

But such thoughts are overpowering. They make the life of man seem insignificant. Let us turn at once to more congenial themes.

Sixteen hundred and nine is a year well worth remembering even without the reason that has brought us here. That was the year when Kepler gave the world the New Astronomy, with the first and second of his three great laws. Galileo was constructing his telescope, with which, a few months later, he discovered the satellites of Jupiter. Henry Hudson was sailing up the noble river that was ever afterward to bear his name. Two years before, the London Company had planted Jamestown. It was only six years from the death of Queen Elizabeth. It was only a year to the death of Henry of Navarre. The world was ringing with great names and great achievements. The soul of man was putting out its wings.

When Champlain passed the place where we now stand, he was possibly 42 years old — at the prime of life, in the full flower of his strength. For a dozen years he had followed the sea, as his father had done before him. He had been born in one of its ports on the shore of France. He had seen Spain and Mexico, Panama and the West Indies. He had crossed and recrossed the Atlantic. He had cruised and mapped the New England coast, sailed up the broad St. Lawrence, and only the year before had laid the foundations of Quebec. Much lay behind him but at least as much before. He was yet to make many voyages, to explore the Ottawa, to discover two of the Great Lakes — Ontario and Huron — and to stand in the place of his King as Governor of Canada. He belonged to that great breed of men the age brought forth abundantly — a scholar and a soldier. He knew how to act as well as think; he could fight as well as pray. He had courage to push out into the wilderness, and science to make clear his course, and language to record for after times what he had seen and done — a hand firm on the tiller of state, a heart devoted to the cross. It would be hard to find a better type of the France of his day — able, ambitious, devout — grasping for King and church at the best the new world had to offer.

He had a Frenchman's love of beauty and these lovely islands took his eye. We will not doubt to-day that he stopped here. How could he have passed by this emerald gem set in the sapphire sea? Low islands he says he saw, beautiful with meadows and the noblest trees, ranged over by the fawn and stag and fallow-deer. His words are no riddles to us. These are the very islands that he saw, and they charm our eyes to-day as they did his 300 years ago. The guides told him they had once been inhabited by Indians but the merciless wars that raged between the northern and the southern tribes had driven them away. They lay upon the war path, right in the track of carnage. *Caniaderiguarunte* the natives called it — the gateway. It was indeed the very gate through which the tides of ancient Indian battle ebbed and flowed — the fairest spot on earth, almost, and yet the most exposed and perilous. The coming of the white man was not the coming of peace but rather the coming of more deadly war. Here, where the red man's council fires had burned, the white man's fort was built — the first within the boundaries that embrace Vermont, and, in the shelter of the fort, the earliest Christian chapel. In 1665 or 1666 the fort was built by Captain de La Motte and the first mass was said. That is the simple story, but think how much it means. The pale-face did bring war, war that was to sweep native races to their doom, war, even with his own kind, ruthless and insatiable. But he brought with him also the holy, blessed truths that will yet overcome all hearts and make all war impossible. Fort Ste. Anne was burned by the French themselves but five years later.

It was only a halting, hesitating step, a foot thrust out into the wild and then withdrawn; yet it marked the beginning of a movement in this valley that was to be continued for a century — a determined but unsuccessful effort to plant the banner of the *fleur de lis* in the very heart of New England. Here the two proudest nations of the old world were to have their final grapple for the fairest portion of the new. As it had been before the white man came so was it still to be — the valley of beauty was the highway of war. The basin of the St. Lawrence was peopled by the French. The coast of the Atlantic from Cape Breton to the south was peopled by their hated rivals. That was enough. Here ran the unpeopled passage-way between the two, and for a hundred years none but a fool would have built a home beyond the shelter of a fort in all these fertile acres. Swanton had a half-breed settlement, perhaps, from 1700 to 1760. Over there on Windmill Point in Alburgh, in 1731, the French tried hard to keep a foothold, but it was soon abandoned. The same year or the next they began their southern Gibraltar at Crown Point in Fort St. Frédéric; and there and at Chimney Point on the eastern shore, a musket-shot away, a little French village sprang up and flourished for 25 or 30 years. But that is all the tale. The rest is the story of fortifications built, abandoned or destroyed, rebuilt, retaken or given to the flames — like old Fort Carillon that afterwards became Ticonderoga.

In 1757 the greatest man in England took the reins and in two years the French dream of North American dominion had dissolved. William Pitt was master. Quebec was taken. Crown Point and Ticonderoga were in English hands, and the red horrors of 150 years were to be thenceforward but a thrilling fireside tale.

The legends of that ghastly time lie all around us; and memories of the later wars that swept the lake are thick as leaves of summer and colored like the leaves of autumn with glory and romance. We have only to reach out our hands to take them. For seven days now the conjurer's wand has been waved over this lovely valley calling the dead to life. We have gone through the wicket gate of old Fort Ti step for step with Allen. We have seen Arnold, still wearing the rose of his loyalty uncankered by the worm of treason. We have fought with him his desperate fight at Valcour and leaped with him from his flaming bowsprit at Panton. We have watched the British fleet weigh anchor off this shore and move southward to its doom at the hands of the invincible Macdonough. Memorial and procession, speech and song and pageant have taken up the threads of ancient, half-forgotten life, and made the glowing pattern live anew. Again we see the plumed and painted savage on the trail, the settler working with his flint-lock in the hollow of his arm, the highlander in his plaid, the hireling Hessian in his scarlet coat, the colonist in his deer skin or his buff and blue, the French and British regulars who wear upon

their breasts the trophies of world-famous battles over-sea. And as we look we seem to see the gathering of the nations, not now for war but for the beginning of a new era under happier skies.

Three hundred years. It sounds like eternity in the ears of a child. And yet four mortal lives, and those not very long, might compass it. There must be many living in the world to-day whose great grandfathers could have remembered 1609. In the long march of the world's progress it is less than a watch in the night. There have been periods of three hundred years that signified nothing in the life of man. They came and went like waves upon the beach, leaving no mark behind them. But the three hundred years that lie behind us in our thought to-day have filled the earth with marvels. Even the physical aspect of the earth has been transformed. In 1609 the Western Hemisphere was scarcely pricked by the explorer, and see it now! Africa was a desert and a jungle. It is swarming now with eager nations. Asia was a mystery and a dream, a fabulous, enchanted palace whose gold and ivory portals western feet were yet to pass. Its doors are open now and east and west are mingling. Three centuries ago the Pacific was a sail-less sea. Now on its opposing shores the eastern and western worlds stand face to face and the struggles and rivalries of the coming age will be upon its bosom. Hawaii, New Zealand, Australia, the Central and South American Republics — what were these? They were not even names three centuries ago. Even Europe, that has sent her millions to all quarters of the globe, has herself, increased enormously in numbers. In the 19th century alone her population more than doubled.

We seem standing in the presence of a miracle. And yet all these changes are as nothing to the changes that have come to pass in the life of man through the discoveries of science. Modern science — practical modern science — began with Francis Bacon, and he did not publish his " Novum Organum " until 1620 — less than three centuries ago. He taught men to invent by teaching them how to study nature, and died in consequence of an experiment. Following the path he pointed out and turning their backs on the barren speculation of the ancients, men have made existence on this planet a comfort and a joy to millions where it was once a gift hardly to be accepted. For it is not merely that we make a thousand miles to-day as quickly and more easily than our ancestors could make ten or twenty. It is not that we speak with each other across continents, and flash our thought and feeling under the deep sea, or make the waves of air bear messages from one world to the other. It is not that the wealth of the east is brought to the door of the west and the product of the west is poured out upon the threshold of the east. This is not the true and solid ground for our rejoicing; but that by all these means and many others the life of common men upon the globe has been made something

better. The fat years now are able to help out the lean. India in her famine may now be fed by Kansas in her plenty. Earthshaken Sicily may perhaps find hope and succor in a battleship that flies the stars and stripes. Multitudes, not here and there a solitary man, may feel the broadening influence of travel. All may know what all the rest are doing. And that means confidence. It means the end of ignorant mistrust and fear and so it means the end of half the cause of war. Once all peoples were strangers to each other, and stranger was another name for enemy. And so it is that all the rest science has done for men is almost nothing to the blessing it has brought about in this, that we are nearer to a world-wide union, to that happy time the noble hearted Burns foretold "when man to man the world o'er shall brothers be for a'that."

Then see how the forms of government have changed since Champlain visited this island. Feudalism was indeed already doomed. It was singing its swan song by the lips of Shakespeare. A new spirit had passed over Europe. It was to take generations to throw off the yoke. It is not yet thrown off entirely. But there was not a single free government in the world three hundred years ago. There was not a single nation that recognized the obvious fact that I have no more right to govern you than you have to govern me — that every one who is expected to obey the law has a right to be heard in saying what that law shall be. I say there was not a single state in the world 300 years ago that had the sense or justice to admit that simple truth — not even with respect to its men, to say nothing of its women. Now we have advanced so far that many governments do admit in theory or in practice that their just powers are derived entirely from the governed. What a gain is that! A year before the date we are observing John Milton was born in London. His life spans the English Revolution, the highest achievement, the crowning glory of the English race. A century later came our own brave struggle for independence. And that was not at bottom a struggle between Great Britain and the colonies but a grapple between Whig and Tory, a conflict that was going on on both sides of the Atlantic. Then came the French Revolution freeing France, and Europe, too, from the intolerable tyranny of the past, and destined to open the prison door for every people. And the French Revolution was in large part a consequence of our own. Look about the world to-day. See how the principles of free government, encouraged by their success upon this continent, are shaking every throne upon the globe. Look at Russia travailing in the throes of her new birth of freedom. See Young Turkey on the shores of the Bosphorus making good its claim to constitutional government. See Persia awaking from her revery and old China turning from the slumber of four thousand years. We marvel at the changes that have come to pass in the appearance of the earth since 1609. We marvel still more at the changes in the life of man through the wizardry of science.

But here is a marvel that cheapens both of these — the coming of the common man into his own. The reign of the common people has begun. The fact of deepest import in this wonderful era is not Discovery nor Development, no, not even Science. It is Democracy — man shaking off the fetters that have bound him in all ages and standing erect and free as God would have him stand. Really that is all there is. The mere increase of numbers, the mere spreading of mankind through distant lands, that is, in itself, no rational ground for our rejoicing. Even the revelations of science would not justify our joy if they meant nothing more than a new might in the hands of the old masters. What we exult in is the tremendous fact that now for the first time in the history of the world the whole race moves together. Intelligence is so diffused and freedom is so general that every addition to knowledge or to power is an addition to a common store and all men are made richer. That was not so in other times. There was great learning then but it was kept in some close cult, like that of the priests in Egypt. There was transcendental art but it was for the few, not for the many. Nero held the supreme artist of his age a prisoner for life to decorate his private palace, the famous House of Gold. Science was carried far in individual cases. The chemist and artisan of the ancient day wrought miracles whose secret modern times have not discovered. But their skill and cunning perished with them for it was not, as ours is, the possession of the race. The art and learning of the antique world, except, perhaps, the learning and the art of Greece, carried the seeds of decay in their own bosom in this very fact, that they did not trust the people — they did not give themselves unto the world. Our art and science do and so they live and grow and ever will. For the way to call the heaven born genius forth is to give the opportunity of culture and enlightenment to all. Educate the millions, and while you are making of the millions better men and safer citizens, you are making sure of that half dozen really master minds among them whose contribution to the common stock of the world's power and knowledge will recompense a hundred fold the outlay you have lavished upon all. Edison was a poor, uncultivated boy; yet he found his opportunity because he lived in a time and land where opportunity is universal. What is the chance that he would have come to light in the middle ages? Look at Orville and Wilbur Wright leading the world to the dominion of the air. Quiet, obscure men — they would have gone unnoticed to their graves if it had not been for freedom and the common school. These are the returning harvest of the seed our fathers sowed. Trust the people, make education common as the street, and you shall reap your reward in the steamboat and the telegraph, in Emersons and Lincolns, in Marconis and St. Gaudens.

We cannot claim that in the realm of art, letters and philosophy we have outstripped the past. Lest we should wax too proud it may be well to acknowledge here

and now that the masterpieces of poetry, painting and sculpture, the deepest broodings of the human spirit over the riddles of destiny, are still to be looked for back of 1609. But there never was before so wide a knowledge of the truth, such capacity for the appreciation of the beautiful in the world at large, so vast and fit an audience for the poet and the seer. And if the product of the last three centuries has not put the past to shame it has been noble and inspiring, and filled to overflowing with a love of man that is worth all the selfish splendors of the past. No great writer any longer sneers, as even Shakespeare sometimes did, at the man below him. There is no longer any poetry in that. The world-poem bears the title of the Son of Man.

And so we have come back in the end to the point that we set out from, to the chapel and the mass. For it is not clearer to our eyes that summer follows spring than that the beneficent changes we have traced to-day with gratitude and joy have followed from the teachings of the Man of Galilee. It was He who taught us the divinity of man — all the rest flows from that — the unsuspected majesty of human nature. That is why man may not be enslaved. That is why he shall not be left forever in ignorance or poverty or shame. We come back at last, through the things that are ever changing, to the things that never change. It is as though we had been sitting here in the shadow of the old fort and listening to the chanting of the priests in that first Christian service — and then there had broken in upon the music the rattle of muskets, the yell of the savage, the scream of the victim, the shouting of seamen, the thunder of cannon, the noise of the tempest, the pipes of the clansmen, the song of the pioneer, the long, reverberating whistle of the steamer, the rumble and roar of the approaching train, the hum of industry through all the valley, the babel of multitudes that come and go — and then again silence had fallen, and we heard the sweet and solemn chant still going on, and caught the words. "Deposuit potentes de sede et exaltavit humiles." Ah yes! He *has* put down the mighty from their seat and has exalted them of low degree. After all, that is the only reality — the rest is all a dream. (Prolonged applause.)

Governor PROUTY — There is one thing I feel it my duty and my great pleasure to do, and that is to extend the thanks of the Vermont State Commission and of the State to those who have worked so faithfully here to help us in this celebration and to provide these things which are spread before us, and I wish to thank that Commission for all they have done and done so well. We could not have had this great pleasure without it, therefore it is their due, and I give it them with the greatest pleasure in the world.

Following the ceremonies at the shrine, the greater part of the assemblage headed by a band and escorted by Company "M," Vermont Militia and Cavalry, marched through the woods up a neighboring slope for the dedication of the boulder monument with bronze tablet bearing the following inscription:

IN HONOR OF THE FIRST WHITE MEN WHO FORTIFIED THIS ISLAND IN 1666
IN MEMORY OF THE SACRIFICES AND VALOR OF
COLONEL SETH WARNER AND CAPTAIN REMEMBER BAKER
EMINENT GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS AND PATRIOTS
AND
TO COMMEMORATE THE CAMPAIGN OF GENERAL MONTGOMERY
WHO ENCAMPED NEAR THIS SPOT WITH 1200 MEN IN 1775
THIS TABLET IS ERECTED BY THE
PATRIOTIC SOCIETIES OF VERMONT WOMEN
1909.

Mrs. Edward Curtis Smith of St. Albans presided over the exercises. The St. Albans Choral Union sang "To Thee, Oh, Country," with excellent effect, and Mrs. F. Stewart Stranahan, State Regent of the Vermont Colonial Dames, delivered the address of welcome. The presentation to the State was made by Mrs. Clayton N. North of Shoreham, State Regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The monument was unveiled by Miss Dorothea Smith, daughter of ex-Governor Smith of Vermont, and by Master Harry Hill, son of Mr. Arthur H. Hill of Isle La Motte, cousin of Senator Henry W. Hill. Governor Thomas delivered the following dedicatory address:

In memory of the first white man who founded Christian homes upon this fair island, and in this ancient pathway of war sought to establish homes of peace,

And in honor of Seth Warner and Remember Baker, intrepid freemen of the Green Mountains, lovers of liberty for their children, for whose freedom they gave their lives, who here encamped while on perilous service for their country,

And in commemoration of General Montgomery and his valiant force of 1280 American patriots,

We place this boulder as a token of our gratitude for their mighty deeds and of our veneration for their self-annulling devotion.

In the name of our fathers' God we dedicate it to the holy cause of patriotism. May it testify to the men of the present and to the generations following that love of country is the glory of manhood, and the measure of human worth.

We dedicate it also to the sentiment of pious veneration for all brave men of the past. May all strong men who look upon it be made yet stronger in courage and in faith, to live for their country, not for themselves. May all womanly women who learn of this pious act of their patriotic sisters gain more secure assurance of woman's participation in the sacrifices of war and in the greater heroisms of peace, and acquire thereby the dignity that adds grace to beauty, and the far reach of vision that lends nobility to affection's charm. May the little children who spell out the letters inscribed upon it learn the valor of their sires, and take to their tender hearts reverence for the courage that regards neither peril nor labor in the service of the right.

May it be spared the desecration of the vandal, and beneath God's open sky, withstanding frost and storm, abide the centuries through, to testify that the memory of the brave shall not perish while yonder lake sparkles in the sun, and that the beautiful flag of freedom shall float over its waters so long as the great granite peaks shall welcome the mornings of the bettering days of God.

At the close of the exercises "The Star Spangled Banner" was sung with great enthusiasm, the entire assemblage joining in the chorus.

A feature of the exercises was the presence of Mrs. E. S. Parker of St. Johns, Quebec, a great-granddaughter of Seth Warner. This lady occupied a seat of honor and placed a memorial wreath on the monument.

Numerous other events at various places in the Champlain Valley may appropriately have brief mention in connection with this report. The final presentation of the Indian pageants occurred at Rouse's Point on the evening of the 9th inst. On Friday and Saturday, at several of the smaller towns, virtually holiday was observed with some celebration features. In Vermont, the towns of Swanton, St. Albans and Vergennes had carried out patriotic programmes of more than ordinary interest. At the last named town, exercises were held on July 5th at Fort Cassin on the historic Otter Creek. In Burlington, on Saturday, the 10th inst., at the University of Vermont, was unveiled a tablet to the memory of soldiers of the War of 1812, the tablet being placed on a building which was used as barracks for troops in that war. It was presented to the University of Vermont by Mrs. C. S. F. Jenne of Brattleboro, State President of the Society of the Daughters of 1812, in behalf of which organization the presentation was made. The formal acceptance was by

President M. H. Buckham of the University, followed by an address, entitled " 1812," by Major-General O. O. Howard, U. S. A., retired.

The exercises at Isle La Motte concluded the official programme of the week's celebration. The visitors dispersed. The flotilla of boats, large and small, bore them away up the lake on their way to their several destinations. But there remained, when every visible sign of festivity had been removed, a very substantial new possession for the dwellers of the valley. Old and young, all had come into a keener realization of the significance of the history of their home region and of its bearing upon present day problems and their relations as neighbors and citizens with those who pay allegiance to other flags. Herein is gathered the chief fruit of the whole undertaking, and those who labored to arrange the celebration and to carry it through, find their chief satisfaction in the conviction that this week of tercentenary observances did something to strengthen the bonds of friendship long existing between the nations which have shared in making the history of the Champlain valley.

In the official report of the Lake Champlain Tercentenary Commission of Vermont will be found a full account of all the Tercentenary Exercises held in Vermont as well as a résumé of the work of that Commission.

The cordial relations existing between the members of that Commission and the members of the New York Commission, and the general disposition of the Commissioners of both States to plan and carry forward a bi-State programme of exercises of a very high order, contributed in no small degree to the success of the Lake Champlain Tercentenary, which has come to be regarded as one of the noted American commemorative celebrations.

The Tercentenary drew to that picturesque and charming lake the peoples of many lands and made an impression on all that will endure and tend to draw visitors thereto for years to come. Its beauties have been celebrated in song and its tragic history unfolded in prose and pageant to the delight of thousands, who look to its shimmering waters, its blue skies and its overhanging mountains as one of America's most

alluring attractions. With the completion of the enlarged Champlain canal and the establishment of waterway communication with the historic Hudson, it may again become an important highway for commerce as well as one of the pleasure resorts of the people of this and other States.

The stately Green mountains in the east, "robed in transcendent light," and the rugged Adirondacks in the west, with their towering and occasionally snow-capped peaks, the two ranges separated by the blue waters of Lake Champlain with all the play of light and shade and fleecy drifting clouds, made an impression on Champlain as on others ever since, which can not fail to awaken a love for the beautiful and the sublime in nature.

HUDSON-FULTON CELEBRATION

The members of this Commission were among the invited guests of the Hudson-Fulton Commission and witnessed some of the most impressive scenes of that memorable celebration, extending in time from September 25th to October 9th, 1909, and in distance along the entire navigable waters of the Hudson River. The preparation and execution of the elaborate plans of that celebration, which was participated in by the invited guests and official representatives of several States and many nations, were under the supervision of General Stewart L. Woodford, President; Herman Ridder, First Vice-President; Isaac N. Seligman, Treasurer, and Colonel Henry W. Sackett, Secretary, constituting the executive officers of the Hudson-Fulton Commission, ably assisted, however, by a large board of trustees and several hundred members, representing various organizations and all the political divisions of the State. The historical phases and wide scope of that celebration are well presented in the Official Report of the Hudson-Fulton Commission, which was prepared by Edward Hagaman Hall, L. H. D., Assistant Secretary, and fills two large volumes, including illustrations of many subjects, exhibited during that Tercentenary. The thorough preparation for, the orderly prosecution and successful consummation of the Champlain and Hudson-Fulton celebrations in close succession, involving as they did large expenditures of money as well as long-continued efforts on the part of the respective commissioners in charge, evince a deep and an abiding popular interest in the development of our civil and religious institutions and in the crucial events which have contributed to the upbuilding of the Empire State and of this "noble and puissant" nation.

Design for Tercentenary Memorial to Samuel Champlain at Crown Point

Monument, Crab Island, Lake Champlain

VIII. THE PROPOSED CHAMPLAIN MEMORIAL

337

VIII. THE PROPOSED CHAMPLAIN MEMORIAL

AT THE FIRST MEETING of the Commission, August 13, 1908, on motion of Senator Hill, a committee was appointed to report on the advisability of soliciting funds for a monument to Samuel Champlain, to be erected at some point in the Champlain Valley. That committee consisted of Messrs. John B. Riley, John H. Booth, Howland Pell, Louis C. Lafontaine, James A. Foley and James J. Frawley.

At the second meeting of the Commission, held at the Hotel Belmont, New York city, September 30, 1908, Mr. Riley offered the following resolution, which was adopted:

> *Resolved*, That a committee of five be appointed to investigate the question of the location and cost of a monument to Champlain and report at a subsequent meeting of the Commission and that such committee confer with the Vermont Commission in relation to such monument.

The chairman appointed as members of such committee Messrs. Lafontaine, Pell, Frawley, Riley and Shea.

There were early brought before this committee or before the Commission as a whole, claims and arguments in behalf of various sites, each urged as the most desirable for the proposed memorial. To no phase of its work has the Commission given more careful consideration than to this, but it was found advisable to defer action in regard to it as much as possible until after the celebration had been accomplished.

At an early meeting, Secretary Hill submitted to the consideration of the Commission a careful review of the sites in the valley, which he thought ought to be considered in connection with the proposed memorial. He dwelt upon the historic associations of Crown Point, and also of Ticonderoga, where, he said, an heroic statue of Ethan Allen should ultimately be erected, and expressed his conviction that this would be done "though perhaps not in our age and generation." He reviewed the events of the War of 1812, which made the vicinity of Plattsburgh

memorable, and suggested that Cumberland Head should be marked with an heroic statue of Macdonough. Eliminating various other points of minor claims, he dwelt upon the three centuries of historic events centering at Isle La Motte and reached the conclusion that that island was the logical site for the memorial to Champlain. In this connection, he called attention to the fact that such a memorial might be erected thereon on property already owned by the Federal Government.

At a joint meeting of the two Commissions, held in Burlington, May 31st, it was stated that the Vermont Commission had adopted a resolution favoring the selection of Isle La Motte. The representatives of no less than thirty French societies had written to endorse the selection of that island, and there were given various pledges of individual contributions should the Champlain memorial be placed on that island. Much stress was laid on the special interest in the project aroused among the French population.

While the claims of the points mentioned were under consideration, the advocates of other places were by no means inactive. The advantages of Bluff Point, three miles south of Plattsburgh, were vigorously urged upon the attention of the Commission. In September, 1909, the Commission received various data regarding that point. From Messrs Dillon, McLellan & Beadel, architects of New York city, a map of Bluff Point was received, its object being to show the natural advantages of the place and the engineering problems in placing a monument there. Two sites at Bluff Point were considered. The abrupt cliffs, approximately forty feet high, formed a good base on which to rear a high monument. Of the two sites designated by the architects, respectively A and B, they thought that B, being the more southern of the two, was the more desirable. The matter of docks, approaches, etc., was carefully set out in regard to these sites. The distance from the station at Bluff Point to site A was approximately seven thousand feet, of which four thousand feet would be new road. The distance from the station to site B was about twenty-four hundred feet, of which all but eight hundred feet was already constructed.

The natural advantages of both of these sites were dwelt upon in this report of the architects.

At about this state of deliberations, Chairman Knapp and Commissioner Witherbee called at the Executive Chamber in Albany and conferred regarding the proposed memorial with Governor Hughes. The Governor suggested that the Commission request State Architect Franklin B. Ware to report on the matter. Mr. Ware ultimately made a report on the Bluff Point site and also on Split Rock as a site. He also reported on means for securing competition in preparing plans for a monument.

At a meeting held on September 3, 1909, Commissioner Pell presented the claims of Ticonderoga as the site for the proposed memorial, stating that Mr. David Williams of that place offered an acre of land on Mt. Defiance, to be considered by the Commission as a site for the memorial. Commissioner Riley suggested that a better place in the vicinity of Ticonderoga would be directly east of the old fort buildings, on the point south of the Pell mansion.

At this meeting the following gentlemen of Ticonderoga were given a hearing: Messrs. David Williams, D. C. Bascom, J. W. Wren, W. G. Wiley, Robert Hanna, I. C. Newton, M. V. Drake, Dr. M. H. Turner, James A. Mullany, Dr. W. A. E. Cummings, L. R. Meads, W. C. Tift, P. J. Finn, F. B. Wickes, M. Y. Ferris, John Gunning, C. A. Stevens and W. W. Richards.

Several of these gentlemen addressed the Commission, urging the advantages of Mt. Defiance for the object in view. Mr. David Williams stated his readiness to donate an acre of land thereon for the monument site should the Commission decide to select it. The matters of accessibility, road construction, etc., were discussed at length. Special attention was called to the fact that Mt. Defiance was over a thousand feet high and that a memorial on its summit could be seen not only from very many points in the Champlain Valley, but from steamers on Lake George and from other distant points. Should the proposed memorial take the form of a lighthouse, it was argued that its light could be seen by a quarter of the population of the State of Vermont. The discussion further brought

out the statement that in the summer time from eight hundred to a thousand people visited Ticonderoga daily by the trains, besides the people who came by steamboat, and that six or seven thousand people on occasions frequently came down through Lake George to Ticonderoga.

The Commissioners thanked the advocates of this site, but reserved decision.

In conference later, on this same date, various other sites were considered, among them Split Rock, Crown Point, Juniper Island, Bluff Point and Isle La Motte. After an informal ballot to discover the preference of the Commission, a formal vote was taken, resulting in six votes for Bluff Point and five votes for Isle La Motte.

On motion of Mr. Hill, seconded by Mr. Witherbee, the vote in favor of Bluff Point was made unanimous.

A motion was also adopted that the selection of a site by the Commission be made contingent upon the owners of such a site donating the use of such amount of land as might be deemed necessary by the Commission with the right of ingress and egress to and from the same connecting with a public highway and with the right to construct and use a dock on the water front thereof.

At a meeting on September 27th, 1909, Commissioner Booth moved " that the Monument Committee be authorized to do what in its judgment is deemed best to get plans as to monument, with power to make such arrangements as it considered best and report to the Commission its conditions thereon." The final decision of the committee was held in abeyance throughout the winter of 1909–10.

At a meeting in Albany, April 28, 1910, the matter of site was again thoroughly discussed, but further action deferred until a joint conference could be held with the Vermont Commission.

At a meeting of the Commission held at Albany, May 13, 1910, Mr. Crockett of the Vermont Commission was received and given a hearing. He stated that the Vermont Commission had taken no definite action as to site; a meeting had been held at which several sites were considered,

particularly Rock Dunder; the Vermont Commission was to meet on the following day, May 14, at Burlington.

After Mr. Crockett had retired, the New York Commission, on motion of Mr. Witherbee, voted to reconsider the action of September 3, 1909, whereby Bluff Point had been selected. The secretary was directed to notify the Vermont Commission of this action and to invite them to unite with the New York Commission in a joint conference for further consideration of the matter.

The Vermont Commission on learning of this action adopted the following:

Resolved, In view of the fact that the New York Tercentenary Commission has reconsidered its action locating a Champlain Memorial at Bluff Point, New York, and has expressed its willingness to unite with the Vermont Commission in erecting a joint memorial, that the Vermont Commission hereby votes to unite with the New York Commission in erecting a joint memorial at Crown Point, N. Y., provided that Commission agrees thereto.

This action was duly communicated to the New York Commission, which, at a meeting held June 13, 1910, adopted the following:

Resolved, That the New York Commission appropriate thirty-five thousand dollars toward a joint memorial, to be erected at Crown Point.

It was also resolved to accept the offer contained in the resolution of the Vermont Commission as above given.

On the decisive vote the New York Commission stands recorded as follows: In favor of Bluff Point, one; Isle La Motte, four; Crown Point, six. The Commission also went on record as favoring the erection of a separate memorial at Bluff Point.

The above action by the New York State Commission was taken with the understanding that the Vermont Commission was to contribute the balance of the money necessary for the erection of the memorial. The Committee on Memorial of the New York Commission was discharged and the chairman announced as a new committee to act on the erection of the memorial at Crown Point, the following: Messrs. Witherbee, Pell and Lafontaine.

He also announced the following as a committee to act upon the separate memorial, to be erected at Bluff Point or Plattsburgh: Messrs. Riley, Booth, Foley and Weaver.

Prior to the action above recorded, Messrs. Witherbee, Sherman & Co. of Port Henry, owners of the site of the ancient forts at Crown Point, had offered to give said site, containing the ruins, to the State of New York. The act of acceptance by the State became a law April 22, 1910, and is as follows:

CHAPTER 151, LAWS OF 1910

AN ACT TO ACCEPT A DEED OF GIFT AND AN ASSIGNMENT OF LEASE IN PERPETUITY, FROM THE CORPORATION OF WITHERBEE, SHERMAN AND COMPANY TO THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, OF LAND IN THE TOWN OF CROWN POINT, ESSEX COUNTY, NEW YORK, EMBRACING THE SITES OF FORT SAINT FREDERICK AND FORT AMHERST.

Became a law April 22, 1910, with the approval of the Governor. Passed, three-fifths being present.

The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

SECTION 1. The people of the state of New York hereby accept title to the lands mentioned in the deed of gift or conveyance, and in the assignment of lease in perpetuity, now in possession of the governor of this state, which deed and assignment were executed the twenty-fifth day of March, nineteen hundred and ten, by the corporation of Witherbee, Sherman and Company to the people of the state of New York, describing certain lands situated in the town of Crown Point, Essex county, in this state, which lands are more fully identified and described in said deed and assignment. The title to such lands is accepted upon the terms and conditions stated in said deed and in said assignment of lease, namely, that the land therein described shall be forever dedicated to the purpose of a public park or reservation, the people of the state of New York agreeing to protect the fort ruins on said land from spoliation and further disintegration to the end that they may be preserved for all time, so far as may be. The title to the lands conveyed by said deed is accepted, subject to a reservation as to mines and minerals, referred to in said deed, subject to outstanding easements, if any, in public highways crossing said premises, as the same are now laid out and used, and subject to a certain lease in

writing dated April twenty-fifth, nineteen hundred and two, between Witherbee, Sherman and Company, lessor, and the Port Henry Steam Ferry Company, lessee, for the period of twenty years from the date of said lease, affecting a small parcel of land on the lake front, together with a right of way from a certain dock on the land so leased, to the public highway; all rents under said lease being reserved by said deed to the grantor in said deed. The title to the lands described in the lease in perpetuity, is accepted subject to the covenants and reservations contained in said lease.

SECTION 2. This act shall take effect immediately.

Numerous suggestions reached the Commission, as to the form the proposed memorial should take. Commissioner Lafontaine urged the propriety of erecting a lighthouse in connection with a heroic statue of Champlain. This idea came to him through reading the explorer's own account of his numerous and perilous voyages and expeditions, and the Commissioner felt that a lighthouse " would be a fitting memorial emblem for such an intrepid navigator, while its light would symbolize the greater light of Christian civilization which he brought into the beautiful valley that bears his great name." Commissioner Lafontaine was the first to bring this form of memorial to the consideration of the New York and Vermont Commissions; both of which received it with favor. The first meeting of the Committee on Crown Point Memorial was held at Mr. Pell's " Block House," Fort Ticonderoga, N. Y., October 4, 1910. There were present Commissioners Witherbee, Lafontaine and Pell. It was decided to recommend to the Vermont Committee that the competition for the memorial be limited to three competing architects, viz.: Mr. McLellan and Mr. Bossom of New York and Mr. Austin of Vermont, and that the competition be placed in charge of Professor A. D. F. Hamlin, of Columbia University.

At a meeting of the Vermont Committee held on the steamboat *Vermont* the same date, the above resolution was approved.

A joint meeting of the Committee of New York and Vermont Commissions was held in Havemeyer Hall, Columbia University, January 28, 1911. Present — Commissioners Pell and Lafontaine of New York; President Thomas, Messrs. Crockett, Jarvis and Hays of Ver-

mont. President Thomas was chosen chairman and Mr. Hays acted as secretary.

Three designs were submitted by the architects and considered. The joint committee finally unanimously selected the design prepared by Hugh McLellan of the firm of Dillon, McLellan and Beadel, architects of New York city, which is in the form of a lighthouse and described by them as follows:

DESCRIPTION OF THE DESIGN FOR THE CHAMPLAIN TERCENTENARY MEMORIAL LIGHT-HOUSE AT CROWN POINT, N. Y.

(By the Architects)

The problem presented was that of designing a monumental light-house large enough in mass to be imposing, and of bold outline, distinguishable, when seen from a distance, from the ordinary light-house, without changing the height (50 feet from the ground to lantern platform) of the present structure; sufficiently rugged in character for the landscape at Crown Point, without being crude or lacking in distinction.

The ruins of the French and English forts in the neighborhood might suggest that the monument should have a military character, but the forts are too far away to make it necessary for the monument to conform to them in style, and, as they were built long after Champlain's time (Fort Frédéric in 1731 and Fort Amherst in 1759), there is no other reason for doing so; especially as a military memorial would not be appropriate to Champlain's character and to the achievements on which his fame rests. Champlain was essentially a navigator and an explorer; zealous in the service of the King of France and of his religion, his chief desire being the colonization of the country and the establishment of the Christian religion among the Indians. In fact, his battle with the Iroquois led to their alliance with the British against the French and aided greatly in the ultimate loss of Canada to the French.

The best solution of the problem seemed to lie in adopting as a basis the style of architecture prevailing in France at the time of Champlain, as employed in parts of Fontainebleau and other royal hunting lodges, situated in comparatively wild places, using a robust order and bold, restrained ornament, forming a monumental decoration enclosing the stair shaft.

The free standing columns surrounding the central shaft give width of outline without the heavy effect of a solid mass of the same diameter, and provide proper

space for stairs. The vertical lines of light and shade increase the apparent height of the tower, and render its special monumental character unmistakable at a distance. The granite columns and the bronze statue of Champlain are raised on a massive granite base so that they will be seen above the trees. The lantern and lantern platform are in accordance with the regulations of the light-house board, but a visitors' gallery, separate from the lantern platform, gives, with the cornice and parapet, a distinctive outline to the whole top. The ornament is restrained, the garlands of the frieze binding the top together while the pendants and balls carry up the vertical line of the columns and give a greater effect of height.

The monument has been faced towards the east, for in that direction the slope of the land is steepest, the water and the line of water travel are nearest, and two knolls frame in the approach from the water. This steepness and shortness of approach give a maximum effect of height, and a greater monumental appearance than from any other direction. In this position the statue will cut out well against the sky when seen from up and down the lake, while it composes well with the monument when seen from the front, where the point of view is nearest.

The statue of Champlain is flanked by seated figures of an Indian and of a *voyageur* or *coureur-de-bois*. Under it, in stone, is a conventionalized canoe-prow, laden with typical products of the region — the whole group being emblematical of the condition that prevailed there in Champlain's time. Below this is a bronze tablet bearing appropriate inscriptions and the names of the commissioners. Shields about the base bear the arms of Champlain, France, the United States, New York, Vermont, etc.

As especial emphasis should be laid upon the fact that the monument is erected jointly by the states of New York and Vermont, pyramidal memorials have been placed at either side. These bear the arms of the states and tablets and inscriptions.

A small museum for historic relics, which would also serve as a reception room for visitors, and would add to the attractiveness of the monument, could be established in connection with the keeper's house.

At the meeting of the Commission held at Albany, February 8, 1911, Commissioner Pell reported that Congressman Foster had introduced a bill in the House of Representatives authorizing the Lake Champlain Tercentenary Commissions of New York and Vermont to erect a memorial to commemorate the discovery of Lake Champlain upon Crown Point Light-House Reservation, New York, and that such bill passed the House of Representatives on February 7, 1911, and there-

after the Senate, and was approved by the President. Commissioner Pell submitted a copy of such bill as follows:

A BILL TO AUTHORIZE THE ERECTION UPON THE CROWN POINT LIGHTHOUSE RESERVATION, NEW YORK, OF A MEMORIAL TO COMMEMORATE THE DISCOVERY OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the commissions which were appointed by the States of Vermont and New York to have charge of the recent celebration commemorating the three hundredth anniversary of the discovery of Lake Champlain by Samuel de Champlain, and which have been authorized by said States to build a suitable memorial commemorating said discovery, are hereby granted permission to erect such memorial upon the Crown Point Lighthouse Reservation, New York: *Provided*, That before any actual work of construction shall be begun upon the structure the plans and specifications therefor, both preliminary and detailed, shall be submitted to the Secretary of Commerce and Labor for his approval, and after they have been approved by him they shall not be deviated from without his prior approval.

SEC. 2. That upon the completion of the structure in accordance with the provisions of this Act the Secretary of Commerce and Labor is hereby authorized and directed to accept the same, free of expense, for and in behalf of the United States.

SEC. 3. That upon the acceptance of the structure by the United States the same shall be maintained as an aid to navigation at the expense of the appropriations for maintenance of the Lighthouse Service.

Thereupon, the action of the committee in selecting the Hugh McLellan design for the Crown Point memorial was approved, and that committee was authorized to enter into joint contract with the Vermont Commission for its erection at an expense to the New York Commission not exceeding $35,000, it being understood that the Vermont Commission was to contribute $15,000 towards the cost thereof, which is not to exceed, altogether, including architect's fees, the sum of $50,000.

The committee on the Champlain memorial to be erected in the vicinity of Plattsburgh was authorized to enter into a contract for such memorial at a total cost not to exceed $15,000. This committee did not

make any formal report but its members individually expressed their preferences for a heroic size bronze statue of Champlain, mounted on a suitable pedestal, which might possibly be a replica of the Champlain memorial at St. John, New Brunswick, or some other of the Champlain memorials in America. This matter was under consideration when this volume went to press.

In order that such memorials might be erected under the supervision of this Commission, it became necessary that its life be extended, as was done by Chapter 181 of the Laws of 1911, approved on May 22, which reads as follows:

CHAPTER 181, LAWS OF 1911

AN ACT TO AMEND CHAPTER ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-NINE OF THE LAWS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHT, ENTITLED "AN ACT TO PROVIDE FOR THE CELEBRATION OF THE TERCENTENARY OF THE DISCOVERY OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN, THE APPOINTMENT OF A COMMISSION, PRESCRIBING ITS POWERS AND DUTIES AND MAKING AN APPROPRIATION THEREFOR," AS AMENDED BY CHAPTER FORTY-FOUR OF THE LAWS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TEN, RELATIVE TO THE POWERS AND DUTIES OF SAID COMMISSION AND EXTENDING THE TIME FOR MAKING ITS REPORT TO THE LEGISLATURE AND REAPPROPRIATING THE UNEXPENDED BALANCE OF THE APPROPRIATION MADE BY CHAPTER FOUR HUNDRED AND THIRTY-THREE OF THE LAWS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND NINE.

The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

SECTION. 1. Section four of chapter one hundred and forty-nine of the laws of nineteen hundred and eight, entitled "An act to provide for the celebration of the tercentenary of the discovery of Lake Champlain, the appointment of a commission, prescribing its powers and duties and making an appropriation therefor," as amended by chapter forty-four of the laws of nineteen hundred and ten, is hereby further amended to read as follows:

SEC. 4. Moneys appropriated for the commission shall be paid by the treasurer on the warrant of the comptroller, issued upon a requisition signed by the president and secretary of the commission, accompanied by an estimate of the expense for the payment of which the money so drawn is to be applied, and vouchers

for such expenditures shall be filed with the comptroller, who shall audit the same. Any unexpended balance of such appropriation, after payment of the expenses of said commission, and any moneys derived from the sale of any property held by such commission, as well as all funds paid into its treasury by public or private contributions for the erection of a permanent memorial to Samuel Champlain in the valley of Lake Champlain, shall be aggregated and kept as a special fund to be known as the Samuel Champlain memorial fund, to be used by said commission acting independently or in co-operation with the state of Vermont, the government of the United States, the dominion of Canada, the province of Quebec, and various patriotic societies, or any or either of them, in the erection of two suitable permanent memorials to Samuel Champlain at Crown Point and at Plattsburgh in the valley of Lake Champlain. The commission shall keep an accurate record of all its proceedings and transactions, and shall submit to the legislature of nineteen hundred and twelve a full and complete report thereof. Within thirty days thereafter the commission shall make a verified report to the comptroller of the disbursements made by it. It shall have no power or authority to contract for the expenditure of any sum in excess of the amount heretofore appropriated, except such funds as have actually been paid into its treasury by public or private contribution for the erection of a memorial as herein provided, and it shall keep an accurate account of the receipts and disbursements of such contributions, if any, and include the same in its report to the legislature.

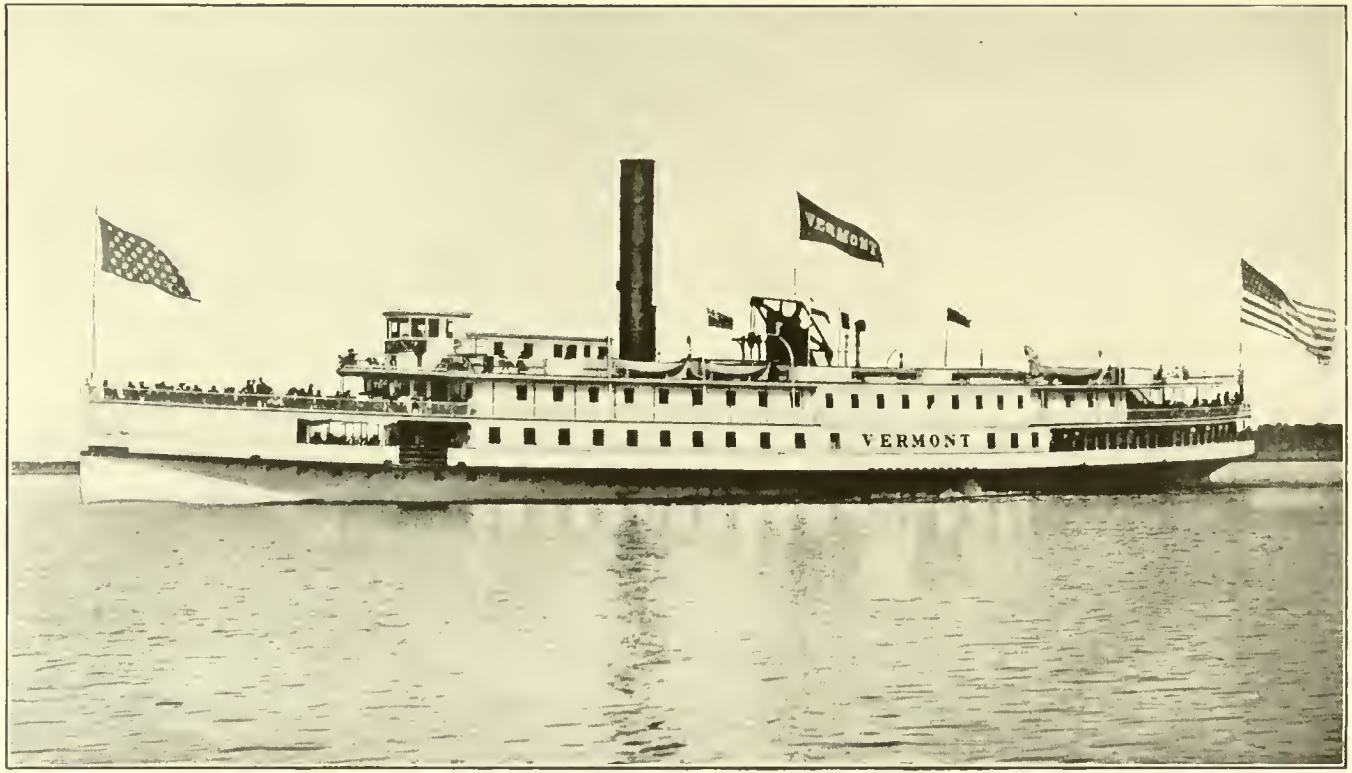
SEC. 2. The sum of twenty-five thousand, eight hundred and thirty-three and seventy-two one hundredths dollars ($25,833.72), the unexpended balance of the appropriation for the Lake Champlain tercentenary commission made by chapter four hundred and thirty-three of the laws of nineteen hundred and nine is hereby reappropriated for the purposes mentioned in chapter one hundred and forty-nine of the laws of nineteen hundred and eight, as amended by chapter forty-four of the laws of nineteen hundred and ten, and as further amended by this act.

SEC. 3. This act shall take effect immediately.

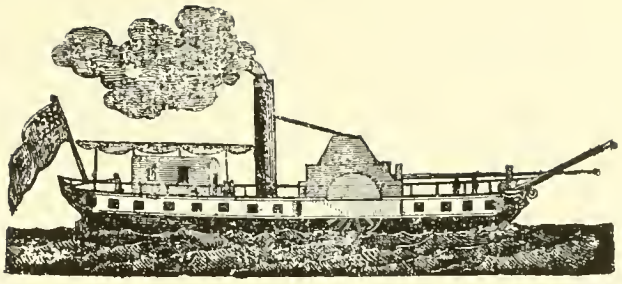
At the meeting of the Commission on July 7, 1911, the minimum contribution to be accepted from the Vermont Commission was reduced from $15,000 to $13,000, towards the Crown Point Memorial.

The Committee on the Memorial to be erected in the vicinity of Plattsburgh was authorized to increase the expenditure therefor from $15,000 to $17,000.

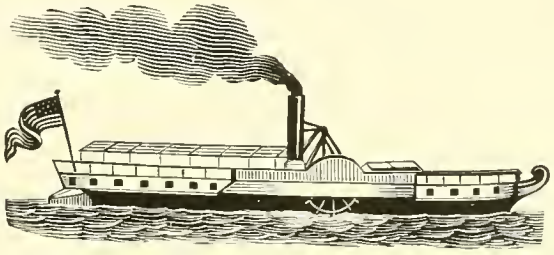
Appendix



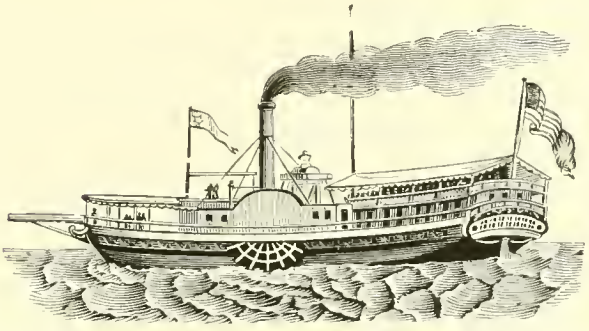
Steamer "Vermont" during the Celebration



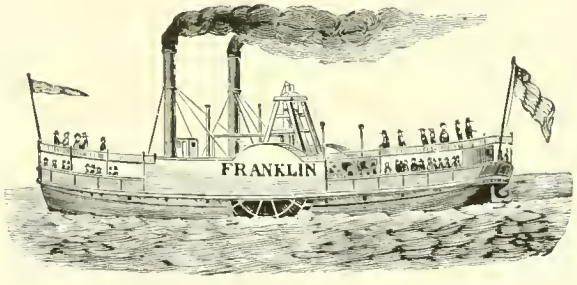
"Phoenix," built at Vergennes, Vt., in 1815. She was 146 feet long, 27 feet wide and had a speed of 8 miles per hour



"Conquest," built at Vergennes, Vt., in 1818. She was 108 feet long and 27 feet wide

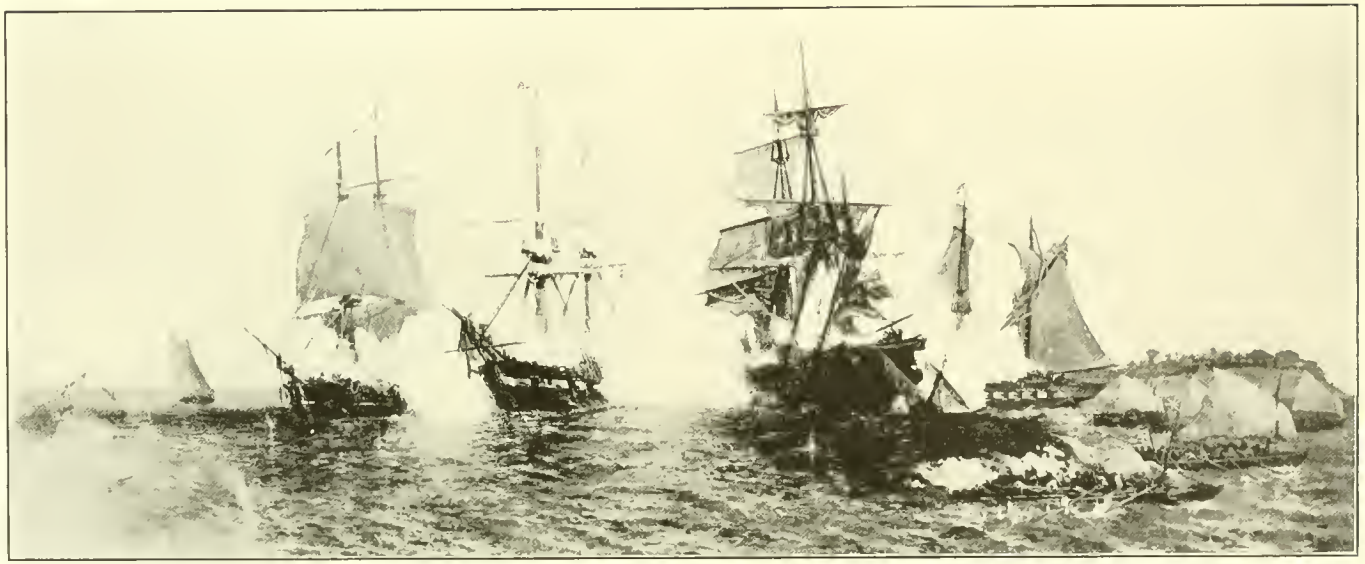


"General Greene," built at Shellburne Harbor, Vt., in 1825. She was 75 feet long and 22 feet wide



"Franklin," built at St. Albans Bay in 1827. She operated between Whitehall and St. Johns and was commanded by Johaziel Sherman, great-grandfather of Vice-President James S. Sherman

Hull of Arnold's schooner "Revenge" recovered from the Lake at Ticonderoga



From a painting owned by Hon. Smith M. Weed of Plattsburgh

Commodore Macdonough's victory at the Battle of Lake Champlain. Fought in Plattsburgh Bay, September 11, 1814

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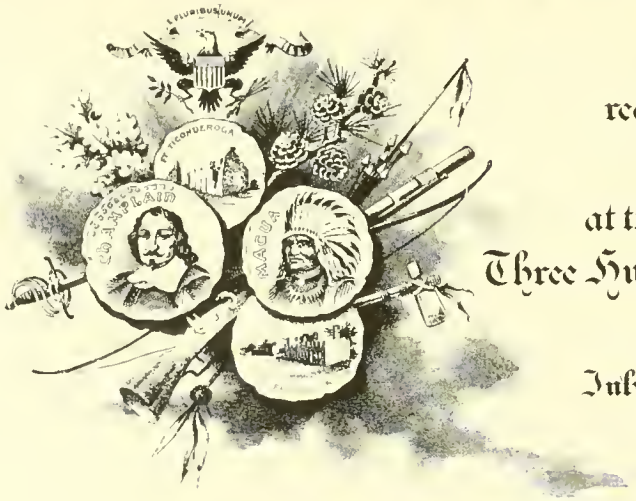
New York-Lake Champlain Ter-Centenary Commission



request the honor of the presence of

at the Ceremonies in Celebration of the
Three Hundredth Anniversary of the Discovery of
Lake Champlain
July fifth to ninth, nineteen hundred and nine

SAMUEL CHAMPLAIN AND THE LAKE CHAMPLAIN TERCENTENARY

353

SAMUEL CHAMPLAIN AND THE LAKE CHAMPLAIN TERCENTENARY

By Senator HENRY W. HILL, *Secretary of the New York Lake Champlain Tercentenary Commission, of Buffalo, N. Y.*

(An address delivered before the Vermont Historical Society on November 10th, 1908, in the House of Representatives, Montpelier, Vermont.)

Mr. President, Members of the Vermont Historical Society, Ladies and Gentlemen: The discovery of America awakened deep interest in European nations, and was followed in the sixteenth century by several trans-Atlantic voyages by Spanish, Portuguese, English and Dutch navigators. French colonization was early directed toward Canada, and in 1535 Jacques Cartier took possession of the northeasterly part of North America under the name of New France. One of the first colonies under M. de Roberval, suffered from the cold, damp climate, famine and disease, and was abandoned. Civil and religious discord obtained in the mother country, and not until Henry of Navarre became Henry IV, and a reign of peace ensued after a century of storm, did the French seriously turn their attention to the colonization of Canada.

About the year 1567, in the small seaport town of Brouage in the ancient province of Saintonge in Western France, a few miles from Rochelle, the stronghold of the Huguenots, was born Samuel Champlain, whose father Antoine Champlain, was a sea captain. Shortly after his birth the town was fortified under the supervision of distinguished Italian engineers, with bastions and projecting angles surrounded by a moat and other devices of military architecture, with which young Champlain became familiar.

The little town was several times besieged and taken by the Huguenots, and retaken and garrisoned and commanded by distinguished officers of the French army.

Notwithstanding the fact that Brouage was the shifting scene of war and peace it was the center of an extensive salt industry, manufactured from sea water let into basins through sluices, and evaporated by the sun and wind, and a port frequented by the vessels of the merchant marine of several countries, between which and this port was maintained an active commerce. Champlain, in his earlier years, was thus made acquainted with military fortifications and engagements, as well as with

practical navigation, of which he says: "This is the art which in my earlier years won my love, and has induced me to expose myself almost all my life to the impetuous waves of the ocean," as stated by Edmund F. Slafter in his Memoir of Samuel Champlain.

His practical knowledge of navigation was such that at the age of twenty-two he was placed in command of a French ship, chartered by the Spanish government, for a voyage to the West Indies. On this voyage he visited not only Cuba and the neighboring islands, but sailed to Panama, across which Isthmus a canal had theretofore been suggested, and visited Mexico, at whose capital he spent some time in studying Mexican institutions and the character of the people. Edwin A. Dix, in his Life of Champlain, in speaking of the visit of Champlain to the city of Mexico, says: "He is enthusiastic over the beauty of the country; admires the forests with their rare woods, the birds of bright plumage, the spreading plains with herds of cattle, horses and sheep, the fertile agricultural lands, and the fine climate. Champlain himself in speaking of this condition, says: 'But all the contentment I had felt at the sight of things so agreeable was but little in regard to that which I experienced when I beheld the beautiful city of Mexico, which I did not suppose had such superb buildings, with splendid temples, palaces and fine houses; and the streets well laid out, where are seen the large and handsome shops of the merchants, full of all sorts of very rich merchandise.'" On his return he visited the fine harbor of Havana and refers to the Morro Fortress, then in existence and capable of being garrisoned. He returned to Spain after an absence of two years and two months, with his vessels laden with the rich products of the New World. On his return to France in 1601, he rendered a full report of his voyage to the King, and gave a description of the methods of the Spaniards in colonizing the New World. He won the liking of the King, and a small income was settled upon him, which enabled him to live at court; but he was unwilling to live the life of a royal courtier. On March 15, 1603, he accompanied the expedition which sailed from Honfleur, which consisted of two barks, of twelve or fifteen tons each, one under command of Pontgravé and the other under command of Sieur Prévert. After a tempestuous voyage of seventy-five days they reached the banks of New Foundland, coasted along the island of Cape Breton, entered the gulf of St. Lawrence, and anchored in the harbor of Tadoussac, where an active fur trade was in progress with the Indians. After exploring the country around about Saguenay they proceeded in a small vessel by the site of Quebec, the Three Rivers, Lake St. Peter, Richelieu, then known as the Iroquois, and after passing the site of Montreal cast anchor at the Falls of St. Louis. On this voyage Champlain was enabled to confer with the Indians as to the topography of the country, the extent and courses of its rivers, and was informed by them of the large lakes and Niagara Falls to the southwest.

This was the first information obtained by the whites of the existence of the great cataract, if such information were in fact given him.

On their return they took with them several Indians, and reached Havre de Grace on the 20th of September, 1603, after an absence of six months and six days. Champlain immediately repaired to the court of Henry IV, and reported at length upon the discoveries he had made in the New World, and presented a map of the regions he had visited, drawn by his own hand. He also gave a description of the fauna and flora and the inhabitants. The King was deeply interested in Champlain's narrative, and offered to bestow upon him his favor and patronage. Year after year Champlain made voyages to New France, and searched out new ports, and coasted along the Atlantic from Cape Cod to the mouth of the St. Lawrence river. From 1604 to 1607 he explored the entire coast of New England, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, sailed into Plymouth harbor sixteen years before the Mayflower, but did not attempt to plant a colony there. In his voyages he described the rivers and bays communicating with the Atlantic ocean, and the islands that fringe its shores. It would be interesting to recount his experiences with the savages along the New England coast, the hardships which his little company endured during the cold winter months, exposed as they were to the proverbial northeasterly storms of the Atlantic, and poorly and but partially sheltered, without adequate food, and with maladies of various sorts, which swept away their numbers. However, time will not permit this to be done. Suffice it to say, that he left a full and detailed description of the New England coast, with maps and drawings by his own hand, far superior to anything that had been left by the navigators who had preceded him along the New England coast. It is not difficult to imagine the pleasure afforded Champlain, who had a profound love for such explorations and adventures as he had made from Plymouth to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. On his return to France he took early opportunity to report the results of his explorations to the King, and present maps and drawings of the bays and harbors of the coasts which he had visited.

On April 13, 1608, Champlain who had been appointed lieutenant of an expedition undertaken by De Monts, left Honfleur and arrived at Tadoussac on June 3d. He explored the mouth of the Saguenay, sailed up the St. Lawrence river to where a towering cliff narrows the great stream, and founded the first French colony in Canada. He gave it the native Algonquin name, Quebec, which means "narrowing of the stream."

The colony was small and precarious, but formed a base of operations from which many expeditions went forth in quest of objects most dear to Champlain's heart. His two great desires were the discovery of a highway to the Indies, and

especially in his later years, the conversion of the American aborigines to Christianity. It is this phase of his character, no doubt, which so enshrined him in the regard of the church, whose doctrines he sought to spread.

The recent Tercentenary Celebration of the Founding of Quebec is fresh in the minds of the American people; and those who witnessed the elaborate pageants presented there under the supervision of Frank Lascelles, will not soon forget the realistic representation of the thrilling events that occurred 300 years ago along the St. Lawrence and in the circumjacent territory, explored by Samuel Champlain and his colonists.

" After long and painful explorations on the waters and among the Indian tribes, and after frequent voyages to France in the service of the colony," he became Governor of Quebec in 1608. He was more of an explorer and navigator than a trader or colonizer, and accordingly his reputation has escaped the taint so common in the annals of New France, of illicit trade and fraudulent dealings, alike with the Indians and with the government. The profits of trade were simply a means to an end, and of little value otherwise. The fall of 1608 was occupied by Champlain and his followers in erecting buildings and making preparations for the approach of winter. Forest trees were felled and hewed into shape for the construction of the walls and floors of buildings to accommodate the little band of colonists. During the fall there were twenty-eight men in the colony, but in the early winter disease made its appearance, which worked fearful havoc with them, and twenty of them were carried to their graves. The savages were hardly less free from famine and disease, and they gathered around the settlement in great numbers, in a condition of almost abject starvation. It was impossible for Champlain to supply them from his limited stores. The conditions were deplorable, and weighed heavily on Champlain's heart, and his sympathies ran out to the savages, as well as to his own colonists, in their desperate and starving condition.

During the fall or early winter in one of his excursions up the St. Charles river he came upon a " crumbling stone chimney and other indications of a habitation, where Jacques Cartier and companions had passed the ill-fated winter of 1535, nearly three-quarters of a century earlier." Was this ominous of what was to befall the colony at Quebec? Champlain, however, did not despair, but gave the sick and dying such shelter and attention as were possible for him with his limited supplies and depleted numbers. The coming of spring, however, revived the spirits of the eight survivors of the colony, and preparations were made for a tour of exploration during the approaching summer.

Champlain had already learned from the savages that there was a lake of many fair islands, surrounded by a beautiful productive country, lying far to the southwest, which he desired to visit. He also learned that beyond the lake was the

home of the Iroquois and the Mohawks, the enemies and foes of the Algonquin and Huron Indian nations. The latter nations proposed an expedition against the Iroquois, and that Champlain should accompany them. The colony was left in possession of Pontgravé who had just arrived from France. Champlain left Quebec on a tour of exploration on the 18th of June, 1609, with eleven men, together with a party of Montagnais. They ascended the St. Lawrence and came upon an encampment of two or three hundred Hurons and Algonquins, whose abode was on the shores of Lake Huron and the waters of the Ottawa. These desired to go to Quebec and inspect the fortifications there, of which they had been informed, before going to war, and Champlain acceded to their request; and after they had spent two or three days in examining the fortifications and in feasting and festivity, they again turned about and proceeded up the St. Lawrence and Richelieu rivers. In addition to Champlain and his two companions, there were sixty Indian warriors, and they were conveyed in twenty-four canoes. They proceeded up the Richelieu river, overcame the falls and rapids by transporting their canoes by land, and again entered the river above St. Johns, and proceeded toward the lake which now bears his name.

It was now in the month of July, 1609, when the Richelieu and the lake were in their most attractive vesture. Primeval forests with all the variety of temperate foliage covered the sloping banks and distant hillsides, and the balmy summer air was vocal with the songs of birds, whose plumage rivaled in beauty the native flowers of the valleys. The waters of the river and lake were teeming with many strange fishes unknown in salt water, and wild animals roamed over the beautiful islands, unmolested and undisturbed.

Samuel Champlain was possibly 42 years of age and had seen something of the life of the courts of Europe and much of the life of the savages in America. He was a zealot in the faith and still had served under Henry of Navarre before he came to the throne. He had traveled extensively, visited many lands, made several voyages across the Atlantic in shallops so small that they would hardly be considered safe by sailors of to-day in storms on Lake Champlain, and he had distinguished himself as a sailor, navigator and colonizer. He was far from his native France and traveling with savages in *terra incognita* where the foot of the white man had never trod before.

The exhilaration of the explorer increased, as he proceeded southward up the Richelieu into the lake that bears his name. He tells his own story, admirably translated by A. A. Bourne, in his voyages and explorations as follows:

" I felt these rapids of the Iroquois river on July 2 (this date may have been July 12), 1609.

" All the savages began to carry their canoes, arms and baggage by land about half a league, in order to get by the swiftness and force of the rapids. This was quickly accomplished. Then they put them all in the water, and two men in each boat, with their baggage; and they made one of the men from each canoe go by land about a league and a half, the length of the rapid. * * * After we had passed the rapid, all the savages, * * * re-embarked in their canoes. * * * They had twenty-four canoes with sixty men in them."

After describing the life of the aborigines in this vicinity, Champlain continues: " We left the next day, continuing our course in the river as far as the entrance to the lake. In this there are many pretty islands, which are low, covered with very beautiful woods and meadows, where there is a quantity of game, and animals for hunting, such as stags, fallow-deer, fawns, roebucks, bears and other animals which come from the mainland to these islands. We caught a great many of them. There are also many beavers, not only in the river, but in many other little ones which empty into it. These places, although they are pleasant, are not inhabited by any savages, on account of their wars. They withdrew as far as possible from the river into the interior, in order not to be suddenly surprised.

" The next day we entered the lake, which is of great extent, perhaps 50 or 60 leagues long. There I saw four beautiful islands 10, 12 and 15 leagues long, which formerly had been inhabited by savages, like the River of the Iroquois; but they had been abandoned since they had been at war with one another. There are also several rivers which flow into the lake that are bordered by many fine trees, of the same sorts that we have in France, with a quantity of vines more beautiful than any I had seen in any other place; many chestnut trees, and I have not seen any at all before, except on the shores of the lake, where there is a great abundance of fish of a good many varieties." * * *

" Continuing our course in this lake on the west side I saw, as I was observing the country, some very high mountains on the east side, with snow on the top of them. I inquired of the savages if these places were inhabited. They told me that they were — by the Iroquois — and that in these places there were beautiful valleys and open stretches fertile in grain, such as I had eaten in this country, with a great many other fruits; and that the lake went near some mountains, which were perhaps, as it seemed to me, about fifteen leagues from us. I saw on the south others not less high than the first, but they had no snow at all " It has been said that on one or more occasions snow has been seen on Mount Mansfield in the summer months.

Champlain with his two companions and Indian warriors proceeded southward along the west side of the lake to the encampment of the Iroquois, their enemies.

Published by courtesy of the Vermont Commission

The "Don de Dieu". Reproduction of Champlain's ship exhibited in the Quebec and Lake Champlain Celebrations

He thus describes their meeting: "When evening came we embarked in our canoes to continue on our way; and, as we were going along very quietly, and without making any noise, on the twenty-ninth of the month, we met the Iroquois at 10 o'clock at night at the end of a cape that projects into the lake on the west side, and they were coming to war. We both began to make loud cries, each getting his arms ready. We withdrew toward the water and the Iroquois went ashore and arranged their canoes in the line, and began to cut down trees with poor axes, which they get in war sometimes, and also with others of stone; and they barricaded themselves very well.

"Our men also passed the whole night with their canoes drawn up close together, fastened to poles, so that they might not get scattered, and might fight all together, if there were need of it; we were on the water within arrow range of the side where their barricades were.

"When they were armed and in array, they sent two canoes set apart from the others to learn from their enemies if they wanted to fight. They replied that they desired nothing else; but that, at the moment, there was not much light and that they must wait for the daylight to recognize each other, and that as soon as the sun rose they would open the battle. This was accepted by our men; and while we waited, the whole night was passed in dances and songs, as much on one side as on the other, with endless insults, and other talk, such as the little courage they had, their feebleness and inability to make resistance against their arms, and that when day came they should feel it to their ruin."

After describing what took place during the night Champlain proceeds to give an account of the engagement as follows: "As soon as we were ashore they began to run about 200 paces toward their enemy, who were standing firmly and had not yet noticed my companions, we went into the woods with some savages. Our men began to call me with loud cries; and, to give me a passageway, they divided into two parts and put me at their head, where I marched about twenty paces in front of them until I was thirty paces from the enemy. They at once saw me and halted, looking at me, and I at them. When I saw them making a move to shoot at us, I rested my arquebuse against my cheek and aimed directly at one of the three chiefs. With the same shot two of them fell to the ground, and one of their companions, who was wounded and afterward died. I put four balls into my arquebuse. When our men saw this shot so favorable for them, they began to make cries so loud that one could not have heard it thunder. Meanwhile the arrows did not fail to fly from both sides. The Iroquois were much astonished that two men had been so quickly killed, although they were provided with armor woven from cotton thread and from wood, proof against their arrows. This alarmed them greatly. As I was loading again, one of my companions fired a shot

from the woods, which astonished them again to such a degree that, seeing their chief dead, they lost courage, took to flight and abandoned the field and their fort, fleeing into the depths of the woods. Pursuing them thither I killed some more of them. Our savages also killed several of them and took ten or twelve of them prisoners. The rest escaped with the wounded. There were fifteen or sixteen of our men wounded by arrow shots, who were soon healed.

"This place, where this charge was made, is in latitude 43 degrees and some minutes, and I named the lake, Lake Champlain."

The foregoing is, in substance, Champlain's narrative of his discovery and passage through Lake Champlain. He says: "The Indians told him of the waterfall and of a lake beyond three or four leagues long," and says that he saw the waterfall, but says nothing about the lake, which is assumed to be Lake George.

There has been some controversy among historians as to the location of this engagement, but most agree that it was in the vicinity of Ticonderoga, although Mr. George F. Bixby, in a formal address before the Albany Institute on November 5, 1889, contends that the first battle of Lake Champlain occurred at Crown Point and his address on that occasion will be read with interest by those who hold the latter view. The battle occurred on July 30, 1609, and produced implacable hatred on the part of the warlike Iroquois toward the French. Its effect upon the Iroquois, who thereafter arrayed themselves against the French, is too well known to require further mention. After the battle Champlain returned to Quebec and continued to act as Governor of Canada until 1629. He surrendered the government to the English in the latter year and returned to France. On his return to France in 1609, he had reported to Sieur de Monts, then at Fontainebleau, the results of his explorations in the New World, and waited upon His Majesty, and gave him an account of his voyage, which was received with pleasure and satisfaction, and Champlain presented to him an account of the beautiful lake which he had discovered.

Champlain was the first white man to set foot upon the territory now comprising the State of New York, and from his description of the islands in Lake Champlain he may have visited them also. The first island that he discovered in Lake Champlain was Isle La Motte, which he saw as he entered the north end of the lake, and from its location he may have landed at Sandy Point, where a settlement was made a few years later.

Champlain and his two associates were undoubtedly the first white men to visit the territory now comprising the State of Vermont, and in his narrative he gives us the earliest account of its aboriginal occupancy.

His journey through the lake afforded him a view of the beauties of its mountain scenery, the admiration of tourists ever after.

His discovery of the lake, to which he gave his name, occurred nearly two months prior to the discovery of the Hudson river by Henry Hudson, and set into operation a train of events that gave the valley its French settlement that continued for nearly a century and a half.

Long before its discovery by Samuel Champlain, in July, 1609, Lake Champlain was the resort and battle ground of the savage Algonquin, Huron and Iroquois Nations, who peopled its islands and circumjacent beautifully shaded and picturesque shores. It was a paradise for the aborigines, whose native customs and adventurous but precarious life were a startling revelation to such an explorer as Champlain, coming as he did from the refinements of French life in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Still he was hospitably received and escorted to and through the lake, then known as Caniaderiguarunte, which signifies the " gate of the country." The lake was also known as Peta-wa-boque, meaning alternate land and water, and also as Mer des Iroquois. It was traversed by the warring Indian tribes, whose canoes formed picturesque flotillas in those early days on the blue waters of the lake.

Had Champlain been gifted with the poetic imagination of a Homer or a Virgil, he might have cast into an epic the story of his explorations and discoveries, which were quite as thrilling as those of the Iliad, the Odyssey, or the Aeneid. Other poets have dwelt upon the beauties of this lake, and have sung of the tragic events that have occurred on its waters.

The Champlain valley is one of the historic portions of the American continent. Its Indian occupation was succeeded by that of the French, and that in turn by the English. From its discovery, in July, 1609, to the Battle of Plattsburgh, in September, 1814, Lake Champlain was the thoroughfare of many expeditions and the scene of many sanguinary engagements. Noted French, British and American officers visited it, and stopped at its forts, from Sainte Anne on the north, founded at Isle La Motte in 1666, to St. Frédéric, founded in honor of the French secretary of foreign affairs, Frederic Maurepas, by Marquis de Beauharnois, governor-general of Canada, at Crown Point, in 1731, and Fort Carillon, founded at Ticonderoga in 1755, on the south.

The grants of some of its islands and adjacent shores, lands under French seignories, were the subject of a long controversy between the French and British governments challenging on the one side the consideration of such officials as Marquis de Beauharnois and others under Louis XV and Louis XVI, and on the other side such statesmen as Lord Dartmouth, Edmund Burke and Sir Henry Moore, under the British crown. But few, if any occupations were made under French seignorial grants, and the controversy finally ended after the Seven Years' French and Indian war, which terminated with the capture of Ticonderoga and Crown Point by the British in 1759, and the later sovereign control by the Americans during the Revolution.

The Champlain valley was the scene of important military and one naval engagement during the Revolutionary War, and permission has been obtained from the War Department to raise from the waters of Lake Champlain the *Royal Savage* at Valcour island, the flagship of Benedict Arnold during that engagement. The history of Ticonderoga and Macdonough's victory at the Battle of Plattsburgh in September, 1814, are of such national importance as to merit Federal consideration during the forthcoming celebration of the discovery of the lake.

For two hundred years or longer the Champlain valley was the highway between Albany on the south and Quebec on the north, through which surged the tides of war and travel, until every prominent point and important island in the lake was marked by some notable event, worthy of historic mention. The proposed celebration of the discovery of the lake will commemorate some of these important events. Sewell S. Cutting, D.D., in a poem read at the University of Vermont in 1877, thus describes some of these events. He says:

I shift my theme, nor yet shall wander far,
My song shall linger where my memories are.
Dear Lake Champlain! thou hast historic fame,—
The world accords it in thy very name.
Not English speech these savage wilds first heard,
Not English prows that first these waters stirred;
Primeval forests cast their shadows dark,
On dusky forms in craft of fragile bark,
When first the pale face from the distant sea,
Brought hither conquering cross, and *fleur de lis*.
On frowning headlands rose the forts of France,—
Around them villages, and song, and dance.
Four generations came and passed away,
Of treacherous peace or sanguinary fray,
When hostile armies hostile flags unfurled,
To wage the destiny of half the world.

Much more might be said of the historic riches of the Champlain valley, and of their importance in the building up of two States of the Union. Some of these are attributable to the settlements that followed its discovery by Samuel Champlain, and had he foreseen these he might have reckoned it an achievement not second to the founding of Quebec.

Time will not permit me to give a detailed account of the events that followed, but there are a few that deserve special mention. In 1615, Samuel Champlain passed up the Ottawa to the Portage, crossed to Lake Nippissing, voyaged through that lake and down the French river, entering the Georgian bay. He was the first white man to behold Lake Huron, and a few months later the first to cross Lake

Ontario. He wintered with the Hurons in the Georgian Bay territory, and set out with them by the way of Lake Simcoe and the Trent river in an expedition against the Iroquois in Central New York. An engagement occurred not far from Onondaga lake, in which Champlain was slightly wounded. Through his leadership his party was victorious, and after pillaging villages, destroying crops and leveling crude palisades, he returned to Quebec in the summer of 1616. From that time to 1627, Champlain made annual trips to France. On some of these he entered or departed from the Port of Dieppe, which I visited in 1905. In 1629, a British fleet ascended the St. Lawrence river, and Champlain was forced to surrender, and was taken a captive to England. Before his arrival, however, peace was declared, and through the intervention of the French ambassador, upon information given in part to him by Champlain, the King of England, promised to restore New France to the French crown. In 1632, Champlain was reappointed governor of the Colony of Quebec, and the following year assumed his duties as such. He was now an old man, with many infirmities, due to frontier service and many hardships, and on Christmas Day, 1633, passed away in his chamber at Quebec. He was there buried with such honors as could be bestowed upon him by the colony, but the site of his burial place is now unknown.

With the limited means at his disposal and the facilities afforded by the government which he represented, it may be safely said that he accomplished more than any other explorer of his age. His annual voyages across the Atlantic, in the frail barks of that time, tossed and tempest driven as they were by the fierce storms that swept the sea, were sufficient to have disheartened a navigator of less resolution than he, but these were only a few of the hardships to which he was exposed. The long winters spent in Canada, without proper protection from the elements, and with inadequate supplies, were hardships which few were able to endure. But in addition to these he explored vast areas of territory peopled only by savages, without proper food and with poor shelter, and exposed to all the maladies prevalent in a new and unsettled country.

He compiled narratives of his voyages and explorations and drew maps of the various places that he visited, which were among the first left by any explorer.

He was brave, high minded and distinguished for his Christian zeal and purity. He often said that "the salvation of one soul is of more value than the conquest of an enemy." He fostered Christianity and civilization, and succeeded in establishing a colony in Canada. He won and held the friendship of the Indians, who looked upon him as their most powerful friend and to whom they frequently repaired in time of trouble or distress.

"Of the pioneers of the North American forests," says Parkman, "his name stands foremost on the lists. It was he who struck the deepest and boldest stroke into the heart of their pristine barbarism. At Chantilly, at Fontainebleau, at Paris, in the cabinets of princes, and of royalty itself, mingling with the proud vanities of the court; then lost from sight in the depths of Canada, the companion of savages, the sharer of their toils, privations and battles, more hardy, patient and bold than they, such for successive years were the alternations of this man's life. He belonged partly to the past, partly to the present, the Preux Chevalier, the Crusader, the romance-loving explorer, the practical navigator, all claimed their share in him."

The States of Vermont and New York have by legislative enactments authorized and appointed commissions, and made appropriations for the observance of the Tercentenary of the Discovery of Lake Champlain, to be held in the month of July, 1909. These commissions have organized and are now formulating plans for that celebration. It has been proposed that exercises be held at Isle La Motte, Plattsburgh, Burlington, Crown Point and Ticonderoga, around which several points rotate most or all the great events occurring in the Champlain valley since its discovery. It is a matter of such importance as to challenge the attention not only of two States, but of the Federal Government, which will be invited to participate in the exercises. State, National and International events justify the co-operation of the Federal Government and the representation of two foreign governments. It is expected that the National Government will make suitable appropriation for that purpose, and will assume the responsibility of inviting and entertaining representatives from the Republic of France, the Kingdom of Great Britain and the Dominion of Canada. The diplomacy exhibited at the Quebec Tercentenary Celebration was such that the descendants of the French and English heartily co-operated in civil, military and naval festivities, commemorative of the important events of Canadian history. The Lake Champlain Tercentenary Celebration may also be made interesting if a similar spirit prevail among the peoples that participate in its conduct.

This is an age of historical as well as scientific research. The domain of empires long since perished and the foundations of buried cities are being explored to learn something of the civilization of the peoples who lived in the youth-hood of the world. As a result Crete is revealing the wonders of the Minoan age, which "immediately succeeded the Neolithic," inspiring the poet to sing:

> Oh! temples of the eternal mystery,
> Oh! eternal mystery of temples!

Mesopotamia is unfolding in its cylinders and monuments something of the life of the peoples who dwelt in its three hundred and sixty once flourishing cities; the Aegean, Grecian and Roman civilizations are matters of general interest to the

people of this generation and all lands and all ages are yielding their treasures to the researches of explorers, archæologists and historians. How can we justify ourselves in the opinion of succeeding generations if we fail to call the attention of the present generation to the important and thrilling events that have occurred in the Champlain valley during the three hundred years since its discovery?

The success of the Lake Champlain Tercentenary Celebration will largely depend on our fidelity to this duty and on our appreciation of the heroic services of those who have given it imperishable fame in the annals of American history. (Applause.)

Statue of Champlain at Champlain, N. Y.

Statue of Champlain at St. John, N. B.

Statue of Champlain at Quebec

THE GEOLOGY OF THE CHAMPLAIN VALLEY

369

THE GEOLOGY OF THE CHAMPLAIN VALLEY

By JOHN M. CLARKE, Ph.D., LL.D., Director of the New York State Museum

AS THE TRAVELER is whirled along the rounding shores and through the cliffs of this valley or piloted over the surface of its waters, however he may be impressed with its natural beauties, he rarely seeks to grasp the real source of them. The historian, busied in commemorating the vivid human events which here have left their mark on the records of the nation, seldom stops to ask why these critical juxtapositions have happened in such a place. All the progress of human events in any place is too often assumed to be a matter of unguided chance; it thus happened that matters so fell out, and the train of events which led to them, if seen at all, is only in closest perspective.

The truth lies far away from any such conception. Man has never been in reality the arbiter of his own fortunes but his history has been at the mercy of physical forces and events more ancient, more fundamental and more enduring than his slender maneuverings.

There would have been no such record of events as this book commemorates, no marching of armies or sailing of fleets through this picturesque spot, there could have been no struggle which was to decide here the perpetuation of our nation, of one human stock, of one language and one form of civil polity over another in a great section of the western hemisphere, if the ages before these issues were born had not made the stage on which the decisive acts were to be played out.

The trains of action that constitute human history are so closely knit to geography that they are little else than one of its natural effects. We are apt to forget this; the narrower our radius, the closer we stick to our latitude and longitude, the less we range the broad earth and expand our horizon, the easier it is to think wrongly, illogically or immorally of human history. I may say immorally for the geography of our planet has as infallibly been the guide of human morals as of human history.

Geography, however, is but a present expression of geological forces and effects. As we are wont to use the term, geography means the existing configuration of the earth; but its exact meaning is of far wider scope, for the earth's geography has been changing from its beginning and it is not to-day what it was yesterday and will be to-morrow. History is indeed not the bare train of events through which human society has arrived at its present state. Such events by themselves are sterile things, not always inspiring, nor are their records always read aright. Walpole advised his son to read all else but history for that was a barren mass of lies. But back of the events of history is the philosophy which gave them birth, the struggle of ideas rather than men, the determination of future cultures rather than the achievement of the ambitions of sovereigns, the hopes of settlers or the comfort of the people.

The events of history depicted in these commemorative pages, the shifting and conflicting procession of human interests, the tides of antagonistic ideals, which advanced and ebbed again through the Champlain valley, must find their philosophic setting in the very existence of the valley, its configuration, the causes which brought it into being. The independence of the American republic and the predominance in this country of the English tongue, so far as these results were determined by the events of this valley, find the ultimate causes of their realization here in those throes of nature which brought this place into existence. Let us then take a backward glance over these preparative events.

In the remote past of the earth where time is reckoned in work done, not years, and the mists hang like a fog bank where the most experienced skipper must navigate by dead reckoning, it is not always easy to find a single cause or one grand effect which may be taken as a starting point for a long chain of changes lasting through a great part of geological history.

The valley of Champlain, its lake and its drainage, is inseparably connected in origin with the majestic and historic St. Lawrence river; as with their human history, both share a common geologic birth and progress.

The intrepid Malouin, Cartier, the first white man to wet keel in the St. Lawrence, after having taken possession of New France in the name of his sovereign, would have found no passage for his vessel, and Champlain none for his little craft on the lake which now bears his name had not a like series of ancient disturbances in the crust of the earth combined to produce both these valleys.

The great mass of hard granites and their associated rocks which now make the Adirondack mountains and extend over vast reaches of Canada to Labrador on the east and toward the Yukon on the west, were for the most part laid down in the quiet waters of the primitive ocean. Soon they became shot through with molten rocks lying just beneath the thin but thickening crust and in time all were raised together above the water's edge as the majestic mountains of the first continent. So intense were the stresses to which they were subjected that the originally soft sediments of the ocean mixed with the soft lavas oozing into them from beneath, became the resistant solid heart of that great Laurentian mass whose apex is the Adirondacks and which the geologist calls the "Canadian shield." About the edges of this Canadian shield or primitive continent the ocean waters still laid down its sediments of mud and sand, lapping its margins then as they do to-day along the coasts of Labrador. As the ages lapsed, these sediments heaped themselves to a great thickness, and, little by little, under the slow process of time, were pressed out and dried into limestones and sandstones and shales, still carrying in their substance the remains of the animals whose lives were played out over these successive ocean bottoms. Thus lay the great Canadian shield tough and hard as an iron cap over northeastern America, surrounded by the softer rocks of the ancient paleozoic series, when first began that series of tremendous strains and stresses in the earth's crust which turned up into successive mountain ridges the ranges of the Appalachians.

It was a lateral or tangential shove of the soft rocks against the harder, a mighty pressure from the depths of the ocean basis shoreward, and the softer rocks were crumpled into mountain waves like sheets of paper.

Like an impregnable redoubt the Canadian shield stood unmoved under the assaults of these rock waves and along the line where the hard and the softer rocks met there was a great rift made through the earth's crust. To-day the traveler through the lower St. Lawrence sees at the north the low and rounded granite hills of the tough Canadian shield which have withstood all assaults of time save the eternal wear of water and weather, while at the south rise in majestic elevation the broken cliffs of limestone, sandstone and shale pushed to these hights against the granite mountains beyond. On Lake Champlain the western shore of old crystallines lies high and sheer while the contour of the downsunken eastern shore are low and gentle.

The deep and long break across the rocks which outlined the course of the future St. Lawrence is sometimes known as "Logan's Fault," taking its name from the eminent Canadian geologist who determined its existence. Subsidiary or coeval seems to have been the fault which determined the Champlain valley. The St. Lawrence and its confluent valley, the Champlain, are the oldest waterways on earth. Together they have been first one long channel through which has flowed the sea that separated the parts of the growing continent, then the drainage ways of the larger continent, varying in their function but never changed in their position from the early dawn of geological time.

It would be hardly correct to say that the valley of Lake Champlain was made by the breaking down of the rock strata along a single joint or rift. It seems more likely that the great strains which caused the rocks to break, here produced a parallel series of northeast and southwest rifts extending to such great depths that the unsupported blocks of rock bounded by these rifts were either pinched out of place or settled down under their own weight. So in the Champlain valley such a great block has probably dropped downward, more at the west than on the east, has, in fact, while sinking, been tilted over so that its western side sank deeper and left the walls of the next adjoining block on the west high and steep where they now stand from Port Henry to Bluff Point. This valley was

a zone of fracture and crushing and being so was the line of least resistance to the moving and eroding waters whether of the sea or land.

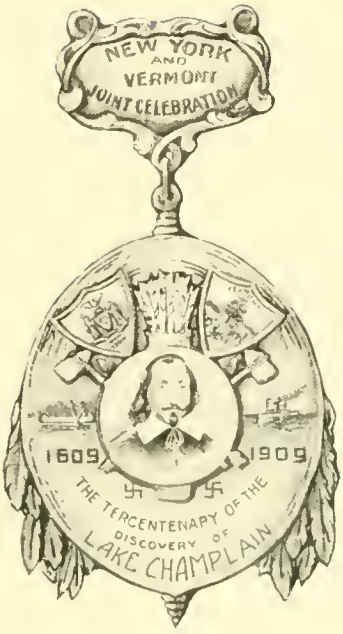
Thus the Champlain valley was born, and whatever may be the changes through which it has passed, the faulted rocks still remain the controlling cause of its existence. It is easy to understand that such a downbreak of the rocks extending from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to Montreal and probably farther west, and thence along the course of the lake, must have brought into existence a condition of weakness and unstable equilibrium in the rocks which did not exist before the rupture occurred. We do not know from any records in the rocks themselves, how often or how much since these primal disturbances the displacements may have continued. It is quite likely they have often been renewed and even to-day we may doubt if a final equilibrium has been reached in all their parts. There are records in human history which indicate the continuation of these attempts at readjustment. In 1663, after the French had long been well established from Gaspé up to Hochelaga and beyond the religious establishments at Quebec and Tadoussac were keeping record of the doings along the river, occurred a great earthquake of which we have somewhat hysterical accounts in the reports sent back to France by the Jesuit fathers and Mother Intendant of the Convent of the Incarnation. But subtracting all that is necessary from these contemporary stories, imbued with the uncomprehending superstition of the times, there remains evidence that there did occur along this great line of Logan's fault a readjustment of the rock strata that set the country to vibrating in a way that has never been equaled in the earthquake annals of North America. The earth along the valley was torn and rent, the forests overthrown, the great river turned from its course in places; old streams disappeared and new waters issued from the ground. For seven years this region was shaken by ever lessening disturbances and for forty years after, travelers in the country recorded the evidences of the disaster. On Lake Champlain, which lay within the zone of influence of such a disturbance, stands Mt. Trembleau. I do not know that its name records the experience with these earthquakes of some French settlers on the lake but there is reason to so believe. We

can not look back over the two hundred and fifty years that have elapsed and estimate these disturbances as remote. To geology they are but as yesterday and for every yesterday there is a to-morrow.

A second stage in the history of the Champlain valley was during the early paleozoic days when it served as the *Lévis Channel*, a sea way connecting the mediterranean sea which then covered the greater part of the eastern United States, with the Atlantic outside, by way of the St. Lawrence. Then there lay solid land to the east of this passage covering the New England states and reaching farther seaward than they do to-day. It was a free though narrow channel into which swarmed the sea life of the time whose remains the geologist finds buried in the rocks which lie on the summits of broken strata of an earlier date.

This open sea way through the Champlain valley is most ancient; it dates back to that period which the geologist calls the Lower Silurian, when most of the present western continent was submerged beneath the ocean waters; and when this age closed the Champlain valley was elevated beyond the reach of the salt waters; and so it follows that when the ocean waters had departed, no more rocks were formed in the valley. Its foundations had been laid and all its rock beds completed before these waters were excluded. Thus the region became continental and began its long career as a drainage way for the fresh waters of the land. Not till long ages after this did the salt waters ever re-enter the valley.

From the departure of the ocean waters to their return are, to the geologist, the dark ages in the history of the valley. We know very little else of the doings there during the great stretches of time of the later Paleozoic, the Mesozoic and the Tertiary ages when elsewhere thousands of feet of rock strata were made by successive seas, than that the terrestial waters flowed through it, sometimes to the north to join the St. Lawrence and sometimes south into the interior mediterranean sea or to join the Hudson drainage. Whether the water moved to the south or to the north depended on the tilting of the land. But of this important fact we have a definite knowledge; during these ages the tributaries of the valley were wearing down the towering summits of the Adirondacks



Souvenir badge

Official guest badge of New York

bringing them by erosion and the transportation of their decay down towards their present low level, while the main trunk of the stream itself was engaged in widening out its valley back to the base of the mountains as they stand to-day.

With this long unrecorded interval of its history before us, while the valley was abandoned wholly to the modifications of weather and drainage, we may let the character of the ancient rock beds in which the valley lies attract our notice. Fundamental and oldest of all are the crystalline rocks to which we have already referred as constituting the mass of the Adirondacks whose rocks run down here and there to the shores of the lake — the gray gneisses and schists of the *Grenville* series through which have broken the dark volcanic gabbros and lighter syenites, all together so tremendously folded, distorted and altered that the solution of their problems, their origin and relative order of succession has been the most difficult and obscure presented by any of the rocks of the State. One finds these Adirondack crystallines over short reaches on the shores and walls of the lake from Ticonderoga to Essex and from Willsboro to Port Kent. The railroad tunnels them above Port Henry and runs across them behind the steep lake front of Split Rock Mountain. On its way to Port Kent this picturesque road winds through deep cuts, around curving ledges of them and bores through their heart on the sheer cliffs of Willsboro. In them are quarries of granite, great bodies of magnetic iron ore at Mineville, Cheever and back in the mountains, extensive deposits of graphite at Ticonderoga and elsewhere. Their veins and fissures are the source of many interesting crystallized minerals.

On these as a foundation lie the almost unaltered *Potsdam* sandstones, remnants of the oldest unchanged sea beach that we know, whose red and gray layers still retain the rippled surfaces left by the primordial waves and the trails of the primaeval animals which dragged themselves over the wet sands at the ebb of the tides. These sands once extended well over the mountains showing that the land was much more deeply submerged than now. The northern margin of the mountains still bears a continuous sheet of them but on the shore of the lake only isolated or

broken patches are now to be found, scattered all the way from the upper tip of South Bay almost to Valcour island. Naturally such material was laid down in shallow water on a shelving coast line. In the breaking down of the rock floor at a later date some patches of the standstone were caught in the downthrusts and deeply buried while those that remained have been mostly worn away or contracted in volume during the ages. The Potsdam sandstone is displayed with compelling effect in the magnificent chasm of the Ausable river which has cut its way across these strata in the later history of the lake. Gradually, after this sand had been deposited to a depth of several hundred feet, the bottom of the sea began to sink more rapidly and in the deeper water thus made a mud was laid down, now the *Beekmantown* limestone, overlying the Potsdam sandstone in many places but without any disturbance in the regular succession of the beds, showing that there was no distortion or upfolding of the earth's crust to bring about this change. But right in the midst of the beds that are now known by this name, there was such a disturbance, when the lower limestone strata were raised for a while, distorted somewhat, eroded under exposure to the air and then sunk again beneath the sea to receive more limestones above them. Then follow above in regular succession the limestones of later depositions, the *Chazy*, *Black River* and *Trenton*, all together representing continuous formations in a pretty deep sea abounding in animals whose remains are found in the rocks where they died and those differences in kind in each formation form an essential basis of distinction between the successive beds. This series of limestones are to be seen in many places; about Ticonderoga, at Crown Point and Westport, through Essex and Willsboro, all in thin strips or patches on the shore; then in more extensive sheets from Valcour through Plattsburgh north to Rouse's Point and on the northern islands; Valcour, Grand Isle and Isle La Motte.

The closing stage of the marine conditions in this ancient Silurian time is represented by shales deposited as the sea was shallowing again preparatory to the closing up of this Lévis channel. The *Utica* and *Hudson river* shales are to be seen fringing the peninsulas and islands and

are much more extensively shown on the low shores of Vermont than on the New York side. They are the final term in the old rock formations of the valley.

In these rock beds the valley lies to-day as it has since its beginning. The only addition to them are the sands and clays which hang upon the hillsides or rest on the more gently sloping shores and these all pertain to the later stages in the history of the lake, to which we may now turn.

When the waters of the present lake are very low, as they were in the dry summer of 1908, they uncover a series of wave cut shelves in the rocky ledges which are now, under normal conditions of the water, much below the reach of wave action. These are believed to represent the shore lines of a lake, just a little smaller than that of to-day, which dated back to a time preceding the advance of the ice-sheet — that controlling factor of the glacial period which so profoundly modified the topography of our country. This supposed pre-glacial lake has been named *Lake Valcour* and the only way we can fix its age is by the absence of any glacial deposits in connection with its varied shore lines.

Then came down the ice of the Great Glacier; little by little it advanced southward from its center of dispersion in Ungava and northern Labrador, first following up the ancient and deeper valleys of the St. Lawrence and Champlain, then, as its volume increased with years of cold and moisture-soaked atmosphere, mantling the whole surface of the land even to the tops of all the mountains now remaining in this region. It was a heavy load that this slowly moving mass of ice piled upon the northern lands and it stayed for more thousands of years than we can now guess; it scored and scoured the old valley of Champlain to a great depth and greater width. When this glacier began to melt and its southern front to retreat back northward, it left here, as elsewhere, great marginal dams or frontal moraines of rock rubbish which the moving sheet had shoved before it or carried in its substance. The melting waters overflowing in great floods worked over this debris and rearranged it, but without removing it all to any great distance south. In front of the ice foot and behind the dams thus formed the melting water was impounded

as fresh water lakes, some of them in other places much larger than all our Great Lakes joined in one. While these ice waters were running off to the south by the old Hudson valley outlet, the damming of that outlet raised the waters into a lake which overspread the present Hudson valley east and west as far as the steep bounding walls would permit. As the ice front in its retreat northward passed the mouth of the Mohawk valley, it let into this lake the great mass of glacial waters that had been held back in western New York; then and for a long time the Great Lakes were drained out by the Mohawk channel into the Hudson valley while the passage by the St. Lawrence still remained impeded by the ice. West of Albany are the great banks of sand, the Schenectady plains, laid down by these discharging waters, and on both sides of the valleys are clays and sands which extend northward continuously into the valley of Champlain. These clays and sands are the deposits of the glacial lake whose outlines we know pretty accurately now, and which is called *Lake Albany*.

Lake Albany began its existence before the ice was out of the Champlain valley but as the front of the glacial mantle withdrew northward that valley too was filled with lake waters contemporaneous and co-extensive with those of Lake Albany. The deposits from these waters narrow near the present divide between the two valleys and those of Champlain widen out over an area greater in diameter than the Albany waters ever reached, so we are in the way of conceiving them as distinct water bodies. This glacial Lake Champlain is called *Lake Vermont* and when at its greatest size it extended back into the valleys of the Adirondacks on the west and much further over the lower reaches of Vermont into the drainage ways of the Green Mountains. We know that, though it began its existence as Lake Albany was completed, it was not finished till long afterward. The ice was still retreating back to its own place, the land was going down, so the lake waters rose to relatively great hights on the mountain slopes and until the ice had reached and passed the valley of the St. Lawrence so long did Lake Vermont spread over the Champlain valley leaving its sands and clays where they now cling to the valley slopes. But once the St. Lawrence had been passed

by the ice front and that ancient valley was again opened to drainage, Lake Vermont was tapped and its waters flowed out to the sea by the ancient passage. Thus died Lake Vermont after a life whose length can not be estimated but which it may be safe to say, was as long as the present Lake Champlain has existed.

Now followed a momentous change in water conditions. The earth's surface which had been sinking in these latitudes since the beginning of the break up of the ice, kept on going down until the whole St. Lawrence channel from Ontario to the Gulf was below the level of the sea. This sinking brought down Champlain, too, below sea level, and thus gradually into this valley the salt waters ascended, rising as far to the south as Port Henry and covering in width almost as great an area as did the fresh waters of Lake Vermont which had preceded them. In a still broader body these marine waters stretched around the northern Adirondacks on to Lake Ontario and perhaps into some of the Finger-lake valleys of central New York. This was a long time ago but there are still to-day living in the deeper waters of Lake Ontario small animals whose ancestors came in with these marine waters but adapted themselves to the gradual change from the salt to the present fresh water conditions. This great salt bay extending to Lake Ontario is *Gilbert gulf* and the arm of this bay which filled the Champlain valley is the *Hochelagan sea.* In its deposits of clays and sands lying on the valley slopes are found the remains of sea animals, the bones of whale and seal, and the shells of mollusks, all indicating cold waters and a subarctic climate. Thus the sea had come into its own again and after the lapse of uncounted ages during which the continents of all the earth had well nigh been brought to completion, it flowed once more in the old Lévis Channel.

The clays and sands that carry these marine shells lie as high as three hundred or more feet above sea level and the animals are of much the same species as are still living in the northern waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence at depths of one hundred or more fathoms. Here then has been a change upward in the movement of the crust of about one thousand feet since the sea stood for the last time over the valley of Champlain.

There remain now but the final changes in the valley to bring the lake to its present condition. The marine stage of the lake was brought to a

close by a slow tilt of the entire Champlain-Hudson valley, depressing it at the south and raising it at the north. By this movement all the lower Hudson has been deeply drowned and its ancient canyon which once reached a hundred miles beyond New York bay lies buried now under fathoms of water. The counter movement upraised the Champlain valley and gradually turned back the marine waters till they were wholly shut out by the elevation of the valley bottom above sea level. The St. Lawrence with its heavy drainage from the Great Lakes soon washed out from its channels all remnants of the salt water, but in the Champlain valley, receiving only lesser streams from the mountain sides, this process was a slower one.

Yet in time the waters were cleansed, though their volume was immensely lessened, and the lake gradually took on its present form which, as we have seen, is almost a reproduction of the size it had just before the ice invaded the valley. In these latter stages the outlet of the lake may have been for a while to the south but its present discharge to the north through the Sorel river re-established its ancient affiliation with the St. Lawrence. While we speak of this condition of the higher waters of the lake as of quite recent date yet some measure of its distance from us is suggested by the fact that since the retreat of these high waters the Ausable river has worn out its wonderful canyon through the rocks by the slow process of erosion, breaking down the sandstones along lines of weakness indicated by the vertical walls bounding the rifts in the strata.

Thus by the slow changes we have indicated was the stage set for the play of human events which have left their marks in this valley and their influence on the history of mankind. Who will say that the geography of this valley has not dominated its events? The enclosed lake with its barely navigable outlet at the north bounded by forest-covered lowlands obstructing the easy movement of armies and fleets, may have ensured a wholly different outcome to the contending issues than if they had been fought out on an open freely navigable arm of the sea. Here, then, as elsewhere on the earth, we can perceive that geography has been a determinant factor in human history.

JOHN M. CLARKE.

EPISODES IN THE HISTORY OF THE CHAMPLAIN VALLEY

383

L. O. ARMSTRONG

EPISODES IN THE HISTORY OF THE CHAMPLAIN VALLEY

By Frank H. Severance

A RECORD OF THE CELEBRATION of the 300th anniversary of the discovery of Lake Champlain may properly be supplemented by some account, not merely of that discovery, but of other significant and decisive events that have followed, and which constitute the history of the region. Although the details of that history would require an ample volume for their proper setting-forth, it is possible in a few pages, to direct attention to the principal events, especially those of an international character, which have occurred in the Champlain valley, and which give to this region a peculiar importance in the history of America.

Its aboriginal history — if the term history may be applied to a period prior to the beginning of trustworthy records — may be neglected, with little loss. A glance at the topography of the region tells the story. Here is a lake some ninety miles long, in the bosom of a valley of perhaps twice that length, having direct and easy communication with the great natural highways to the north and the south, the St. Lawrence and the Hudson. It was natural that rival tribes should contend for its control and meet in savage conflict on its waters. At the dawn of history hereabouts we find it virtually under the sway of the Mohawks, those easternmost leaders of the Iroquois Confederacy, into whose warfare with the Algonquins of the north it was the unhappy fate of the French to be drawn as soon as they attempted a permanent establishment in America.

It followed that Champlain's adventure in the summer of 1609 had a two-fold inspiration. Beyond question he was eager to explore, to find new lands and waters for his king, no doubt with a thought for the extension of trade and the spread of the Christian religion; but when in early July he came up the Richelieu and into the lake which bears his name, it was less as an avowed explorer than as a warrior armed with a

gun — a device for killing heretofore unheard of in that wilderness. It was not at all as a trader or a missionary that he, first of all white men, made his way through the lake; but as the friend and ally of his savage Algonquin escort, who rejoiced at the chance to guide him, with his death-dealing weapon, against their ancient and unsuspecting Iroquois enemy. When the rival bands met, a shot or two put to flight those of the enemy who were not killed; and the white warrior retraced his way to the St. Lawrence. Although history must accord to Champlain priority as an explorer of the region; although we know of no other white man who preceded him in a passage across the lake; although he was the first civilized man to look upon what are now portions of New York and Vermont states, the claim in his behalf, so far as the expedition of 1609 is concerned, cannot be carried much further. It won no new territory for his king, nor was there any wholesome extension of awe or respect for the power of French arms. On the contrary, the affair of the first killing by gunshot in what is New York State gained for the French the enmity of the Iroquois federation, which, for well nigh a century and a half, was to be to the rulers of New France, a source of vexation, of cost in money and blood, ending only with the conquest of Canada by the British. It is beyond the province of history to say, whether a happier train of events could have been started had the initial exploit of Champlain been less the act of an enemy. Obviously it was the natural course for the French to make allies of those aborigines with whom they were most closely in contact. Obviously, too, the friend of the Algonquin and the Huron was the enemy of the Iroquois. What might have been the fortunes of the French in America had their great explorer won the friendship and allegiance of the Iroquois confederacy is too purely speculative to make it a profitable field of inquiry. Happily for the record of human endeavor, the next period in the story of the Champlain valley is as rich in high and worthy motive as the initial expedition of Samuel Champlain is barren.

Thirty-two years elapse before we come to the second episode in the history of Lake Champlain. The discoverer had died and a new

generation directed the precarious fortunes of the colony to which he had given his life. Now, in 1642, the most potent force in all of New France was not the armored white man with a gun, but the cassocked priest with the uplifted cross. In their zealous mission work among the Indians, the Jesuits drew no line against Algonquin, Huron, or Iroquois. They often seem to have courted service where the danger was greatest; and small though the net results may sometimes seem, the story of their work stands unsurpassed as a record of pure devotion for the betterment of humanity. It is an incident in this long-continued work of this religious order among the savages that gives us our next glimpse of Lake Champlain.

In August, 1642, Isaac Jogues, with René Goupil and Guillaume Couture, were carried as captives of the Iroquois southward through Lake Champlain. The "Relations" of their order record that on the 8th day they landed on a small island near the southern end of the lake; thence they were carried to the Mohawk towns to the southward. Goupil was murdered; Couture was taken back through Lake Champlain to Three Rivers, and Jogues finally made his way, with the aid of the Dutch at Manhattan, to France.

Two years later, in the spring of 1644, the Champlain valley again comes into history and again merely as a highway along which Joseph Bressani, an Italian Jesuit, also a captive of the Iroquois, was carried southward to the Mohawk towns. After detention and torture he, too, reached the Dutch on the Hudson, and later on was sent to France.

Again two years pass. In May, 1646, we find Father Jogues once more journeying through the lake to the land of the Mohawks, this time not as a captive but bent on a peace mission. The overtures of peace and good-will were made with a curious blending of civilized and savage rites and the priestly messenger was permitted to return, paddling northward again through the lake, on his way to Quebec. Scarcely has he reached that settlement than he is again ordered into the Mohawk country. In August we find him once more journeying the now familiar route, accompanied not only by the necessary Indians, but by a young

Frenchman, Lalande. It was to be his last voyage. Emissary of peace though he was, nothing but savage hostility awaited him among the Mohawks. In October both he and his French companion were murdered.

First the warrior, then the missionary. The third episode in the history of the lake combines both of these forces. Although white men may have passed through the Champlain valley after Father Jogues, we find no record of such passage or indeed any allusions to the Champlain region for twenty years. Then comes the first step towards its occupation. This was the founding of Fort Ste. Anne, built early in the year 1666 by Pierre de St. Paul, Sieur de la Motte Lussiére, a captain of the regiment of Carignan. La Motte was its first commandant and the old chronicles record that in that same year some of his men who had gone hunting from Fort Ste. Anne were surprised by the Mohawks; some were taken prisoners, among them de Leroles; Captain de Traversy and the Sieur de Chazy were killed. A well-known stream which empties into the lake from the west bears to this day the name of this soldier.

When Captain Sorel at the mouth of the Richelieu heard of the disaster at Fort Ste. Anne, he started southward with 300 men. Before reaching the Mohawk villages he met an " embassy " of the Indians, bringing back the captured Frenchmen.

In order to strike a blow which should be decisive and win for the French in the Champlain valley some measure of immunity against the Iroquois attacks, de Tracy, in September of this year, led 600 settlers with 100 Hurons and Algonquin Indians into the Champlain valley. It was the greatest expedition that the region had ever seen. On September 28th they made a rendezvous at Ste. Anne, resting there until October 3d. It is recorded that the expedition as it paddled away to the southward in bark canoes, carried with it two small cannon and also drums, and the sound of these drums proved more alarming than the engines of war.

The story of that little campaign need not be detailed here. The only part of it that belongs to Champlain is the record of the going and the returning. On that return a storm on the lake caused the loss of two canoes and eight persons, among them the Sieur du Luques, a lieutenant.

The events of this campaign of 1666 brought into the valley, and into the history of Lake Champlain, de Courcelle, the Governor of New France; de Tracy; de Saliéres, commander of the famous regiment that bore his name; the Chevalier de Chaumont, with other soldiers of fame and worth. With them came also the Jesuits Albanel and Raffeix, the secular priest, Du Bois, and the Sulpitian Dollier de Casson, who for a time was chaplain at Fort Anne, and whose exertions saved the garrison from extermination by disease. The year following (1667) we find at Fort Ste. Anne Father Frémin, on his way to the Mohawk country, and with him Fathers Pierron and Bruyas, with Charles Boquet and François Poisson. Most notable of all was the visit, in May, 1668, of Monseigneur Laval, at that time Vicar Apostolic with the title of Bishop of Petrea, later the first Bishop of Quebec, whose jurisdiction extended over all the country that to-day forms the United States and Canada.

In December, 1666, yet another expedition of similar character and purpose, passed back and forth on the ice of the frozen lake.

The nomenclature of the lake offers a variety of names by which it was known in the earlier years. An aboriginal name, presumed Mohawk, is given as "Ro-tsi-ich-ni," "the coward spirit." "The Iroquois are said to have originally possessed an obscure mythological notion of these supreme beings or spirits, the good spirit, the bad spirit, and the coward spirit. The latter inhabited an island in Lake Champlain, where it died, and from this is derived the name above given." Other aboriginal appellations are "Caniaderi Guarunte," "the door of the country," and "Peta-ou-bough," "a double lake branching into two," alluding to both Lakes Champlain and George. In some of the early reports the lake is referred to as Rogeo, or Regio, probably from "Re-gioch-me," the name of a Mohawk Indian who was drowned at Split Rock; the rock, and sometimes the lake, being afterwards called among the Mohawks by his name. The rock in question is said to have been regarded among the Indians as marking the boundary between the territory of the Mohawks to the south and the Algonquins to the north. From the day of Champlain's discovery, the lake was given his name by the French, who also

long continued to speak of it as " lac Hiroquoise" or " Mer des Iroquois," lake of the Iroquois. After the drowning of Arent van Curler, the lake was long spoken of by the Mohawks, and to some extent by the Dutch and English, as Corlaer's Lake.

While the French, though at long intervals, were sending their expeditions through Lake Champlain and seeking to establish themselves on its shores, the Dutch and English to the southward were by no means oblivious of this great highway or of the movements of the French. Early in 1666 spies sent out by Governor Winthrop of Connecticut reached Lake Champlain — which the Governor, in his report, calls Lake Herocoies — and reported on the operations of the French. The correspondence of the French Governor, De Courcelle, shows that as early as 1666 emissaries of the French and Dutch passed through the lake on errands for their respective governments. Such an emissary was Arent van Curler, or Corlaer, one of the founders of Schenectady, and a man so highly regarded by the Indians that in his honor they gave the name of Corlaer to the Governors of New York. In the summer of 1667 he set out from New York with one Fontaine, to visit the Governor of Canada, but was overtaken by a squall on Lake Champlain and drowned near Split Rock in crossing what is now known as Peru Bay, Essex county, N. Y., but was in earlier years called Corlaer's Bay.

For the next twenty years there is little or no mention of Lake Champlain in either the French or English colonial records, though there is no doubt that war parties, or traders, especially in the French interest, passed repeatedly through the valley. In September, 1687, Dyrick van der Heyden, Nanning Harmensen and Fredrych Harmensen, who had been taken prisoners by the French on Lake Huron and carried to Quebec, made their escape and in five days reached Albany, by way of Lake Champlain. Governor Dongan at that time recognized the strategic importance of the Champlain valley, and proposed to build forts there.

The French and Indian expedition which destroyed Schenectady in the winter of 1690, followed Champlain's route of 1609 to Ticonderoga, marching for the most part on the ice of the frozen lake. On the return

the same route was followed, there being carried back thirty prisoners, some of them wounded, much plunder and fifty horses, all but sixteen of which were killed for food.

It was in retaliation for this stroke that Captain John Schuyler led a band of volunteers into Canada in August of 1690, Christians and savages, some 150 in all. They passed by canoe through Lake Champlain, fell upon the French at La Prairie, killing and capturing about twenty-five men and women, then making a rapid retreat southward through the lake, stopping at Isle La Motte and other points, and reaching Albany on August 30th. Such partisan raids were not a very noble form of warfare, but they were typical of the strife that was maintained for many years between the rival colonies.

In June of 1691 Major Peter Schuyler led a yet larger party of "Christians and Indians" against Canada. By the middle of July, when he had got his uncertain forces to Ticonderoga, it numbered 260 men all told. Canoes were built and a cautious advance made northward through the lake. On the 26th of July, reaching Isle La Motte, he reported the fort there as "several years deserted." Schuyler's band fell upon the fort and village of La Prairie, losing, by the official report twenty-five men, and killing about 200 of the enemy. Then came a hurried retreat of the victors up the lake, Albany being reached on August 9th.

In January, 1693, a band of Indians, Canadians and soldiers, led by Matet, Courtemanche and La Nové, left Chambly on snow shoes, marched over the ice of Lake Champlain, thence across country to the Mohawk towns, where they killed, made captive, and burned. Retracing their steps, they were followed by Major Peter Schuyler, with a body of armed settlers and Indians. The retreat to Montreal was made desperate by severe weather and lack of food rather than by the enemy. It was a costly affair for all parties with substantial profit for none.

Late in 1696, a war party of French and Indians appeared near Albany, burned and killed, and fell back to Lake Champlain. "Three and twenty Indians and three Christians" were sent after them by

Governor Fletcher. The pursuers marched with all speed to Lake Champlain where they destroyed the enemy's canoes, then fell upon the fugitives, killed seven, and took their scalps back to Albany. In reporting this typical bit of international strife in the Champlain valley, Governor Fletcher adds significantly: "Tis believed the rest will perish in the woods."

It was Major Peter Schuyler who, in May, 1698, with Godfrey Dellius, the minister of Albany, passed through Lake Champlain by express canoes, hastening from New York to Quebec with copies of the treaty of Ryswick in French and Latin. France and England were at peace, but their representatives in America were long in adjusting themselves to such unwonted condition. Among other difficulties, was the matter of exchange of prisoners held by the Indians, and the perpetual question of Iroquois allegiance. Regarding these matters, in August Governor Bellomont sent Captain John Schuyler with letters to Frontenac, the French Governor. It is worth noting the speed with which a canoe express could travel in those days. Captain Schuyler, on September 1st, got "four miles into Corlaer's Lake." "On the 2d," says his report, "came neere to Fort Lamott," having thus paddled practically the length of the lake, or more than eighty miles, in a day.

Whoever traces the progress of this century-long strife between Canada and New York, cannot fail to be impressed with the services rendered to this latter colony by members of the Schuyler family, especially Captain John and Major Peter Schuyler. It is not strange, although wholly without foundation, that Beauharnois, in 1731, should report in his despatches relating to Crown Point: "The King of England has granted Lake Champlain to the children of Sieur Peter Scult [Schuyler], a well-known resident of Orange. Therefore, we must anticipate the establishment they may form at Crown Point."

Although by the Treaty of Utrecht, concluded in 1713, the Champlain valley was a part of the neutral territory where neither the French nor the English had a right to establish themselves, yet the French construed that treaty to suit their own ends and in 1731, a time of absolute

peace between France and England, made the first permanent establishment on Lake Champlain. This was at first a simple stockaded fort named for the French Secretary of State, Frédéric Maurepas, but from its establishment known in French annals as Fort St. Frédéric. To the English, by a curious translation of the Indian name, it was known as Crown Point.

For many years it was a very feeble garrison. Had the English colonies been able to join in any plan of campaign with even a small force, they probably could have wrested Crown Point from the French. The Canadian Governor seems to have recognized the fact that they had little to fear from their English rivals; for they made no haste to put St. Frédéric in a condition for defense. As late as 1747, it was too badly constructed and too feebly garrisoned to have defended itself against any resolute attack, but feeble as it was, it was a sign of greater energy on the part of the French interests than the English could command in this region.

Many a colonial governor of New York had recommended the building of a fort on Lake Champlain. As early as 1715 this was being advocated by Colonel Hunter; Governor Cosby in his time wrote at length to the British ministry urging the same proposition, and so in later years did Lieutenant-Governor Clarke, and others. Most energetic of all the colonial governors was George Clinton, who, in 1745, endeavored to engage the other English colonies in America in a joint campaign against the French at this outpost in the Champlain valley. Governor Clinton sent up from New York to Albany cannon, powder and ball, and other munitions of war, but he wholly failed in gaining the coöperation that was essential to an effective campaign. A little later, in 1745, we find Governor Clinton still urging a move against the French on the lake, while General Shirley characteristically opposes it as impracticable.

The gradual development of Fort St. Frédéric from a feeble stockaded post, in 1731, to a stone and earthwork fortress of great strength, which it had become by 1749, can be traced through the correspondence of the French officials of that period. In the year last named, when the Swedish traveler, Peter Kalm, passed through Lake Champlain, he

found the fort a quadrangular structure with high thick walls, with a tower, everywhere bombproof, and well stored with cannon. Houses of stone had been built for the officers and soldiers; there was also a church and many other minor constructions within the fortifications or under the protection of the guns.

A still earlier glimpse of the fort is found in the narrative of the Rev. Emanuel Crespel, a recollect of the Franciscan Order, who was sent to Crown Point in 1735, arriving there November 17th.

According to him, the Indian custom of scalping originated at this place. He says: "When the Indians kill any one on their expeditions it is their custom to take off his scalp, which they bring in on top of a pole, to prove that they have defeated the enemy. This ceremony, or, if you like, this custom, begun on this point, after a kind of combat in which many Indians lost their scalps, gave name to the place where the battle was fought."

Father Crespel gives no general account of the fortifications, but clearly shows that they were in an unfinished condition as late as 1735. "The fort," he says, "which we have in this place, bears the name of St. Frédéric. Its situation is advantageous, for it is built on an elevated point about fifteen leagues distant northerly from the extremity of the lake. It is the key of the colony on that side; that is to say, on the side of the English who are only twenty or thirty leagues off."

Of his journey through Lake Champlain to Crown Point, he writes: "The day of my departure from Chambly, a post about forty leagues from St. Frédéric, we were obliged to sleep out and during the night about a foot of snow fell. The winter continued as it set in and although we were lodged we did not suffer less than if we were in the open fields. The building where they put us was not yet finished and we were only partially sheltered from the rain, and the walls, which were twelve feet thick, having been finished only a few days, added still more to our troubles which the snow and rain gave us. Many of our soldiers were seized with scurvy, and our eyes became so sore that we were afraid of losing our sight without resource. We were not better fed than lodged.

Scarcely can you find a few partridges near the fort and to eat venison you must go to Lake George to find it, and that is seven or eight leagues off. We finished our building as soon as the season would permit, but we preferred to camp out in summer rather than remain any longer. Yet we were not more at ease, for the fever surprised us all and not one of us could enjoy the pleasures of the country."

Father Crespel was recalled to France and left Fort St. Frédéric September 21, 1736.

The conquest of Canada ended French domination in the Champlain valley. The last four years of their supremacy in the region were crowded with events, many of them among the most familiar in American history. It is unnecessary in the present review to attempt a detailed narrative of those campaigns. From 1731 to 1755 the only stronghold of the French on the lake had been at Crown Point. By the last-named year it had been made worthy the name of fortress and was strongly garrisoned. It was from Crown Point that Dieskau led his army of 700 regulars, 1,600 Canadians and 700 Indians, against the British at Lake George. An outcome of that campaign was a baronetcy for William Johnson, but the English operations were wholly ineffective so far as affecting the control of Lake Champlain.

In the following year the French fortified Fort Ticonderoga and strengthened themselves at Crown Point, but there were no military movements of importance on the lake.

In 1757 the greatest army which France had sent against her hereditary foe in America gathered in July at Ticonderoga, some 6,000 French and Canadian soldiery and 1,700 Indians. This force advanced to the siege of Fort William Henry, which capitulated after six days, and then followed that massacre of the 10th of August, which forms one of the most horrible records of atrocities in the annals of our State.

Still the French were supreme on Champlain, thanks largely to the skill and devotion of Montcalm. In 1758 came Abercromby with 6,300 regulars and 9,000 provincials, to oppose whom Montcalm held at Ticonderoga 2,900 French regulars and 450 Canadians. There was a

desperate assault, waste of life, and determined defense, and Abercromby retreated with the remnant of his splendid army to take his place with Johnson and Webb in the list of the unsuccessful.

The British ministry saw that a more decisive blow must be struck than had yet been attempted. For the first time in this war a capable man was placed at the head of the American operations. Amherst, supreme in command, undertook the personal direction of the campaign against the French in the Champlain valley. Again the British armies move northward through Lake George and camp under the guns of Ticonderoga, but this time, instead of the determined defense of the year before, there is no defense at all. The French blew up Ticonderoga and retreated to the northward. They also destroyed Crown Point and left Lake Champlain to the British. Minor exploits there were, but the decisive step had been taken, Ticonderoga and Crown Point had at last come into the hands of the British; and British they remained until a certain May morning in 1775 when Ethan Allen and his little band demanded and secured their surrender in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress.

For practically a century after Champlain entered upon the lake, its part in American history was that of a great highway for war parties. The Peace of Ryswick in 1697 was soon followed by a formal treaty between the French and the Five Nations. If, for a time, this truce stayed the work of the tomahawk and the firebrand, it was soon forgotten. From 1702, in which year Queen Anne's war was begun, for a long term of years, the New York and New England colonies were again subject to the attacks of marauding parties in the French interest. Many of them passed through Lake Champlain, by fleets of canoes in summer, on the ice in winter. Such a party it was in 1704 that fell upon defenseless Deerfield. It had followed the route from Canada up Lake Champlain to the Winooski river, thence ascending that river and crossing the mountains into the valley of the Connecticut.

The attempts which the English made to dispute possession of the Champlain region were so feeble and ineffective that it is not strange

that the French came to regard it as their own, not merely by right of discovery, but because there was no effective opposition to their occupancy.

They made their first settlement on the lake in 1731 at Crown Point. In 1696 New York had made a great land grant to Dominie Godfrey Dellius, which extended up the east side of Lake Champlain as far as the present village of Panton; but there had been no British occupancy north of the Hudson. Towards the close of the period of French control, numerous tracts were granted in the French interests on both sides of the lake, some of them of great extent. At the head of the lake were the seigniories of Alainville and Hocquart, the former reaching to Lake George, the latter, on the east of Lake Champlain, overlapping a part of the Dellius tract. There were numerous other French grants on both sides of the lake, dating from 1743 to 1758. Little or no attempt was made to occupy them. After the conquest of Canada, in 1760, many tracts of the Champlain lands were parceled out by the British, chiefly to non-commissioned officers and soldiers, and ignoring the French claimants. In several cases, however, the French claimants urged their rights through a considerable term of years. Some of them had forfeited their titles by non-compliance with conditions of the grant; others, notably M. Lotbinière, whose grant had been confiscated, contended against the British, though in the end without success. In the case of M. Lotbinière, the officials at Whitehall, as late as February 13, 1776, could find no better solution than to recommend that King George should direct the Governor of Quebec to make to the French claimant a new grant of other lands in Canada. By this time, however, the tenure of British subjects in the Champlain valley had become precarious, and before long they were all destined to be dispossessed of their holdings and routed from whatever slight foothold they may have gained. All vested interests in the region were readjusted by the war which gave the American colonies their independence.

The varied story of conflicting claims does not end, however, with the supremacy of American control in the valley. There is no more strik-

ing chapter in the whole history of Lake Champlain than that which relates to the contest between New York and New Hampshire over the lands granted by each and claimed by each even to the point of border warfare. The claims which New Hampshire and New York both urged finally disappeared with the creation of the State of Vermont, the first State to be added to the Union of the original thirteen.

Immediately following the war of 1812-14 a military post was established at Plattsburgh, the Barracks being used, during the Civil War, as a rendezvous for the Sixteenth, Ninety-sixth and One Hundred and Eighteenth New York Regiments. In 1890 it was made a regimental post, and additional land was acquired, including Crab Island, lying southeast of the Barracks and about one mile from the main land. At the conclusion of the Battle of Plattsburgh, a hospital was established on the island, and the sailors killed in the battle were buried there. The graves remained unmarked until a few years ago. The officers of the Champlain Assembly urged that the island be converted into a National Military Park, to be known as the Macdonough National Military Park. They were joined by other patriotic societies, and an appropriation was secured for the improvement of the grounds and the erection of a monument, as shown elsewhere herein. Bronze tablets are placed on each side of the pedestal, with inscriptions as follows:

(*East Side*)

NAVAL ENGAGEMENT
OFF
VALCOUR AND SCHUYLER ISLAND
LAKE CHAMPLAIN
OCT. 11th and 13th, 1776
AMERICAN LOSS
About 90.

(*North Side*)

BATTLE OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN
(NAVAL ENGAGEMENT)
SEPT. 11, 1814
AMERICAN SHIPS ENGAGED
Ship SARATOGA
Ship BIG EAGLE
Schooner TICONDEROGA
Sloop PREBLE
GUN - BOATS

BORER	CENTIPEDE
WILMER	NETTLE
ALLEN	VIPER
BURROWS	LUDLOW
ALWYN	BALLAD

AMERICAN LOSS
52 Killed 58 Wounded
Commodore THOMAS McDONOUGH
Commanding American Fleet.

(West Side)

TO THE MEMORY
OF THE
OFFICERS, SOLDIERS and SAILORS
OF THE AMERICAN ARMY & NAVY
WHO WERE KILLED
AT THE
BATTLE OF PLATTSBURGH, N. Y.
SEPT. 11, 1814
AND
BATTLE OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN AND
NAVAL ENGAGEMENT
SEPT. 11, 1814
SECOND WAR WITH GREAT BRITAIN.

(South Side)

BATTLE OF PLATTSBURGH
LAND ENGAGEMENT
SEPT. 11, 1814
AMERICAN LOSS
37 Killed, 65 Wounded, 20 Missing.
BRIGADIER GENERAL
ALEXANDER McCOMB, Commanding
THE AMERICAN ARMY
ON SEPTEMBER 11, 1814
THE BRITISH FORCES MADE A COMBINED
LAND AND NAVAL ATTACK
UPON THE AMERICAN ARMY
STATIONED AT PLATTSBURGH
AND THE AMERICAN SQUADRON
IN PLATTSBURGH BAY, LAKE CHAMPLAIN,
BUT WERE REPULSED, RESULTING
IN ONE OF THE MOST
DECISIVE AMERICAN LAND
AND NAVAL VICTORIES OF THE
WAR.

Published by courtesy of the Vermont Commission

Indian war party leaving in canoes to meet a foe

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401

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ALLUSION HAS BEEN MADE in preceding pages to the narrative of Peter Kalm, probably the earliest traveler to visit Lake Champlain and record his impressions in a book. Kalm's visit was exceptional. It was not for many years that another tourist came to pass through the Champlain region.

Towards the close of the eighteenth century there began to come into the region travelers who visited it with a view to writing their impressions. From about 1800 to the middle of the Nineteenth century there is abundant literature, chiefly the work of English travelers who passed through the Champlain valley in the course of their American journeys. What these visitors had to say of the region is to-day of curious interest and is not without value to the student of history; for although often misinformed, and recording the passing impressions of the moment, they nevertheless made note of conditions and incidents which typify the life of the time better than can be found expressed in more studied writings.

It is worth while to make a review of some of these narratives. One of the earliest travelers to penetrate to the Champlain country, and one of the best observers among the foreign visitors to America, was Isaac Weld. He was an English artist of ability who traveled extensively through the United States and Canada in the years 1795, '96 and '97. His account of these travels, first published in London in 1799, became at once a popular book. It went through many editions and was translated into several languages, there being extant two distinct translations into German. He illustrated his narrative with drawings of a high order of merit. It was in July, 1796, that he journeyed through the valley of the upper Hudson to Skenesborough, where he hired a small boat of

about ten tons for the voyage on Lake Champlain. He tells, with interesting detail, of his difficult experience in getting under way, and draws a graphic picture of his entertainment at the home of a frontiersman of Vermont, who extended to him a rude hospitality. "The people at the American farm houses," he says, "will cheerfully lie three in a bed rather than suffer a stranger to go away who comes to seek for a lodging." Reaching Ticonderoga after a stormy passage of the lake, he writes of it: "The only dwelling here is a tavern, which is a large house built of stone." Although the conditions were rude and poor and there were numerous guests, our English artist still experienced marked hospitality, of which he writes at length. "The old fort," he records, "and barracks of Ticonderoga are on the top of a rising ground just behind the tavern; they are quite in ruins and it is not likely they will ever be rebuilt, for the situation is very insecure, being commanded by a lofty hill called Mount Defiance."

Sailing next day to Crown Point, Weld found there nothing but a heap of ruins. His record of the condition of these famous forts at so early a period is valuable. "The vaults," he writes, "which were bomb proof, have been demolished for the sake of the bricks for building chimneys. At the south side alone the ditches remain perfect; they are wide and deep and cut through immense rocks of limestone, and from being overgrown towards the top with different kinds of shrubs have a grand and picturesque appearance. The view from this spot of the fort and the old buildings in it overgrown with ivy, of the lake and of the distant mountains beyond it, is indeed altogether very fine. The fort and seven hundred acres of good cleared land adjoining to it are the property of the State of New York and are leased out at the rate of $150, equal to £ 33 10s. sterling per annum, which is appropriated for the use of a college. The farmer who rented it told us he principally made use of the land for raising cattle. These, in the winter, when the lake was frozen, he drove over the ice to Albany, and there disposed of."

Our English artist noted that Crown Point was the most advantageous spot on Lake Champlain for a military post. Across the lake, at Chimney

Point, on the date of his visit, there were a few houses and a tavern. "While we staid there," he continues, "we were very agreeably surprised for the first time with the sight of a large birch canoe on the lake, navigated by two or three Indians in the dresses of their nation."

Weld continues with a long account of these Indians and their trading and village near the lake. He voyaged northward through the lake and his artistic temperament was much impressed by the beauty of the shores. The following episode illustrates his experiences:

> The scenery along various parts of the lake is extremely grand and picturesque, particularly beyond Crown Point; the shores are there beautifully ornamented with hanging woods and rocks, and the mountains on the western side rise up in ranges one behind the other in the most magnificent manner. It was one of the finest evenings possible that we passed along this part of the lake, and the sun setting in all his glory behind the mountains, spread the richest tints over every part of the prospect; the moon also appearing nearly in the full, shortly after the day had closed, afforded us an opportunity of beholding the surrounding scenery in fresh though less brilliant colours. Our little bark was now gliding smoothly along, whilst every one of us remained wrapt up in silent contemplation of the solemn scene, when suddenly she struck upon one of the shelving rocks: nothing but hurry and confusion was now visible on board, every one lending his assistance; however, at last, with some difficulty, we got her off; but in a minute she struck a second time; at last she stuck so fast that for a short time we despaired of being able to move her. At the end of a quarter of an hour, however, we again fortunately got her into deep water. We had before suspected that our boatman did not know a great deal about the navigation of the lake, and on questioning him now, it came out, that he had been a cobbler all his life, till within the last nine months, when he thought proper to change his business, and turn sailor. All the knowledge he had of the shores of the lake was what he had picked up during that time, as he sailed straight backward and forward between St. John's and Skenesborough. On the present occasion he had mistaken one bay for another, and had the waves been as high as they sometimes are, the boat would inevitably have been dashed to pieces.

On leaving Lake Champlain on the Canadian boundary, Weld and his companions were stopped by a British armed brig of twenty guns, stationed in the Richelieu river for the purpose of examining all boats passing up or down the lake. This rigid surveillance was maintained at

this time because of the giving up by the British of the several garrisons which they had so long held at various points on the frontier. Soon after the surrender of the posts to the United States, the brig was removed from this police duty at the outlet of Lake Champlain.

Weld and his companions had various adventures in this part of their journey. Their boat was driven ashore on Isle aux Noix, but finally getting off, they reached St. John's, 150 miles from Skenesborough.

Weld's record, because of its early date and the graphic fulness of its detail, is invaluable. We have no other narrative of the period that so well pictures conditions on Lake Champlain. It may be noted in this connection that more than a half century after Weld's visit, his half-brother, Charles Richard Weld, an English barrister-at-law, passed through Lake Champlain in the course of an American tour. His visit was at the time of great forest fires in Northern New York, and in the book which he afterwards published in London he has given a most vivid account of the strange conditions which he experienced on Lake Champlain when everything was shrouded in a pall of smoke.

A decade after Weld, Timothy Dwight, the famous early president of Yale College, made an extensive tour through New England, in the course of which he visited Lake Champlain. In October, 1806, he arrived at Chimney Point and crossed the valley to Crown Point, which he inspected thoroughly. His four-volume work of "Travels in New England and New York" contains a lengthy account of his observations at Crown Point. He found it, notwithstanding its beautiful prospect, "a gloomy, melancholy spot. The houses are almost mere hovels, and the few beggared inhabitants appear like outcasts from human society. Rags and tattered garments, washed and hung out to dry, strongly indicated their miserable circumstances. Not a cheerful object, beside the northern prospect of the lake, and a little verdure thinly dispersed, met the eye. A great part of the surface was overspread by ruined fortresses; the relics of war and destruction, and the monuments of perfidy, ambition and cruelty. The opposite shore is to the eye wild and dreary. A forest, consisting in a great measure of pines, burned and blasted, spread

beyond the sight. A decayed and dismal house on Chimney Point was the only human habitation in view upon that shore. Beyond the forest the Green Mountains in lofty piles of grandeur; inspiring emotions remote from cheerfulness, and in such a scene harmonizing only with melancholy solemnity. On the west, a chain of hills, unusually ragged and inhospitable, ascends immediately from the lake, forbidding, except in now and then a solitary spot, the settlement of man. From their wild and shaggy recesses the traveler is warned to expect the approach of the wolf and the bear, and from their rugged cliffs, projecting to the water's edge, the boatman is taught to look for shipwreck and destruction.

"The property of this peninsula is in Columbia College. Whether the pecuniary profits of the Point will ever reach the college, I doubt; and it also appears doubtful whether the literature of the college will ever reach the Point."

At the time of Dr. Dwight's visit there were more than thirty vessels, from thirty to seventy tons each, employed on the lake. Furs and peltries were still important items of the freight.

The next really notable visitor whose Champlain sojourn is recorded in our literature, was President James Monroe, who passed through the valley in the course of his famous tour through the Northern States in 1817. The President first saw the lake at Burlington, which he reached July 23d of the year named. The citizens gave him a handsome escort into town and during his visit gathered the whole countryside to welcome him and to see and hear him. Leaving Burlington, President Monroe traveled by boat to Vergennes, where he examined the iron works. Near here was the place where Macdonough's fleet had been built. The War of 1812 was still so recent that localities and people associated with them held first place in the thoughts of the public. Much was said on this tour of Monroe regarding Macdonough's famous victory. At Burlington it was Daniel Farrand who made the welcoming address, full of reminiscences of the war lately ended, especially of the memorable 11th of September, 1814. President Monroe arrived at Plattsburgh upon the 25th and was shown the various points associated with the great

battle. He continued his tour through Northern New York to Ogdensburgh. He was one of the few Americans whose travels in their own country at this time are recorded in books. By far the greater number of narratives descriptive of our country in the early decades of the nineteenth century are from the pens of Englishmen or women. Naturally, they wrote from their own point of view, tinctured with the prejudices that had survived two wars. It is interesting to note that while some of these visiting foreigners wrote with undisguised prejudice against the Americans and their government, many others appear to have striven for a more cordial and friendly attitude. The result in both cases is sometimes unjust and untrue to conditions; but we owe it to this class of literature as a whole that we are able to-day to make a survey of American manners and customs, seeing ourselves as others saw us, infinitely better than would be the case had we to rely wholly upon the reports of our own people. While these observations are true in a general sense, they are none the less true as applied to a particular region such as that here under notice, or to the inhabitants of it at a given time.

Two years after President Monroe's tour there passed through the Champlain valley an exceptionally brilliant English woman, Miss Frances Wright, whose "View of Society and Manners in America," published anonymously in 1821, proved a theme for discussion and dispute for many years. This work contains a most interesting chapter dated at Plattsburgh in September, 1819. Miss Wright tells at great length the story of the battle of Plattsburgh. She also records one of the early steamboat tragedies on Lake Champlain, the destruction by fire of the famous *Phoenix*, which disaster had occurred but a few days before her visit to the lake. She writes with great enthusiasm of the beauty of the mountain scenery, and especially of Burlington and its environment. None who would be familiar with the literature of the Champlain region can afford to ignore her picturesque pages. Mention may be made here of the observations of Adam Hodgson who visited Lake Champlain in 1820 and published his "Letters from North America" in London in 1824. He reached Burlington by steamer from

the north and left it by stage for Boston after a hurried visit to Ticonderoga and Crown Point. His pages are the average tourist's narrative with no claim for special attention.

A unique little book of this period which belongs to Champlain literature is entitled "A Pedestrian Tour of Two Thousand and Three Hundred Miles in North America." This remarkable journey was made in the autumn of 1821 by P. Stansbury. Although he was a pedestrian of uncommon vigor, he did not confine himself to that mode of travel. Touring from Quebec to Boston in October, mostly by boat, he approached Lake Champlain from the north. He describes the old fort at Chambly and what he calls "the important but ill-built town of St. John's." Thence he proceeded to the outlet of the lake, making notes of scenery and historical associations. He then took an unusual course across the Missisquoi bay, regarding which and the little town of Phillipsburgh he writes at some length. Stansbury's book, published in New York in 1820, is notable for its quaint woodcuts, which were engraved by A. Anderson, the first American wood engraver.

The year after Stansbury's visit, another American, a Mr. Matthews, toured through the region, and in 1823 published, anonymously, a story of his journeys under the title "A Summer Month, or Recollections of a Visit to the Falls of Niagara," etc. His wanderings brought him to Lake Champlain, as had been the case with Stansbury, from the north. At Isle aux Noix he found many British vessels "drawn up and put under cover in dock, and others remain unfinished, which were commenced during the late war." He visited Plattsburgh, which, he says, contains "a courthouse, prison and about one hundred dwellings." Like all American tourists of that early day, he indulges at length in reflections on the battle of Plattsburgh and the gallantry of Macdonough. Crossing the lake, he makes the usual exclamations over the beauty of Burlington and its bay. "The college," he says, "elevated upwards of three hundred feet, is at the top of the eminence, and overlooks the town. It is a brick building, four stories high, founded in the year 1791, and there are educated annually above forty students. Ascending gradually from

the shore, the neat white edifices, so particularly attractive of the notice of a stranger, in the New England States, imposes a beauteous contrast, with the surrounding scenery." He continues in this peculiar strain to picture the beauties of Burlington at length. The town at this time, he says, "contains above two hundred houses and stores, besides two churches, the bank, court-house, and gaol. There is a fine, open square in the upper part of the town, in which are a few elegant buildings, tavern, etc. This same square is still a pleasant spot in Burlington. Later in his tour he visited Crown Point and Ticonderoga, proceeding thence to Whitehall, *en route* for Albany. His pages are full of incident and minute description of the country as he saw it.

Another tourist in this same year was Captain Blane, an English officer whose "Excursion through the United States and Canada," published in 1824, appeared as having been written by "An English Gentleman." Like his predecessor, he reached the lake by way of its outlet, touching at Plattsburgh, "a place," he says, "that excites recollections of rather an unpleasant kind in the mind of an Englishman;" proceeding to Burlington, where the prospect of the bay reminded him of the Lake of Geneva as seen from Lausanne. "Indeed," he adds, "as is the case with the Alps, the fine and picturesque chain of the Alleghanies increases in size towards the upper extremity of the lake and decreases towards the lower extremity. I shall, however, destroy the sublimity of this Alpine comparison, if I remark, that on looking up Lake Champlain there is an island, which from its small size and conical shape has the appearance of a floating hay-cock."

The chief value of Captain Blane's notes on the region lies in his discussion of Sir George Prevost's defeat and retreat at Plattsburgh. "Never, perhaps," he says, "was there exhibited a greater instance of military incapacity and mismanagement, than in this expedition."

In the memorable year of 1825 came General Lafayette. He reached Burlington on June 28th, where he was given a most enthusiastic reception, with the usual accompaniment of speeches and a dinner. He then shared in the laying of a cornerstone of a new building for the college,

now the University of Vermont. In the narrative of Lafayette's American travels, written by his secretary, Mons. A. Levasseur, it is recorded: "The ceremony of laying the cornerstone was performed in the presence of the students of the college, their professors, the magistrates of the town, and a great number of citizens, who joyfully saw the restoration and aggrandizement of an establishment destined daily to insure more and more the maintenance of their wise institutions, by instructing and enlightening their young generations. Mr. Willard Preston, president of the institution, thanked General Lafayette for the proof of interest he had just given in the education of the youth of Vermont; and we went to the house of Governor Van Ness, whose charming residence and gardens, arranged with exquisite taste, were still further delightfully embellished by a large assemblage of ladies, who, during the whole evening, disputed for the pleasure of approaching the guest of the nation, to express to him their friendly sentiments, and their gratitude for the services he had rendered their country and their fathers: for in Vermont, as in all the rest of the Union, the females are not strangers either to the principles of the government, or to the obligations which patriotism confers."

The author-secretary was obviously very much impressed, for he continues in this strain at length. General Lafayette and escort left Burlington about midnight on the two famous old steamboats, the *Phoenix* and the *Congress*. Both were illuminated and decorated with flags and transparencies, and as they steamed out of the bay the people bade him good-bye with a salute of thirteen guns.

No book-writing tourist is known to have visited Lake Champlain the year after Lafayette, but in 1827 came at least two British authors. One of them, signing himself "A British Subject," published a thin volume of his American wanderings, in which he describes his visit to the Champlain region in July of the year named. He also came by steamboat from Canada into the lake, an effective and interesting approach which the modern tourist rarely has an opportunity to make. Our Briton records that for his passage through the lake, from St. John's to Whitehall, a trip requiring twenty-four hours, he was charged 25 shillings, which

covered the cost of transportation, berth and three meals. He speaks of the service as excellent, a note of praise often lacking in the comments of British visitors. Besides the usual description of the scenes as they unfolded on his journey southward, he took note of the influx of emigrants by that route from Canada. "The boat," he says, "was crammed with them," and he was told that such was usually the case, so many of the poor, especially the Irish, were at that time leaving Canada for New York, where they sought to re-embark for Ireland. Of the events of the War of 1812, and especially of Sir George Prevost, our author writes at length and in a less partisan way than was to be expected from an Englishman at that time. Of the prospect at the southern end of the lake, he grows enthusiastic. "It was," he says, "the most lovely scene I had witnessed on my tour."

At about the same time of this anonymous author's visit, came Captain Basil Hall of the British Royal Navy, whose three-volume work, "Travels in North America," published at Edinburgh in 1829, is one of the best known, and in its way most useful records of American institutions at that period. Captain Hall noted the same tide of emigration that his compatriots had. Coming to Lake Champlain also from the north, September 7th, "our route," he says, "lay along Lake Champlain in a very crowded steamboat, filled with tourists and a large party of Irish emigrants, who, for reasons best known to themselves, had chosen not to settle in the Canadas but to wander farther south in quest of fortune." The Captain's sympathies were aroused by the condition of some of these emigrants, of whom he writes some picturesque pages.

No one has given us better than he a vivid account of the conditions of travel on the Champlain steamers at that time. He dwells upon the crowds, the noise, the confusion, the utter impossibility for privacy or rest, making the reader fairly share the annoyance and fatigue which finally drove him from the cabin to the deck where he tried to while away the rest of an exhausting night. Here, however, he found little respite. "The atmosphere," he writes, "was filled with a muggy sort of red haze or smoke, arising, I was told, from the forest fire, which gave a ghastly

appearance to the villages and trees, seen through such a choky medium. On one occasion only, when this mist cleared off a little, I was much struck with the appearance of a town near us, and I asked an American gentleman what place it was. 'Oh! don't you know? That is Plattsburgh — and there is the very spot where our Commodore Macdonough defeated the English squadron '— I went to bed again." The Captain, like many of his countrymen, had little relish for American bragging and did not hesitate to speak his mind about it.

In 1828 came an acute, observant, note-taking Scotchman, James Stuart, whose "Three Years in North America" is one of the justly esteemed and well-known books of travel. Stuart's entrance to the lake, like several of the others we have noted, was by the old highway from the north. In the latter part of September he sailed from St. John's to Whitehall on the steamboat *Franklin*. His account is of particular interest in that he found conditions very agreeable, the service good and the officials with whom he came in contact polite. Of the boat journey he says: "The provisions were excellent, and here as in every place where we have yet been in the United States places were left for us at the head of the table on account of our being foreigners. I noticed this particularly on this occasion because there were several persons of eminence in the boat, part of the family of the Attorney-General of the United States and several clergymen." He even has a good word for the custom house officer who examined his baggage, but, he says, did not require it to be opened. On his journey through the lake he was told the story of the burning of the *Phoenix*, the bravery shown in that tragedy affording him another opportunity for pleasant and appreciative words. Stuart's pages contain a great deal of Champlain valley history. He was writing for a large audience and lost no opportunity to record whatever he thought might add to the fulness and value of his narrative. One is struck on turning his pages with his fortune everywhere in finding agreeable people and pleasant prospects. One feels that he himself must have been an agreeable sort of traveling companion.

A little later, in 1831, came Godfrey T. Vigne, an English barrister-at-law, of Lincoln's Inn, a light and jaunty writer, who hurried over much ground during his brief American sojourn and recorded his observations in two agreeable volumes entitled "Six Months in America." He says that he "traveled with note-book, sketch-book, gun and fishing rod, alone, unbewifed and unbevehicled, as a man ought to travel." He was something of a sportsman and something of an artist, and while his book records nothing new of the Champlain valley, it gives pleasant pictures of familiar scenes as they appeared to a naturalist and a sportsman.

Very different is the record we get from the next tourist, whose visit is recorded in the books. This was the Rev. Andrew Reed, a Doctor of Divinity, who, with the Rev. James Matheson, was a deputation from the Congregational Union of England and Wales to visit the American churches. In pursuit of this duty these reverend gentlemen journeyed together to Lake Champlain in June, 1834, but, naturally, they took more note of the moral and religious status of the communities through which they passed than of the more material things of the present or the records of the past. Mr. Reed found himself at Burlington on a "Sabbath eve," and while he was not insensible to the beauty of the landscape, he was more moved by the rowdyism of the streets which disturbed his quiet and shocked his sense of propriety. He pursued his journey by steamer through the lake to St. John's.

Another traveler this year was the Hon. Charles Augustus Murray, whose elaborate volumes of American travels, published in London in 1839, were dedicated to Queen Victoria. He gives a brief account of his visit to Lake Champlain, coming to it through the wilderness from Ogdensburg, a most unusual route at that day. He drove, he says, for one hundred and fifty miles through the "most wild and uncultivated country" he had ever seen, to Plattsburgh, and he adds some pages devoted to the loneliness of the forest, the wretchedness of the roads and the general dreariness of American scenery. At Burlington, however, he came under the inevitable spell which no traveler resists who sees that fair bay set with islands and framed in hills under favorable con-

ditions of season and of sun light. He writes of it as one might write of Como or Lugano. "The view of the lake with its promontories and woody islands, bounded by a distant range of blue mountains, is as lovely as the eye of a Claude or a Poussin could desire." At the little college he was surprised to find three Germans who had come thither from Göttingen to study the English language. "Is there nothing in this," he asks, "to rouse the attention of Oxford, Cambridge, London, Edinburgh, that three young men desirous of learning English should find it expedient from reasons of economy or other facilities, to travel between four and five thousand miles to a remote town in the interior of North America?" The Hon. Mr. Murray continued his journey by driving across New England to Boston.

In the late summer of 1832 there passed through Lake Champlain one Captain Hamilton, the author of "Men and Manners in America," "Cyril Thornton," and other works, both travel and fiction. The first named work, published at Edinburgh in 1833, records his Champlain visit. His narrative offers nothing not already noted in the work of his predecessors. It is interesting to find, however, that he joins with most of the British tourists of that period in dwelling at some length upon the disastrous *rout* of Prevost. Writing of Plattsburgh, he says: "The historian who would illustrate by facts the almost incredible amount of folly, ignorance, and imbecility, by which the arms of England may be tarnished, and her resources wasted with impunity, should bestow a careful examination on the details of the Plattsburgh expedition. He will then precisely understand how war can be turned into child's play, and its operations regulated, as in the royal game of Goose, by the twirl of a teetotum."

Our next tourist is no British officer, but a Massachusetts woman, Caroline H. Gilman, whose cleverness as a writer of both verse and prose made her widely popular in the decades preceding the Civil War. In the summer of 1836 she visited our lake, afterwards recording her impressions in her popular volume "Poetry of Travel in the United States." Writing from Burlington she gives us the following memoranda

regarding the boat service at that period: "We left Montreal in the steamer *Princess Victoria* for St. John's, and from thence the fine steamboat *Franklin*, for Lake Champlain. I have seen nothing either in boats or hotels to compare with the elegance and neatness of this boat. Among other matters of taste are excellent waiters, handsome youths in uniform with stylish caps from which a silk tassel depends, and in the purest white aprons and jackets. This is altogether a most exquisite sail. Plattsburgh, on the west side of the lake, is a handsome village, and one looks with interest on Macdonough's farm, consisting of one hundred acres, which was granted him by the Legislature of Vermont." She adds a poem on Plattsburgh and gives to her notes on the region the touch of grace and genial humor which characterizes her work and won her a wide popularity.

Whatever the nationality or point of view of the tourist, or however bitterly he may have written regarding Americans or the recent military strife on the lake, he was sure to have a good word for Burlington. That pleasant town could well afford to compile all that has been said of it by visitors, from its establishment to date. The only drawback to such a collection would be the monotony of praise. A British traveler of some note, the Quaker, Joseph John Gurney, who toured America in 1840, described the scenes and people he met with in a long series of familiar letters to Amelia Opie, an English novelist and poet, who had joined the Society of Friends. In his visit to Lake Champlain he was entertained by a family of the Society of Friends, from whom, no doubt, he gained certain impressions which led him to generalize on the people of the region. "The people of Vermont," he writes, "are in general much opposed to slavery. I was ready to think, as I passed along amongst them, that they were the better, body and soul, for their retirement from the world, and for the remarkably pure air which it is their lot to breathe." He writes in the usual laudatory vein of Burlington and its surrounding scenery. "The lake at this spot," he says, "struck me as singularly like that of the lakes of Cumberland, particularly Derwentwater." On a Sunday, at Burlington, he shared with other friends in morning worship

at the hotel; in the afternoon he visited the Methodist meeting-house; later on drank tea with Dr. Wheeler, the president of the college; met Prof. Marsh and others prominent in the early history of that institution, and at night was routed out of his bed by a fire which destroyed a portion of his hotel. From Burlington he drove to St. Albans, along the east bank of the lake, and continued thence into Canada.

The next year, 1842, came John Robert Godley, also an Englishman, who dates two chapters of his two-volume "Letters from America," at Isle aux Noix. In them he discusses many phases of Canadian and American life, speaks of hunting in the vicinity of Lake Champlain, and describes a visit to Missisquoi bay. He passed through the lake by steamer from south to north. His boat was the *Burlington*, which he says had "a crew of forty-two men and all her operations, such as lowering boats, etc., were conducted with a rapidity and precision of a man-of-war." "The steamers on Lake Champlain are preëminent among American lake and river boats for regularity, speed and accommodations, and having thereby succeeded in deterring the opposition which everywhere else keeps down profits to the minimum point, pay better than those of any other company." At Ticonderoga, he thought that the remains of the fort and surrounding area formed a good foreground to one of the most beautiful views which he had seen in America. Plattsburgh inspired him to write the usual pages of military discussion and to reach the following unusual suggestion: "The effective plan for injuring the United States would, of course, be to land an army of free negroes in the South, and proclaim liberty to the slaves." British statesmanship might have found many novel ideas in the pages of this diverting writer who seems to have taken himself very seriously.

It is refreshing to turn from Godley to such a cheerful free-lance as Augustus E. Silliman, brother to the more famous Benjamin Silliman. This young man, in 1843, made a wide American tour which he calls "A Gallop Among American Scenery, or Sketches of American Scenes and Military Adventure." Passing through the Champlain country, he writes of it almost wholly without exact data, his pages unburdened by

the efforts to record facts, and yet breezy and attractive in their pen pictures of scenery and incident.

The reader may be reminded that all of these travelers came to the valley before the railroad era; some by coach, some on horseback, most of them by steamer. According to a statistical work of 1844, Holley's "American Tourist," there were that year three passenger steamers, the *Burlington*, the *Whitehall*, and the *Saranac*, regularly running from Whitehall to St. John's. These boats were celebrated for the discipline observed on board and for the comfort and thoroughness of their passenger arrangements. The cabin passage for the trip at that date was $3.00. There were two shipyards at Whitehall and two dry-docks. Two steamboats were employed on the lake for towing, and the freight business was largely carried on by more than fifty sloops and schooners, varying from fifty to one hundred tons each, and by some seventy canal boats. Through the Champlain canal in the 40's two daily lines of packets were operated to Troy and Albany, and there were two lines of stages reaching the lake from the south.

We may properly include in our list one of the best beloved American poets, William Cullen Bryant, whose account of the tour which brought him to Lake Champlain in July, 1843, is to be found in the once popular volume, "Letters of a Traveler." Mr. Bryant came to the lake by way of the Champlain canal, not a common method of approach for book-writing tourists. He writes as only a poet could of the beauties of that canal and its junction with the lake. From Whitehall he journeyed by wagon easterly through Vermont, so that he really came scarcely in touch with the typical Champlain life.

A little later than this period, we find an interesting personal narrative by James Dixon, a Methodist Doctor of Divinity from England, who, in June of 1848, came from Montreal up the Richelieu, noting the small fort at the boundary, and passing through the lake to Whitehall. Of the scenic picture which unfolded before him as he sailed south from Plattsburgh, he writes a most extraordinary panegyric: "The scene was the most beautifully romantic which nature can possibly present: A blue

sky, deep, lofty, stretching its heavenly arch to span the landscape, the sun setting in all his gorgeous glory, the lake smooth as glass, except as disturbed by our motion, wild fowl fluttering about and enjoying the cool evening, the majestic mountains of Vermont looming in the distance, and all the intermediate space filled with cultivated fields and towering forests — and then the lonely little town of Plattsburgh, touching the fringe of the lake, and presenting the most perfect aspect of rural peace and quiet on which the eye ever gazed. My manliness was here for the first time overcome; I longed and longed to get on shore, to fix my tent, and remain forever. This sentiment was new; I had never before felt any remarkable desire to locate in any place I had seen; but here, for a moment, I was perfectly overcome. Other affections, of course, soon sprang up, and wafted my soul across the Atlantic, where treasures dearer than even these beauties had their dwelling. During this little paroxysm, delirium, or whatever it may be called, my kind companion, Dr. Richey, had retired to his cabin, so that one of my wants could not be relieved— a vent for exclamations of delight! This was just one of those moments which can never be forgotten, an Eden, a paradisiacal scene, into which none can enter with one, and which leaves its picture vividly penciled on the soul. But how soon things change, and in their reality fade away! We left this spot, passed on, the night closed in, the curtain dropped."

Among the poets, the preachers, and the soldiers, who seem to have written most of the travel books we are noting, the soldiers perhaps predominate, and certainly wrote the liveliest and most useful books. The year after the Rev. Dr. Dixon's visit, there came Major John Thornton, who kept a diary of his tour which he published in 1850, in London. We find him, in September, '49, embarking at St. John's for the Champlain voyage. He took note of his traveling companions, many of them *habitans*, and the village priests of lower Canada, who, to this day, are sure to attract the attention of the visitor to the region, especially if he come from the States. Major Thornton thought it worthy of remark " that the Americans choose fine, active, well-dressed young men as commanders of steamboats, pursers, check takers in railway cars, and such like

posts. They are the *élite* of the American youth of their class and their ostensible aspect is a good introduction and gives the public confidence." He says less of Burlington than is usual, but remembers Westport, across the lake, "a beautiful locality, very inviting to halt at," and he adds: "Off Split Rock, the captain, a well-dressed, genteel-looking man, wearing an immense diamond brooch, assured me the lake was 1,000 feet deep." After inspecting Ticonderoga, he journeyed to Lake George by stage. His little book is not a very serious work, but presents a better picture of the regions visited than is offered in many a work of weight and gravity.

In August, 1852, Lake Champlain was visited by Edmund Patten, a Londoner, who published, the next year, "A Glimpse at the United States and the Northern States of America," etc. His not very valuable pages are, however, pretty full of what he saw on the lake. He was surprised not to find the American flag floating over the ruins of Ticonderoga, "with an artilleryman or two to guard the sacred spot. Congress, however, does not waste dollars on matters of effect, merely; little romance is to be found in these go-ahead people." Misinformation leads him into many amusing blunders. At Burlington he thought the "hotels very inferior and the attendance execrable." He says he was glad to escape from the town and as he journeyed northward by steam took note of the country people at the landings, and he was "glad to notice a general appearance of well-doing, and the absence of poverty and misery. Here there are no beggars to importune or annoy you." He mentions the islands which give such variety and beauty to the northern end of the lake, and quotes poetry to relieve his feelings, so stirred are they by the beauty which unfolds before him as he sails. The poetry ends, however, on coming to Rouse's Point, near the boundary line, where he was much disturbed by the noise and confusion incident to the meeting of boats and railway — for by this time the railway had reached the Champlain valley. "Here," he says, "the Yankee is in his glory, although the confusion and noise beat even that of Broadway, in New York." The "weary traveler had little chance of a night's rest, surrounded, as he is,

by the hissing of engines both from steam and rail, the noises of cranes and the bustle of hundreds of passengers with their heavy luggage." Passing through the customs examination he is moved to observe: "Your luggage or merchandise is inspected, and anything coming under the tariff laws, chargeable with duty, at once arranged, the packages properly ticketed, and given in charge to the luggage-van authorities, so that all further interruption is avoided, and in passing from one country to the other, there is, indeed, at first, very little difference observable. In all steamboat or railway traveling, the Yankees have brought the arrangements to great perfection, especially as regards the simplicity of the rail carriages, the fares, the extraordinary cheapness, and the speed of river boats, which is almost equal to that of the rail. It cannot, however, be denied that this mode of transit has its drawbacks, and is occasionally attended with awful loss of life, more particularly by the river boats," and he cites the recent loss of the *Henry Clay* and of the *Reindeer* on the Hudson, and a third steamboat disaster on Lake Ontario.

A more renowned traveler, Alexander Marjoribanks, whose "Travels in New Zealand," "Australia," etc., some readers will recall, came to Lake Champlain in this same summer of 1852, reaching Burlington by train, where he made a short sojourn. He remarks that the view of the lake from that town "is not unlike that from the beautiful seat of my esteemed friend, David Bell, Esq., of Craigmore, in the island of Bute, and of Blackhall, in the county of Lanark, looking across the Frith of Clyde towards Largs and the adjacent district of Ayrshire." The narrative of this visit is to be found in his "Travels in South and North America," printed in London, 1853.

The latter half of the 19th century has not, apparently, been so prolific in books written by British globe-trotters as were the earlier decades. The tourist to-day, especially the English tourist, is more tempted by the regions farther west, and it is probable that a survey of this class of literature would show a present-day production of descriptive volumes relating to Canada, the Northwest and the Pacific coast, corresponding to the books of the earlier years which are largely devoted to the eastern

United States. There is also a signal hiatus in the production of American travel during the period of the Civil War and for some years thereafter. One or two British and French war correspondents lingered in American after the end of hostilities and recorded their impressions in more or less valuable volumes. But the popular resorts and scenic attractions of the East no longer receive the elaborate treatment from travelers who wrote books that they did in the first half of the last century.

There are, of course, now and then works which touch the Champlain region of a later date than those mentioned. Note may be made of the impressions of Julius George Medley, lieutenant-colonel of British Royal Engineers, a Fellow of the University of Calcutta, etc., whose book, "An Autumn Tour in the United States and Canada," was published in London in 1873. He came from Lake George in the fall of '72 by stage to Ticonderoga, " a ride," he says, " over an abominable road." He found the scenery of Lake Champlain inferior to that of the smaller lake and dismisses the region with a few indifferent sentences. Of much the same character is the volume entitled " Notes of a Tour in America," made in 1877, by H. Hussey Vivian, Member of Parliament, Fellow of the Geographical Society, and, no doubt, much else. His hurried American tour, from August to November, is recorded in a volume which no doubt gave satisfaction to his personal friends, but contains little likely to prove useful to the student of American development.

These notes might be much extended by reference to works of travel relating to the Champlain region published in languages other than English. Numerous French writers have visited the lake in the course of their American touring and briefly recorded their impressions.

An interesting group of books in German might readily be brought together, some of them of sufficient importance to be mentioned here.

One of the earliest in this language narrates the American travels of Bernhardt, Duke of Sachsen-Weimar-Eisenach, published at Weimar, 1828. The Duke visited Lake Champlain in September, 1825, about the time of Lafayette's visit, before mentioned.

Coming from Montreal, he embarked at St. John's on the new steamer *Phoenix*, the second Lake Champlain boat bearing that name. He devotes a long chapter to the military establishment and fortifications on Isle aux Noix, and gives a sketch of the style of earthworks which he found there. He passed on through the lake to its southern end and thence to Lake George, and writes with much detail of all the more important places along its shores.

Another German tourist whose work deserves attention was J. G. Kohl, an account of whose travels in Canada and the United States was published in Stuttgart in 1856. He devotes an interesting chapter to Burlington and another to the "See Champlain," over which he journeyed northward, taking note of all the natural features of the landscape, of his companions in travel, the manners and customs house officials, and everything else which could illuminate his picture of American life.

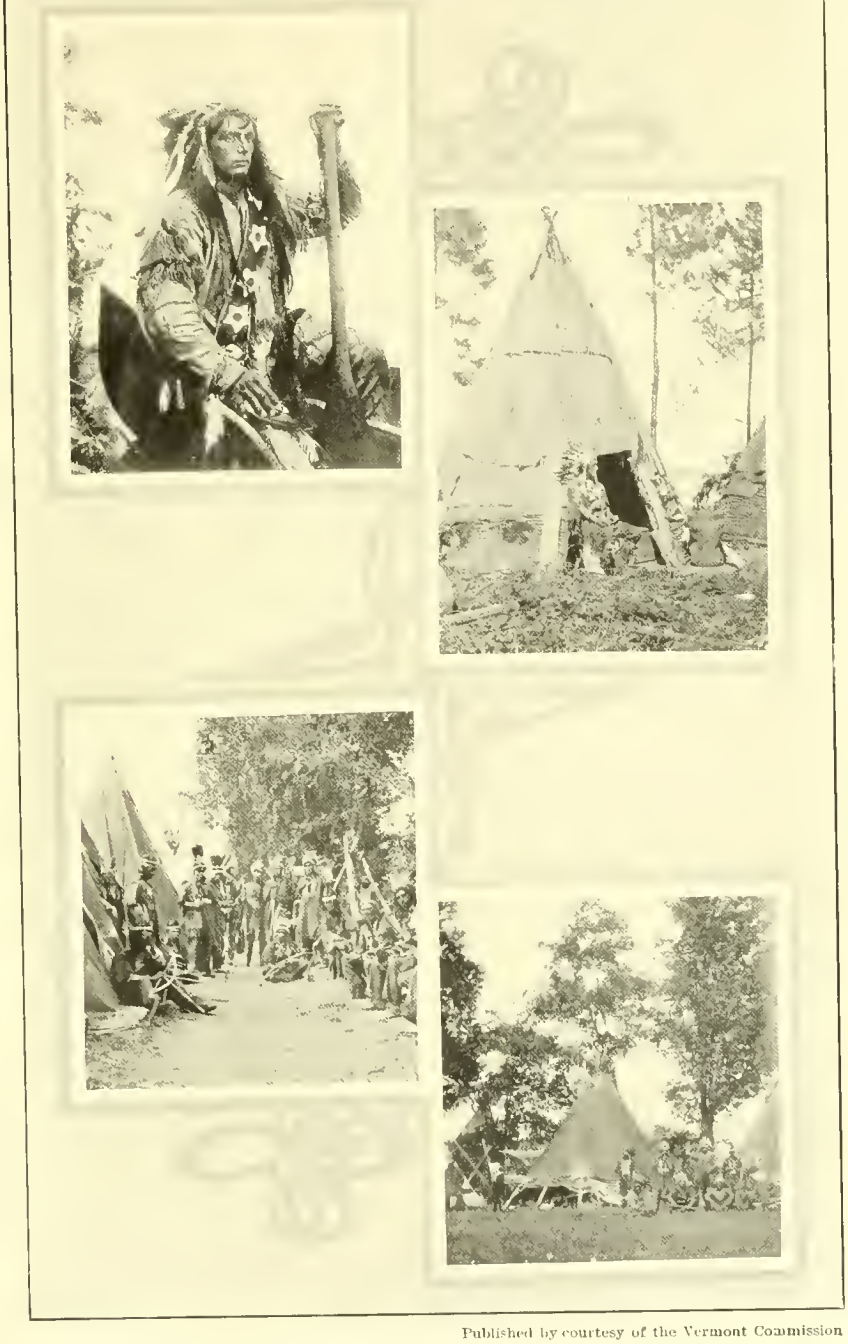
The works of travel above mentioned chiefly relate to the Champlain valley in the first half of the 19th century. Even for that period the list might be much extended in English as well as in foreign tongues. The purpose of the review has, however, been attained. It was to show how the works of these tourists offer glimpses of the exact state of things as they saw them at the moment of their visit, glimpses often more vivid and more illuminating to the historian than are to be gained through any other records. Whoever writes the definitive history of the Champlain valley cannot afford to ignore the aid of these sources.

The interest awakened in the Champlain valley is evidenced in the annual exercises of the Lake Champlain Association, of which Hon. Chester B. McLaughlin was President in 1910, and Hon. D. P. Kingsley is now President, comprising several hundred members, who have at some time resided in the valley and who make an annual tour to some of its historical places.

The twelfth annual meeting of the New York Historical Association, of which the Honorable James A. Roberts is President, was held on the steamer *Vermont*, touching at the historical points about the lake

from October 4th to 6th, 1910, and the principal addresses on that occasion related to some of the important phases of Lake Champlain history.

The significance of all such exercises as these and such celebrations as the Lake Champlain Tercentenary becomes more apparent to all who reflect upon the dictum of the philosopher, Hegel, that "History is always of great importance for a people; since by means of that, it becomes conscious of the path of development taken by its own spirit, which expresses itself in laws, manners, customs and deeds."



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Scenes from Indian pageants

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LIBRETTO OF THE PLAY OF HIAWATHA

(As given at several points on Lake Champlain, July 5–9, 1909. Printed here by courtesy of the proprietors, Messrs. W. D. Lighthall and L. O. Armstrong.)

THE BOOK OF THE PLAY OF "HIAWATHA, THE MOHAWK," DEPICTING THE SIEGE OF HOCHELAGA AND THE BATTLE OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN

[PREFATORY NOTE.— The success of Mr. L. O. Armstrong for several years with his famous Indian dramatic representation of "Hiawatha, the Ojibway;" the equal success of his Indian contingent at the great Quebec Tercentenary of 1908, brought about his still larger undertaking for an Indian Pageant for the Lake Champlain Tercentenary.

The history of the Lake and of all the Northern States opens with Samuel Champlain's fight with the Iroquois here in 1609. It is now known that their presence on Lake Champlain was a result of their having been driven out by the Hurons and Algonquins from Hochelaga (Montreal) and Stadacona (Quebec) where Jacques Cartier had found them dwelling in 1535. The history of their romantic wars and of the founding of their remarkable League by Hiawatha is told in W. D. Lighthall's recent "Romance of the Five Nations and of Prehistoric Montreal," entitled, "The Master of Life," which Mr. Armstrong has used as the basis of the Pageant in leading us to the historic battle of Lake Champlain.

The Indian players are drawn from the reservations at Caughnawaga, St. Francis, Oka in Quebec and from Brantford, Garden River, St. Regis in Ontario, and from Onondaga, N. Y. In the cast, Scar Face is a direct descendant of Eunice Williams captured at Deerfield in 1704. While very little white blood remains in him, that little has a distinctly New England atmosphere.

In the depiction, the ancient arts, customs and dress have been studied.]

HIAWATHA, THE MOHAWK

Friendly meeting for trade of Hochelagas and Algonquins at Tiotiake (Montreal).

SCENE I

Pipe of Peace.

Awitharoa.

A fire is solemnly lit. The Peace Pipe is presented to the leaders of all tribes. Awitharoa, the great Peace Chief of the Hochelaga nation (later one of the tribes of the Iroquois confederacy) talks of past and present friendship, with the hope of long continuing a peace which is so profitable to all nations.

Indians against stag in a race and a canoe race between Algonquins and Ojibways.

Wampum belt of bark.

Gives belts.

The Algonquin champion, "The Black Wolverine," and the Hochelaga champion, Hiawatha, race together in running down a stag. A canoe race is arranged while waiting for the result of the race with the deer. After canoe race, Awitharoa says, Algonquins — Hochelagas — our fathers met yours on this island before the memory of any of the living. Here were always seen the Hochelaga Bear and the Algonquin Rabbit — the totems of friends. The great pine tree under which our forefathers and we ourselves met has gone, but that we may continue close friends I give to each of your chiefs a wampum belt pictured with a pine tree.

Gives tobacco

(Hoh! Hoh! Algonquins.) That you may forget your ills and have incense for sacrifice to the Manitou I give you this tobacco (asogun) raised not by women but by our warriors.

Maize.

Here is maize. May the demon of want never come near your wigwam.

Black Stone Amulets.

For your protection I give you these amulets of black stone; they will drive away Windigos and all evil things.

People of the Northern Lights — Algonquins, my nation — the Hochelagas and yours are one house. Whenever you are hungry come into our wigwams and sit down by the fires; our women will bring you corn; they will spread your mats; we will pass you the pipe.

(Algonquins, Hoh! Hoh!)

Nikona (of the Algonquins) patriarch (says), Our people have no crops — no crafts. We are not as yours, we can make palisades and houses and amulets: ye are a wonderful nation, but our northern country is full of moose and wapiti. I give you these skins for leggings and moccasins, which your women will make and decorate beautifully. Here is a hill of skins. Here are bags of war paint. Here are strings of shell wampum. Say to yourselves, what is more beautiful than the peace which they represent. And to thee, Awitharoa, I give this axe of sharp green copper. It is full of magic for the cutting of trees and slaying of foes.

Nikona, the Algonquin, speaks.

Gives skins.

Shell wampum.

Gives copper axe.

Hoh! Hoh! Hee a hee ee hoh.
(The runners! The runners! Iroquois.)

Description of end of race.

Hiawatha and the Wolverine appear on the other side. The race is ended. Hiawatha is the victor. Hiawatha come to the Council. Ho. Ho.

Hiawatha appears with deer on his shoulder.

Awitharoa.

Hiawatha, I crown you the swiftest of warriors. Next year, Algonquins, it may be your turn to win. We are proud of Hiawatha this year. Give me the red feather. Here Hiawatha. You are a chief and will sit in all Councils. At the CORN FEAST to-morrow you shall light the sacred fire.

Red feather.

(Haul up front curtain. Arrange corn scene.)

SCENE II

Awitharoa.

What is the custom, O grandmother?

Corn Feast.

Kawi.

Ye shall choose the most beautiful, our ancestors said.

Kwenhia appears

Kwenhia, the Corn Maiden.

Kawi.

Yea, verily she is Adohasu, the beautiful maiden.

Awitharoa.

Thou art Osizi, the spirit of maize — the daughter of the Sun.

(Dressing of Kwenhia. See Book, The Master of Life.)

Dressing of Kwenhia.

Hiawatha lights the sacred fire.

Awitharoa.

O! Host of the warrior dead! Accept our thanks.

Invocation.

Our Ancestors. Continue to listen! O Red Chief of men and spirits, we offer thee the pipe of peace.

Medicine men with masks come and dance.

(The three maidens have disappeared.)

(The Council assembles — The Mystery Men.)

Hatiria.

Hatiria's call.

Listen. Listen, daughters of the sun. Maize-maiden! Bean-maiden! Squash maiden! appear. LISTEN.

O, Three come forth.
Keep watch.
Let us worship.

(Black Wolverine and five hunters appear with Ojibway feathers.)

Awitharoa.

Black Wolverine and Warriors — Welcome.

Black Wolverine.

Your runner, Hiawatha, beat me in the race, but we think we are better hunters than your people. We challenge Hiawatha and five of your hunters to hunt bear at the Lake of the Two Mountains against myself and these five Algonquins.

Hiawatha.

Preparations go on for Corn Festival.

Black Wolverine, I accept the challenge. Will you be our guests? Our women will cook for you and a new lodge will be prepared for you to sleep in. Our young men and maidens will sing to you. Join in our corn festival.

The Three Maidens Appear

Old Woman.

They are the most beautiful ever chosen.

(Background of corn and heaps of corn.)

(Painted corn scenes.) (Corn song and grinding.)

Awitharoa.

HIAWATHA! Hochelega's is a happy people.

Hiawatha sits at the door of his mother's and great grandmother's house. Kawi. Woman cooking.

Hiawatha and Kwenhia at the door of his mother's lodge. They speak together about Hiawatha's future.

Onata to *Kwenhia.*

My child, sit down here; you don't eat with us often enough.

Kahawi.

The custom of the mothers is the men before the women; the guests before the household; old before young.

Kwenhia to *Hiawatha.*

Where is your caribou skin? How does it feel to be a chief?

Onata.

The skin is soaking in the water, I am making him a shirt of it.

Kwenhia.

Let me come and decorate it with you. I will put on a figure of a man with a long feather.

Kawi.

Wait! the slayer must say the invocation.

Hiawatha (prays).

O stag, bear me no ill will for slaying thee; it was for the glory of my tribe. Graze in endless peace with thy people in the forest of the land of souls.

Kwenhia.

When you are a great chief, Hiawatha, when you walk sternly among the warriors, do not forget your little sister Kwenhia. When I saw you go up to the Council place this morning, it seemed as if I had lost my brother.

Hiawatha.

Fear not, my little one. Let us go and sit at the lake side and listen to the voice of the night.

(Algonquins are invited into the long houses and with others disappear. A hidden choir sing softly the Caughnawaga song [Konoronkwa] and others.)

Kwenhia.

What art thou saying to thyself?

Hiawatha.

Ha! Ha! I was thinking how pleasant are swift hunting and racing and archery and listening to the adventures of renowned chiefs; but more than all how the greatest joy would be war. We of the Sacred Island, Tiotiake, are dishonored for want of enemies; we do not fight enough, it is always peace, peace. In the spring I will give a feast to the young men, and call on them to follow me to Stadacona, and there we will form a war party. In that way I shall bring honor upon our tribe, the mother and leader of the MEN OF MEN, the Hochelagas.

Kwenhia.

But, Hiawatha, will not the enemy come in return and kill some of us?

Hiawatha.

They will come, they will lie in wait for us among the islands and reeds, and along the paths of the woods, even up to the wall of the town. They will slay here and there some of our braves, but then we shall hunt them again and bring home the long scalps and the trophies. They shall be hung UPON THE POLES BEFORE OUR LODGES, and the fires shall shine upon warriors telling of glorious deeds, and we shall be indeed MEN OF MEN.

Kwenhia.

Thy thoughts are the thoughts of the mountain, but I am only the little sumach; I hear the wailing of the women; the widows are many; the mothers have blackened their faces, and the virgins fear to go into the corn fields.

Hiawatha.

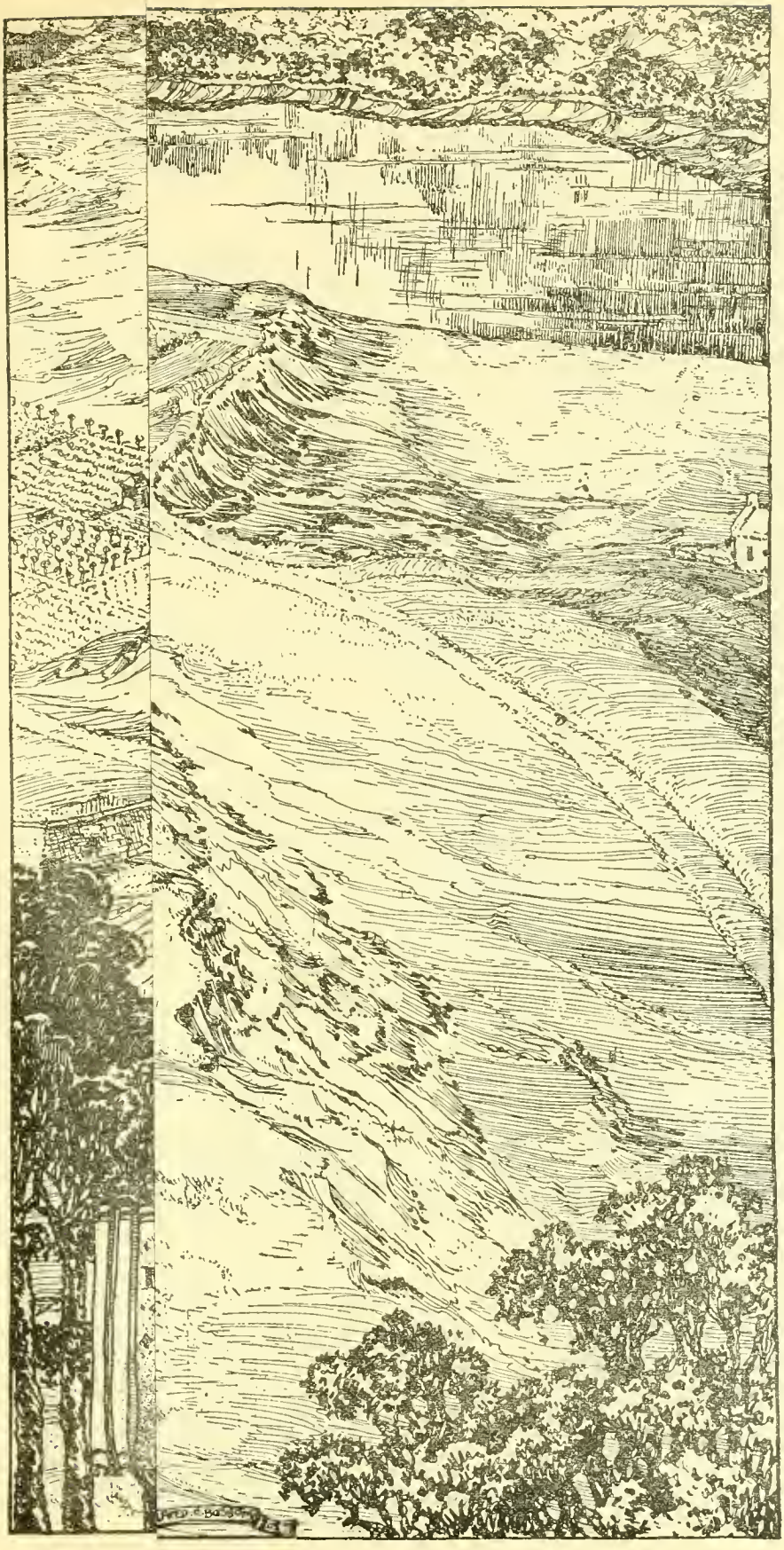
Warriors must endure these things; to be men is first before all.

Kwenhia.

And what if the enemy should kill thee also in the woods or among the reeds?

Hiawatha.

Moose looks on. Then the mother of Hiawatha will not be ashamed.



RESTORATION · of
FORT TICONDEROGA
& LAKE · CHAMPLAIN for
S · H · P · PELL · ESQ

ALFRED C BOSSOM ·
ARCHITECT ·
NEW · YORK CITY ·

A PLAN of
the TOWN *and* FORT *of*
CARILLON
at
TICONDEROGA;
with
the ATTACK made by the
BRITISH ARMY
Commanded by Gen.l Abercrombie,
8 July 1758.

Engraved by
Tho.s Jefferys. Geographer to his Royal Highness the
PRINCE of WALES.

Scale of 150 Fathoms
5 20 40 80 40 50 100 150

A VISTA
made thro the Wood
to extend the Prospect
from the Fort.

RIVER FROM LAKE GEORGE

RIVER TO LAKE CHAMPLAIN

TYEONDEROGA
corruptly called
TICONDEROGA

WOOD CREEK

Little Marray River

Inaccessible Wood

INACCESSIBLE WOOD

HEIGHT of CARILLON

The RIGHT WING Comd by the Chev.r

The CENTER Comd by Monts.r

The LEFT WING Comd by the French

INCAMPMENT of the FRENCH before the ENGAGEMENT

LOWER TOWN Stockaded

Redoubt which covers the Lower Town

Redoubt raised by the orders of Mons.r de Pontleroy

Redoubt of Mons.r Germain

Bat.n of Berry

The Place where Batteaux & Canoes are Laid up

Albanys or Felled Trees

Two Companies of Rangers to Attack the Center

Regulars attack the Left Wing

Regulars formed to Attack the Line

Rogers Rangers

Williams Regt

Lyman Regt

Lyman Regt

Partridges Regt

Doty's Regt

Rugg's

Light Infantry

Regulars

Regulars

Regulars

Kwenhia.
She hath but thee.

Hiawatha.
Yes . . . me only.

Kwenhia. (Takes a silver cross out of her breast and holds it up.)
Tall brother, the spirits, my people, whisper to me, "PEACE." My Father, the Spirit, when he gave me this, taught my Mother that the Master of Life hateth war; that his Son is Chief of Peace; and that when wounded he smote not back but was nailed to the stake. That is like that one the white ghosts placed upon the mountain top.

Hiawatha.
How could so mighty a chief endure such shame?

Kwenhia.
It is the teaching of the Spirits.

Hiawatha.
The wisdom of the Spirits is wonderful.

Kwenhia.
If I ask for something wilt thou give it?

Hiawatha.
Have I ever refused thee anything?

Kwenhia.
A white bead then from thy belt.

Hiawatha. (Jumping up.)
Ah, listen.

Kwenhia.
A ghost.

Hiawatha.
Moose (two men in a moose skin) inside the stockade — after examination. (Calls the warriors.)

Awitharoa.
This was no moose. This was two strangers — good hunters — mighty warriors. They came from the sunset; they must be

Two men disappear and leave skin and escape in canoe.

followed — the matter is grave. Let the criers call the braves to council, and thither let Kawi and the aged men be brought.

Kawi.

I am the last of the children of the founders — yea, the last. When I was a papoose on the board, as my mother told me, we came out of the Land of the Sun. There were great lakes and falls, corn-fields, and much red copper and red stone for pipes, the holy gift of the Master of Life. It was the land of the Hurons, our forefathers. The Holder of the Heavens said: "Ye must build canoes and sail down the river towards the sunrise. I have made for you an island on a great river, full of herds of deer and monstrous sturgeons and Maskenonzay and lofty forests. For ye are the men of men. Thus were we led to the Sacred Island Tiotiake on which we built Hochelaga. Our chief was Tehari, the eloquent, the ancestor of Tekarihoken who is here.

Finds an axe and examines it.

Now the totem of this axe (holds it up and points to handle), which it bears on its handle, is the Crane. These strangers are of our kindred, Hurons.

The axe of the Hurons.

Iakonon (roars out).

Kinsmen come not as spies in moose skins. The kinsmen who do this would slay us if they could. Let the swiftest runners seek their tracks, and let all strangers, and especially these treacherous Hurons, understand well that it is best to keep far from our country.

Iakonon orders the pursuit of the enemy.

Awitharoa.

My children, our fathers said "Kindred must not be destroyed." If the men be found ye must offer them the pipe and receive them by fires; ye must share with them the pottage that is ready. But their trail must first be found. Let warriors who have taken scalps or won races follow them, and, finding them, offer the pipe, for the laws of peace are the people's safety as well as the laws of war. But every night the gate-keepers must now keep watch by turns at the gate and along the top of the wall.

American Horse as Awitharoa counsels moderation.

Warrior finds trail.

Kawi.

No such trouble hath come since the visit of the MEN-EATING ghosts to this Island. (Terror and commotion throughout the assembly.)

Kavi.

It is like it. In the time of Kwenhia's grandmother came the men-eating ghosts to the town. They left this behind them. They came from the sunrise out of the great water in great canoes, pushed by white clouds of white skin. By their faces, we knew they were ghosts; at first we took them for gods, for they brought thunder in their hands and lightning, which came out of their fire sticks, and gave gifts and spoke softly. We received them at the river and brought them into the town and up to the top of the mountain. We gave them our best. The chief of the ghosts spoke many things to us in the language of the dead, healing also our sick by magic with his hands. Afterward the peace-chief of Stadacona and some of his people were carried away by them and eaten, and never heard of again, and such was their intention toward us.

Lift up behind her a large French cross, with shield inscribed Francis Rex, and fleurs-de-lis on the cross.

Some of the Stadaconans pretended they were white men, and NO men have canoes with thunder and lightning in them. Now, these Moose men, see how they too will bring us affliction! This is my wisdom — to compare one event with another.

The White Spirits visit Jacques Cartier in 1535.

Crier.

The six Algonquins are ready!

Hiawatha and his men are getting ready when a cry is heard. (War.)

Black Wolverine and his men are ready when there is heard the war cry of a warrior.

Man approaching in canoe cries —

Koweh! Koweh! War! War!

Iakonon.

Koweh! Koweh!

Answer — Koweh! (All mounting fortifications.) Koweh! Koweh!

Iakonon, the Buffalo.

What is it my brother?

Warrior (says)

At the Lake — above the great Rapid. Last night as I passed the wood I saw a canoe of elm-bark of five paddles — two men slept under it — one kept watch. They had no fire. Their faces

Kwenhia and Onata do not like the Black Wolverine.

had the WAR-PAINT. I hid — covered myself with moss. Two others came running fast through the woods. Their faces were painted. When they pulled out their canoe and started westward I ran out and hailed them, "Okanaguen? of what tribe be ye, friends?" One rose in the canoe and saying: "Of the Hurons, thou coward," and drew bow and sent an arrow into this arm; the others derided me. They paddled swiftly across the Lake. Their speech was strange, and yet like ours.

Iakonon.

Those were the moose men. Thinkest thou our men could catch them? Had they corn or meat with them?

Brave.

None, I think.

Iakonon.

Black Wolverine watches. He has arranged all this; he is a spy himself.

They must stop then to hunt or fish. Away braves. Take pouches of corn around your necks.

Black Wolverine watches very closely.

Black Wolverine and one of his men exchange signs and nudges.

Naked hunters, only breech cloths.

As Hiawatha and Black Wolverine leave

Kwenhia (says)

Women talk together of their distrust of Black Wolverine.

Would better it were war than this! I like not the Black Wolverine. He is a spy, I fear.

(Women make pottery.)

Onata.

Little daughter, it is not the part of women to show fear for sons and brothers, and therefore I went not to see my son depart. Before you were born we had many wars. Every spring our braves sang their songs and went out on the path against the enemies. We women incited them to go, and if any man held back we danced the coward's dance around him, we offered him our pots to boil, the hoe, and a woman's skirt. When our men returned victorious we met them with crowns of feathers and sang

songs of their valor. Happy was the girl whose lover brought home scalps or wounds, or who wore in his hair a new feather. A mother MUST give her sons to war!

Kwenhia.

If this were but an open war! What if the Black Wolverine would take Hiawatha unawares.

Onata.

He will not take him unawares.

(Q. goes into gate.)

CURTAIN — FIVE DAYS LATER.

Girls.

Girls who have been gathering nuts.

Warrior chants.

They hear a chant. (Girls exclaim.)

A dirge.

Karonihares — the swift runner, with ashes on his face.

Tell me mothers of Hochelaga, where are your children? Those that ye carried on cradle boards, and that ran about your knees; whom your eyes delighted to follow in the ball game; who were first in hunting; first in war! Maidens, where are your lovers? Where is thy son, O mother of Shade Karoneyes? (Mother shrieks.)

Where is thy son, Onata? Where is Hiawatha? the pine tree, the pleasure of all the others. (Wail from Onata. Scream from Kwenhia. All the women wail.)

Five is their number, I alone am left.

They travel through the dark of the woods on their way to the happy hunting grounds.

On the long, long path to the West they go. Across the dark river behind the sunset — across the Dark River they wend to the villages of the departed.

Awitharoa.

Tell us Karonihares!

Karonihares (says)

Karonihare's story.

We camped by the fort of the Long Rapid of Ottawa. The Algonquins were boastful. They told us they would kill more

game than we would. We killed more, much more, than they. The Wolverine was in bad temper. Hiawatha warned me to keep watch and to wake him for his watch. I was very tired. I fell almost hard asleep. I opened my eyes and saw six Algonquins standing each with his stone hammer, waiting for a sign to strike together. Wolverine was over Hiawatha. The man standing over me was looking at Wolverine for a sign. My arms had been taken away. I gave a great shout and ran. I heard the crunch of the hammers and the groans told me the rest. Hiawatha jumped up. I saw him, stunned and bleeding, stagger to the edge of the rocks, reel, and fall into the Rapids and sink. I escaped to tell you the story.

(Avengers shout and strike the old war-post.)

Awitharoa.

Young men prepare for war, arming themselves.

I call a Lodge of Silence at once. Smoke the pipe, burn tobacco, pass the great pipe in silence.

Awitharoa.

We are met together this night. The Master of Life has appointed the time.

Indian lamentation.

To death have they gone upon whom we were wont to look. Sorrowful, let us condole together.

Speakers (to Onata).

We are sorry for you. We will avenge you though it takes years.

Two scalps will we take for every one, and more unless the Algonquins make great gifts and explain —

Awitharoa.

It may be that the Algonquins will punish Wolverine for breaking his faith — if they do not we will punish the nation.

Prepare the town against attack.

Send to Hochelay, Sekenonday, Stadacona, Satahdin. Tell our brethren.

Let messages go to the tribes on the Lake of the South Wind and the Southern river that runs to the sea.

CURTAIN.

Keraronwe and Tekarihoken appear on ridge after having visited the scene of the massacre of the Hochelaga hunters.

Keraronwe.

We have been where Hiawatha was killed.

Tekarihoken.

Our brothers who went out hunting with Hiawatha were scalped. Clan of the Turtle. The law of the chiefs commands us to avenge our brother HIAWATHA.

Wolfsky.

The spirits of Shade Karonyes and White Eagle reproach us.

Wood-drift.

Remember our slain brothers.

(War dance, sharpen weapons, arrow makers.)

Tekarihoken to *Onata.* (Laying belt of white wampum near her.)

None shall reproach us with remaining slothful in our sorrow. We shall obey our ancestors. This BELT SHOWS SIX BLACK MEN upon it, which signifies that the six snakes which killed thy son are already as good as dead. Mother adopt us.

Onata.

I take you as my sons; I adopt you.

Onata adopts as sons those who are going to avenge Hiawatha.

Awitharoa.

Young warriors, our enemies are many, we are not yet fully trained for war. We will send ambassadors to ask for reparation. Better wait than be defeated.

Onata.

There can be no reparation for my dead son, but, new sons of mine! listen to Awitharoa. Cause not other mothers to mourn the death of their sons needlessly.

Awitharoa.

DeKaneweda, go seven days up the river of Sunset. Make a strong effort to have the Algonquins make reparation for their misdeeds — if you cannot, then it must be war.

DeKaneweda leaves in a canoe for last effort for peace.

CURTAIN.

THREE WEEKS LATER.

DeKaneweda.

I have returned from the land of the Algonquins! The Black Wolverine was there. The moose men — spies were there! I have failed. The old Sachem Tessonat counselled peace, but finally came to my lodge and told me that the Hurons, the far-off Ojibways, the Nipissings and all the Algonquins had declared war against us. We heard the war songs and the hatchets striking the posts. They will come to fight us. They say they will torture us and make our women slaves.

Iakonon, the Buffalo.

Get ready. We will fight as our fathers did. They are ten to one. We may be beaten at first but we will win at last. We have two months to prepare.

Red hatchet.

Young men in ring. War dance. Sing chants. Drive RED HATCHET in post, red feathers, black wampum. Big drum. War preparations, lashing, bark buckets and carriers, stones, water.

Awitharoa.

Let us sleep.

CURTAIN.

INTERLUDE.

Canoe songs, family go to sleep. Marriage ceremony. Ioe laughs at his rival. Ioe courts and is accepted.

(Great drum sounds.)

THE SIEGE.

Painted scouts of the enemy.

Hurons and Algonquins crawling up but still out of sight.

Pounding corn. Boys shooting.

Onata.

The gate! The gate!

Shout and advance of Hiawatha and Awitharoa.

Awitharoa.

To the platforms. Iakonon, knock down that pillar of dogs.

Buffalo.

The snakes. (Action — knocks them down.)

Keraronwe.

Shoot better! Shoot better — ye are sleeping, my friends. — Enemy retires.

(Tekarihoken leaps over and scalps one.) — Tekarihoken places pole.

While the Hurons and Algonquins are in hiding, places pole. — Climbs the pole again.

Help, help, they are here in hundreds. — Cry from the East End.

(Black Wolverine appears.)

Awitharoa.

Iakonon, place a sure arrow in thy bow — this skunk Wolverine hath not seen thee drive it through the moose.

Black Wolverine to *Onata.*

Art THOU then its mother? This is what is left of Hiawatha. See, it is mine now. I cut it off his head. Look upon my piece of thy son, O mother of Hiawatha. — Black Wolverine hails at Onata.

I am the wolf — thou art an angry doe.

Onata.

Give me back my son, evil one, give me what thou hast of him.

(Shields and fire put out. Sorties in attempts to get water.) — Iakonon shoots and Wolverine dies.

(Men killed and taken into the woods.) — Enemies.

Enemies' Herald.

Surrender Hochelagas, you have no water left and we will let you have none. If you surrender we will give their lives to the women, children and old men.

Rushing up, children and women cry, Never, never, cowards.

DeKaneveda (answers Herald).

Hurons, we are of the same people. We have a woman among us who is a grandmother of some of your people, and also of some of ours; she is the oldest woman in the tribe. — Dekaneweda with pipe.

Hurons cease when they see pipe.

Huron chiefs.

We would see the oldest woman very gladly.

(Carry her out on litter.)

Old woman.

I am one of yours — in face — in talk — in dress — we have the same Master of Life. Make with us, therefore, a league of brotherhood; we will give rich gifts as a price for your dead, and you shall go home and tell how you have found nephews.

Hurons discuss, and later their

Herald says —

To Awitharoa, Great Chief.

Awitharoa, Great Chief, we honor the old woman, and if she will come out to us we will take her back to her people. You are our cousins, but our cousins are many and they are not all our friends, and if we have too many friends, of whom would our young men obtain their scalps. We cannot go home without scalps, what would we say to our women? How shall we content our allies, the Algonquins, the people of the Northern Lights? How shall we pay them for the loss of their great chief Wolverine and many others. We will do THIS. A sacrifice is necessary to give peace to the spirits of our dead. Give us your wise Head Chief, Awitharoa, to pass through the fire, and we will let you go out and leave this country safely, but forever after when we meet you we will kill you.

Hurons offer terms.

Hochelagans.

Hochelagans refuse terms.

Never! Never!

Huron Herald.

Then you are already as dead. The fight will go on.

(Hurons disappear.)

Awitharoa.

Awitharoa's appeal to the Hochelagas.

I would speak to all the HOCHELAGANS. This night the Hochelagans will fight as they never fought before. Remember, we are called the MEN OF MEN. Those of us who go to our ancestors will not be afraid to tell them how we died. If a breach should be made and the enemy get through the wall, remember that I have set the children and the old people in the barricade inside the gate. There we will fight afresh. If ye drive off the wolves this night Hochelaga will be saved. But if the place fall, let none give himself up; let all die; our Father to-morrow must not look upon a coward.

Hurons place fires. Axes cut down stakes.

A breach in the palisades.

First Algonquins knocked down — others press in.

Awitharoa says

To the barricades.

All the Hurons crowd around the breach — when Hiawatha and party appear they run in awe — Hiawatha follows to west end (Hurons run).

Hiawatha comes with other supposed spirits and attacks enemy, who run.

Awitharoa.

We thank thee, O Master of Life, for saving thy people.

Hiawatha (returning from chasing the enemy).

Hochelagans fall on their faces.

Awitharoa.

O Spirit of Hiawatha, most revered.

Hiawatha.

Fear me not — I am no spirit — I am Hiawatha.

Awitharoa.

We revere thee. Who are the mighty ones with thee?

Hiawatha.

They are Hochelagans from the Solitary Mts. and our brothers, the Onondagans. It seems we have not been too early. Ye have no water — Bring it — Drink in safety.

Awitharoa.

Most honourable (placing head-dress) head chief do I make thee on the field of battle — you have saved the whole nation.

All.

Hoh. Hoh. Hoh.

Awitharoa to *Hiawatha.*

Tell us what happened thee at the hands of the Wolverine, who is dead now — Iakonen killed him — we thought thee drowned in the rapid.

Hiawatha.

I thought myself drowning and I knew nothing until I found myself in the canoe of an Onondagan arrow maker — he had

Hiawatha tells what happened to him.

lost his nephew by the Hurons and he adopted me in his place — So that I am now of the great nations of the Onondagans — but I could not forget mine own people. The Master of Life told me to make our tribes ONE in peace and war. I was on my way to visit you when I saw marks on the beach of Huron war canoes, numberless as ice-cakes on the water in the spring. I adopted the ghost stratagem because we were so few. But why do I not see my MOTHER and KWENHIA? (A minute silence.)

Hiawatha hears of the death of his mother, Onata, and Kwenhia.

Hiawatha.

Where are their bodies?

(Hiawatha sits down and throws his robe over his head.)

Awitharoa.

Take in more water! Put out SENTINELS. Be ready to run inside the barricades. The wolves are only frightened away for a time. Keep yourselves protected from the arrows.

Sentinels cry

Koweh, Koweh. Indians runs behind barricades. Close the gates. Hurons and Algonquins return. Watch the barricade.

Awitharoa. (Comes out among them and says:

Awitharoa offers himself a sacrifice.

Men of the strange nation, ye have said ye will let my people go out and leave this country safely if they will give you their Head Chief to pass through the fire. Here I am — make the fire. (Page 100, Master of Life.)

Huron Head Chief.

Huron chief to Awitharoa.

Awitharoa, thou art of a race that has courage and glory. We are sorry that thou should'st die, but the spirits of our dead are in misery and thy spirit following after them shall gladden their hearts. We shall keep our honor with thee. Aguaron, take the great Calumet, tell the Hochelagas that they may pass out safely at sunrise, because the Fire-god hath accepted the flesh of their Head Chief.

Awitharoa (says)

Tell them they must not try to rescue me. I have pledged my honor. Tell them that I await them with the braves of old in the hills of the Lake of the Southwind, where you will rebuild Hochelaga.

(Whoop, calling together all the Hurons and Algonquins.)

Hurons, I would sing my death chant.

Death song of Awitharoa. Triumphs of peace.

All treaties I have kept; always honor I have maintained; feuds I have allayed, I have worked for the happiness of my people.

Huron leaders invocation to fire, signal to Awitharoa to enter. Lies down in fire.

Awitharoa.

I do this for thee Hochelaga. I do this for the little children.

Huron mystery men rattle bells and drums.

Huron chief raises his hand. Body taken from fire. Bury him as a great chief should be buried. (Hurons and Algonquins all leave.)

Huron Chief orders Awitharoa's Honourable burial.

SCENE.

Departure of Hochelagas for Lake of the South Wind, (Champlain.) All cry — Farewell Tiotiake, Farewell Hochelaga, Farewell good peace-chief, beloved Awitharoa!

Iaḳonon.

For a thousand moons and more we, ourselves, our children, and our children's children will fight until no Huron and no Algonquin remains.

Iakonon's threat and prophecy of revenge.

CURTAIN.

SCENE CHANGED.

Ten years later.

On Lake Champlain.

A camp fire and solitary warrior — a runner from the Hochelagas enters showing the pipe.

Runner.

Dekaneweda, the chief of the Hochelagas, sends me to ask whence thou art.

Arrow Maker.

The Arrow Maker visits the Mohawk on the Lake of the South Wind.

I am the arrow maker of the Onondagas — who adopted your brother, the glorious Hiawatha, who led you out of the burning. I have come to welcome you to the land of peace; it is wooded and full of fastnesses. There you can defend yourself against the Huron and the Northern Light. Thence you can send your parties to attack them — if they do ill. This is why ye have seen my smoke in the valley. Hiawatha would make an everlasting treaty of peace and alliance between you and the Onondagas. In the valley of the Mohawk river you shall dwell. Ye shall be called MOHAWKS, and the country will be yours.

Tells of Hiawatha's proposed confederacy.

CURTAIN.

SCENE. EIGHT YEARS AFTER.

In the land of the Onondagas.

Hiawatha meets with envy and trouble.

Hatiria.

Hatiria shows his hatred of Hiawatha.

Arrow maker, our gods like not Hiawatha — they hate him.

Arrow Maker.

But HE is a god — was it a man who could lie alone in the bushes on the rock of Ticonderoga and hold back 70 Huron warriors by fear? Was it a man who traveled forty days within the land of the Algonquins, who walked at evening into the village of the Torch and up to the fire in the lodge of the Head-Chief Tessonat's son, took down his war club, slew and scalped him, and left a feather beside him, for a sign to our enemies, marked with the mark of the Onondagas. Does not the war club of Tessonat's son hang on the post in my lodge!

Surely! Hiawatha is a god!

Hatiria.

Chief of the Onondagas.

He is only a vile Mohawk. Not such is Atotarho, chief of the Onondagas, the greatest chief in the world. He is a true-born Onondaga.

Arrow Maker.

Hatiria, False Face, I am a lover of all warriors. Atotarho indeed is great.

Hatiria.

Hiawatha cures by roots, curing is our part, and we cure by the drum. He shall suffer for it. (Hatiria leaves.)

Arrow Maker.

Hatiria chatters like a crow, but he is dangerous. He is a coward, but he can hunt and wound brave men with his tongue.

ATOTARHO AND THE SNAKES.

Hatiria.

Lightning of Onondaga. Lord of all nations. Great wolf! What meaneth the blood scent on the trail —

Atotarho.

Hath the Cherokees come up?

Hatiria.

Nay, nor the Huron.

Atotarho.

What meaneth thou?

Hatiria.

I dreamt last night that the Hemlock was trying to overshadow the Pine —

Atotarho.

What was the meaning of thy dream? O False Face.

Hatiria.

The Pine is Atotarho — the Hemlock is Hiawatha. He boasts that he is greater than thou.

A.

Hiawatha does?

H.

Yea; he sang it in his song before the journey he is on — that journey the direction whereof none knoweth.

A.

But he is an adopted Onondagan — the son of our good Arrow-Maker.

H.

Thou knowest not what I know by my magic. I follow him on that journey, and I see him paddling to their sacred Island.

A.

Still, are not the Mohawks brothers to us — Hiawatha has fought well for us.

H.

It has puffed his heart.

A.

He has fought by my side — we are brothers in clan.

H.

His craft is deep. He rises by thy help. He has learnt war from thee. In my shell I hear him boasting that he goes back to their island to build up his own people again and make them the masters.

A.

Atotarho's snakes. Be silent, until I consult my oracles, the snakes.

(Holding up a snake.)

What sayest thou? Shall it be war with the Mohawks?

Thou wouldest bite me — Thus the Mohawk would do, thou sayest.

Consultation. Now, tell me shall it be war, then, with the Mohawks? Thou sayest yes — Thou givest me another war to add to my glory. It will be war with the Mohawks.

Now, shall Hiawatha die? Thou escapest? He is then to escape — Thine answers are plain. HATIRIA! I shall make war with the Mohawks, but thou, thyself, shalt deal with Hiawatha. Perhaps he, too, is as they say in part god; and, verily, he seems sometimes wiser and different — yea and braver, than a man.

Hatiria.

War against the Mohawks. False faces — It is to be war with the Mohawks — Call the people — (People make no sign of approbation).

SCENE.

Hiawatha approaching in his canoe — sees the war signal. Signal fire on rock.

Little Boy.
Hiawatha, Hiawatha! What news, Hiawatha?

Hiawatha.
Why is this fire burning?

Woman.
To answer Atotarho's yonder.

Hiawatha.
Has the Huron struck our hamlets?

Woman.
Atotarho strikes the Mohawk.

Arrow Maker.
Son, I have told them this war is evil!

Hiawatha.
All war is evil — Let us have peace, we need alliance, not defiance. I am tired. I will rest.

(Hiawatha sleeps.)

Arrow Maker.
The warriors return — I hear their chants of victory — the scalpers exult — This is the work of Hatiria. Mohawk prisoners entering, taunted with lost honor and treachery.

Mohawk Chief (Prisoners enter).
Strike hard, ye feeble people. Ye are foxes and muskrats, but ye snap at bears. Ye are little flies that know not how to make a man wince.

You have lost your honor — You broke the peace guaranteed by the calumet — You will be punished — Your scalps shall wave before the Lodges of our men — the men of men.

(Hiawatha springs up.)

Arrow Maker.
Be still. Leave the Mohawks to my care — Go thou to the Council.

The old Arrow Maker is merciful to prisoners.

(Arrow-maker gives them water — Drink calmly — Pipe to all five prisoners.

Arrow Maker.

It is wise to be careful, we have broken the faith of the Calumet.

To all — Touch not these men until the Council have deliberated.

Hiawatha.

Hiawatha calls a council.

I call a Council.

(Council).

Hiawatha.

Brothers of the Hill — I have been on a long journey to the Northwest — I have communed with the Great Spirit. He has spoken to me. Did you wish a proof — Hear me! In my vision I saw that the number ye have slain in this war is four. If this be right my words are from the gods —

Hiawatha's vision.

(Exclamations.) I see at the head of the four who are travelling, an old Chief. His forehead is painted, and his left breast is pierced by a broken arrow. If this be right, my words are from the gods — (cries and groans.) The youngest is a youth without a feather, but a hammer has crushed his skull and he carries a broken knife; if this be right, my words are from the gods — Hush.

War Chief.

The War chief.

The very least thou hast said is true.

Hiawatha.

I have been to Tiotiake — I fought many of the enemy on the mountain — I killed some and escaped — I made a long fast and prayed. I heard and saw what I told you in my trances. I now add this — war against the Mohawks must end — The prisoners must be released and sent home with large presents to the relatives of their dead companions.

(Mask and rattle).

Hatiria.

Chiefs and braves — The False Faces also have taken Counsel with the spirits. I dreamt that a wolf stepped on a nest of rattle-

snakes — They tried to bite him — He gnashed his teeth and four lay dead. The message of Hiawatha is from the Mohawk gods and not from those of Onondaga. Hatiria's appeal against Hiawatha.

The Double-Sighted.

The war has begun, we must exterminate the Mohawks, or they will punish us. The Double-sighted chief for war.

Atotarho.

What fear ye, Onondagans! Are ye not able for the people of the Island? Surely the prudence of Hiawatha is great, but it lessens the power of the warrior in the face of the enemy — Wherever ye hear the voice of Atotarho, there shall ye hear of scalps and expeditions, war paint and battle axes, scars, stratagem, war, and ever war! (rattles). Atotarho for War.

Red Wings.

My children, seek not to shatter a mountain — the vision of Hiawatha the truthful cannot be set aside. What, shall men dare to reply to the Great Spirit? It is necessary to fight the ENEMY — It is wrong to fight our FRIENDS — I am not proud of the Onondagas in this war. Red Wings supports Hiawatha. Is ashamed of war.

Hiawatha. (Bow.)

War is wrong if it can be avoided and is not. Too long have the mothers wailed for their elder sons that came not back in summer. Too long have we cut off the fingers of the captives, and exhorted each other to make our hearts of stone. I see a better day. Our children shall play in safety — our hunters shall not hide their trails — our women shall sing in the cornfields. This is the way it shall be brought about. The five nations, the brave Mohawks, the great Onondagans, the Cayugas, the Oneidas, the mighty Senecas, will together make a chain of silver of five links — we shall build one Long House for the five — Ye shall found a league of the five nations and bind it with belts of wampum. Every year we shall meet and the silver belt shall be brightened. Hiawatha's successful appeal.

If any tribe submit to the league there shall be peace with it. If any hurt not the League, it will the League not hurt. But if the hindmost cub of the League be snapped at, woe to the hunter. We shall be feared, but we shall be just — Wailing shall finally

be heard no more, nor blood of men be seen in the woods (All in favor of it, but afraid of Atotarho.)

Red Wings.

Red Wings supports Hiawatha again.

Hiawatha, thou speakest of a League of many nations — As the sun and moon move slowly across the lake so goeth the pace of a wise Council. Meanwhile we must send the captives back.

Hiawatha.

By the side of the lake there is the white stone. Let all the people meet there a day hence for council about the League. Get ready for the war path.

Atotarho and Hatiria leave.

Red Wings.

Red Wings to Mohawk prisoners.

Brave Mohawks — enter our wigwams — shake the elbows of our people — feast with us — ye shall carry home wampum and amulets with which we would undo the wrong we have done.

(Sends them home with presents).

All leave but Arrow Maker and Hiawatha.

Arrow Maker.

Hatiria hates thee, but thou art so much greater that I believe thou wilt be the victor (pause). I hope you may succeed at your peace meeting. The battle is sometimes won by the wounded.

SCENE.

Hiawatha's conference at the sacred white stone.

WHITE STONE. Mat of rushes — Hiawatha seated — Bunch of white wampum belt — fire pile ready. Hiawatha's friends around him — women and children.

Failure.

Atotarho thwarts him by starting on a war party against the Cherokees.

ATOTARHO comes in full war-paint — young men, war-paint. All go and leave Hiawatha.

Hiawatha takes his belts and goes to his canoe sad — Arrow shot into it — robe over his head as he leaves.

Atotarho (preparing for war with the Cherokees).

Ho — warriors, who are not afraid of enemies and war.

CURTAIN.— In the land of the MOHAWKS.

Dekaneweda.

Girl, what has frightened thee so?

Girl frightened at the sight of an Onondaga warrior.

Girl.

A man of Onondaga.

Dekaneweda.

Did he speak? Was he painted?

Girl.

He did not speak — he was not painted nor armed. Strings of white shells covered his breast — He looked good, but his Onondaga feather frightened me.

(To three women close behind).

Dekaneweda.

Light your fires and heat the cooking STONES red. Take down your corn ears to roast, for the house belongs to whoever stands at the threshold, and, though this man be Onondagan, he comes with white shells of peace — (All obey.)

Warily peeping through the saplings, in one hand a tomahawk, in the other a pipe.

Dekaneweda.

Clan brother, Hiawatha.

Hiawatha.

Saigo, Dekaneweda.

Procession of Mohawks.

Dekaneweda.

Hiawatha — (Laughter. Weeping with gladness — Shout Saigo many times — Hiawatha! Several times. Passing the pipe.)

Hiawatha's glad reception by the Mohawks.

Hiawatha (says)

Mohawks, I come from Onondaga (silence). (Threats — fists.) I come rejected and driven out — I am henceforth a Mohawk. (Dancing in glee as they hear.)

Dekaneweda.

Quiet! Silence!

Serontha.

Let us go forth and avenge Hiawatha. Let us burn the lodges of Onondaga. Hiawatha shall lead us.

Dekaneweda.

Quiet. Silence. Young men, listen to the old.

Hiawatha.

Hiawatha restrains the young men and lays before them his plan of a confederacy.

Assuredly I would lead you if I spoke words of my own, but the words I speak, O children of Tiotiake, are the words of the Thunder and the Sun — of the MASTER OF LIFE. I have been on a long journey — I have slept on the low shores of the Salt Lake. I have been on the little river of the Senecas, thence to the full flooded river of the Oneidas. I saw their strongholds, the great expanse of waters and their palisade, up among the mountains. I gave the sign of peace — It was not returned. They mistrusted me when they saw my Onondaga feather. Their bows were pressed upon me when a chief called out, Hiawatha.

The Oneidas are our younger brothers. They received me gladly. They have one heart with you, and hate the Onondagas because of their breaking the peace of the calumet so falsely with you. They are ready to make the treaty of peace with us. Many Onondagas have fled into the land of the Oneidas because of the cruelty of Hatiria and his false faces. Hatiria tried to kill the Arrow Maker, but killed another man instead. The Arrow Maker has fled, awaiting the return of Atotarho. I collected there a pouch of white shells. I came from there by the river of the Mohawks (that river will be yours), arriving last night. I heard your war songs from afar — I slept and dreamt — The Master of Life gave to me a vision. He spoke to me of the future of our race — He told me that we should be conquerors for a time, but that after should come a strange race, in number like the drops of rain. He told me to make friends with them and with all men — that peace was better than war. He has spoken to me before in other ways. I have spoken his message, which is a message of peace, peace first amoung ourselves (cries.)

Atotarho and Hatiria, the chief of the False Faces of the Onondagas, have opposed me successfully so far, but most of the Onondagans hate Hatiria and are our friends. Atotarho is a great chief and I will yet win him over. He will make full reparation to the Mohawks and be the great war-chief of the mighty long-house of the five nations. CHIEF OF TWO EQUAL STATEMENTS.

Hiawatha wins the Mohawks.

Dekaneweda.

Hiawatha, it is not easy for us to forgive Onondaga, but thou art a true Mohawk and we listen to thee.

Hiawatha, Son of the Spirits, much have I heard of thy work for a union of the five tribes, henceforth thy labor is done. Stay thou in the lodge, and our Father, the Divine, will send his great light unto all hearts and will enable me to lead the nations into the Long House of Friendship. Its east door shall be at the sunrise and its west door shall be at the sunset. Thou hast proposed and worked for the league, and thine shall be the glory for ever. I will finish the league, and though dying I shall have a small share of thy glory forever in the assembly of the tribes. To-day I depart to visit the other nations.

Dekaneweda supports the Iroquois Confederacy.

CURTAIN.— SCENE IN ONONDAGA.

Procession — Atotarho and his war party return with the beautiful Cherokee captive and scalps — war whoop — screams of squaws and boys.

Return of Atotarho's successful war party.

Hatiria and followers come out from Mystery Lodge.

Atotarho.

Show me the holes of the woodchucks! Where have my people hidden from the dogs? Where are the Onondagas.

Where are the rattlesnakes? Has the Huron stamped them out with his foot? Has the Mohawk chased them away in my absence. I see only women and children and aged chiefs. Lo, had we really been Cherokees the tribe had been destroyed.

Hatiria (sententiously).

The cause is the false Hiawatha. He has slain one of our warriors. He has led away the Arrow Maker and many of our people to the land of the Oneidas and the Mohawks.

Hatiria accuses Hiawatha of having driven away the Onondagas.

Atotarho.

Hath Hiawatha done this? Is it true that the Arrow Maker is gone. There is none other that can make a war arrow.

Hatiria.

Hatiria accuses Hiawatha.

Beware of Hiawatha and his friends.

Atotarho.

Bah — cowards.

Cherokee (to Hatiria).

The Cherokee girl captive calls Hatiria a coward.

THOU art a coward.

Hatiria.

What sayest thou, woman?

Cherokee.

Thy words have the sound of one who lives by lies.

Hatiria.

Strange woman — who art thou? Thou shalt die by fire — False faces seize her (warriors step between) — No! No!

Cherokee Woman.

Body of a chief — heart of a rat, I fear neither thee nor thy ghosts — Where are the scalps thou hast taken? (Laughs and turns away.)

Hatiria returns to Mystery Lodge.

Atotarho.

Red Wings, where is the Arrow Maker?

Red Wings.

Red Wings tells Atotarho that Hatiria may be the cause of the Arrow Maker's absence.

The Cherokee woman may be in part right about Hatiria. The Arrow Maker hath disappeared, but there was blood at the door of his lodge. Hatiria loved him not.

Atotarho.

Where are the others, Sabjenwat and Nishen? Where are they?

Red Wings.

Who killed them I know not. I am old. The blood at his porch was not shed by the Arrow Maker or by Hiawatha. An attempt was made to kill the Arrow Maker, I believe.

Atotarho.

Who did it then?

(Women pass with deer bone hoes. Cherokee among them. Hatiria approaches.)

Atotarho.

Ho! Hatiria, where are the scalps thou hast taken?

(Pause).

What hast thou from the spirits — (Cherokee pauses).

Hatiria (putting shell to his ear, chants).

Hatiria tells of Mohawk party approaching.

He was born upon an island. He was born a Mohawk — he is no Onondagan — he is a treacherous Mohawk — I hear the Mohawks approaching — a large war party — Hiawatha is among them.

The two chiefs confer — A hunter comes running in — blown.

Hunter.

Scout tells of Mohawks' coming.

I have seen a large party of Mohawks — I have trailed them. They are marching directly here — (Excitement and preparation.)

Dekaneweda's peace mission.

MOHAWK CHIEF approaches with pipe, wishing to be heard — says his men are camped close by. He spreads out a shining band of white wampum.

Dekaneweda.

Dekaneweda tells Atotarho that their mission is to make peace.

Great is Atotarho the Onondaga. Great is Atotarho the war chief. I am Dekaneweda the war chief of the Mohawks.

The Mohawks.

Great is Hiawatha who has received much kindness from the Onondagas, from the Arrow Maker, from his clan brother.

To Atotarho — the great.

Hiawatha is true to Onondaga. When our warriors were singing their war songs and preparing for battle with the Onondagas, Hiawatha came to us, peace pipe in hand — and said, Atotarho is a great chief — Among the Onondagas we have many friends — We must make all the Onondagas our friends, as we have made the Oneidas, the Cayugas, the Senecas, our friends. Then from one great salt sea to another the five nations shall forbid war; they shall punish all those who do injustice; they shall grow rich and much happiness shall gladden all hearts. (Cherokee comes up and listens with interest.)

Red Wings.

Thy words are good — often have I spoken to Hiawatha of these things — Let us hear Atotarho.

Atotarho.

Atotarho repulses the friendly advance of Dekaneweda, the Mohawk.

Here is my answer (holding up war clubs and spear).

HATIRIA'S DANCE — (Red Wing draws away Dekaneweda).

Red Wings.

Come, it is no use — Hatiria triumphs again.

Dekaneweda.

I return to Hiawatha.

Hatiria.

The False Faces triumph, our gods are the true gods of the Onondagas.

Cherokee.

Cherokee tells Atotarho he is wrong and pours contempt on Hatiria.

Atotarho, you are being led by a poor thing — Simple it is to foretell like Hatiria, for I myself saw the smoke signs upon the mountains whereby the approach of the Mohawks was signalled and in my land we do it much better. As for those chieftains, think ye such men would make an ignoble use of the calumet. Not such an one is that Dekaneweda, not such is anyone that bears himself so like an eagle. This tale of Hatiria's is like his tales of the ghosts.

Apparition of the man-eating ghost — All the women run except the Cherokee woman.

Cherokee. Rushing forward.

I have caught thee thou god, thou ghost, thou evil one. Thou wouldest frighten us. Thou shalt not escape me. Come, off thou magic robe, come off thou mash of chalk, thou hair of bear skin. Aha! wooden face, not so wouldst thou frighten children and women in the land of the Cherokees! Coward of cowards! Man-eating ghost, disturber of villages. Thou art brave among the Onondaga women, stand here and face the battle lord (pushing him forward into the presence of Atotarho.) Hatiria runs. Thou liar! Thou rat! Hatiria jumps over the cliff.

Hatiria attempts to frighten the Onondaga village by appearing as a spirit.

Atotarho (after looking over — smiling to the Cherokee).

Thou she-bear —

Look for Hatiria — if you find him dance the coward's dance around him and then I will attend to him.

Atotarho chases Hatiria the imposter.

DAUGHTER OF THE EAGLE, I have prepared thee a place in my lodge — thou shalt be perfectly free, like the women of my clan who dwell with me. Who wert thou in the land of thy mother?

Cherokee.

A child of as great as thou art. I have never been slave to a man but I will accept a place, O Chief, in thy lodge.

The Cherokee accepts a place in Atotarho's lodge.

Atotarho.

Post sentinels around the village. The Mohawks may return outside the tepee.

That night — False faces return — two men with masks.

False Faces — Where did she choose her place? The other one points to it — Crawl in — Hatiria in the background — Kill her sure — The gods will bless you.

Two false faces attempt to murder the Cherokee. Atotarho strangles them in the tepee.

Atotarho.

Die murderers, cowards, who would kill a woman — fit followers of the snake Hatiria (Choking an Indian).

CURTAIN.

SCENE.

ARRIVAL OF A CAYUGA.

The Cayuga tells of Hiawatha's mission to them.

Your Hiawatha is among us — He is honored by us all. The Senecas, the Oneidas and Cayugas have formed an everlasting peace pact with him. Dekaneweda is with him — We have no orator like him. He has made the four nations one. He is a friend of Atotarho. He hopes the Onondaga will join the chain and make it one of five links. (Cherokee comes near.) Where is this Hiawatha? I would like to see him. He is a great man. Atotarho shows rage and jealousy.

The Cherokee determines to go to Hiawatha to help him.

(The Cherokee goes away with the Cayuga).

Atotarho.

Atotarho's indecision is tormented by his love of the Cherokee.

Warriors, make ready for war with the Mohawks and the other traitors. Atotarho makes peace with no one, fears no one — stop — What good will it do me to kill Mohawks and lose my own warriors?

Ah — woman of the Cherokees, bitter, bitter is it that thou wilt not love me but must seek for Hiawatha — His she may be now.

During the Cherokee's absence.

Fishing parties are formed — Tillage industries — Pound corn — Make war bonnets — Arrows — Paddles — War cry is heard — The Mohawks come, a great band.

Atotarho.

Arm yourselves, men — every man — no Mohawk will leave here alive.

Red Wings.

Atotarho, see the pipe of peace. It is not war. It is a council they seek.

Atotarho.

Hostile reception of Hiawatha by the jealous Atotarho in spite of the pipe of peace.

False, false, be ready every man — Let every man hide — do not shoot until I say so — Women and children get back to the woods — quick.

Hiawatha lands and presents the pipe.

Atotarho grasps his great hammer.

Cherokee.

Atotarho.

Atotarho.

O Woman, is it thus thou hast repaid me for the trust I placed in thee. After spurning me you flee to Hiawatha — O Snake, O Moon daughter, O false one.

The Cherokee melts the heart of the fierce Atotarho, as she proves to him that she went away for his sake.

Cherokee.

Atotarho, knowest thou not why I left thee — why I went to Hiawatha? It was to make my Atotarho the greatest man in the world — I bring thee the headchiefship of the Long House that is to shelter all the nations.

Hiawatha.

The custom saith — It shall be in the keeping of the Principal Chief. (Presents him the great pipe.)

Atotarho drops the club, bends his head, turns away his eyes.

Cherokee.

Atotarho — my Atotarho, Chief of the World!

Atotarho.

O Maiden, look not at me so softly, brave and true woman, not I, but HIAWATHA IS THE GREATEST OF MEN. Let the Pipe be given to him.

Hiawatha.

Nay, the Council of nations hath chosen, and hath chosen the best. Let all the people come together (gathering).

Hiawatha refuses the head chiefship offered him by Atotarho.

Here, children of the Sun, we build a house of living trees. The number of its hearths is five. Whoever will enter its doors may sit at the fire and the women will bring him roasted corn. Its doors shall be open to all. The Doorkeeper of the Dawn shall be the Mohawk, the Doorkeeper of the Sunset shall be the Seneca.

THE GRAND CHIEF SHALL BE ATOTARHO OF THE ONONDAGAS, and his successors shall bear his name, and the Council shall meet at Onondaga yearly, under the Pine tree.

No one of our nations shall oppress the other, nor move it against its will.

In wampum shall the story be kept, and never shall it cease from your memories — the tale of the day when ye founded the great Peace.

(End up with Mohawk songs of joy.)

CURTAIN.

(SCENE 15 YEARS LATER.)

The men are greyer. Runners approach.

Koweh, Koweh! The Algonquins and Abenakis approach in many canoes — painted and armed.

Atotarho.

Battle of Lake Champlain.

Prepare, warriors! No Algonquin shall return — let us go to meet them.

AFTER THE BATTLE OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

On the north side of the island, Champlain and his men depart with their spoils.

Scene — The Iroquois return — Wailing.

Atotarho the brave is gone — Dekaneweda the great and good was destroyed by the thunder of the white ghosts — The gods war against us. Burial ceremonies and songs.

Woe! Woe! Woe! Hiawatha foretold it. O Hiawatha, return to our councils. Let thy Spirit return.

CURTAIN. — Next season — Arrival of the Dutch.

Runner.

Here white men appear from the south, but there are Indians among them — See.

Tękahiroken.

These may be the men with whom Hiawatha told us to make peace. We have no enemies to the south — See the Mohawk feather. It is our own that guide them. Joy — joy.

Mohawk Guides.

These are friends come to trade with us. They make the thunder and lightning and sell us the sticks of black copper to fire them.

See! See! (Strangers land.) Received with fear and trembling — women and children running away.

Tcharihoken.

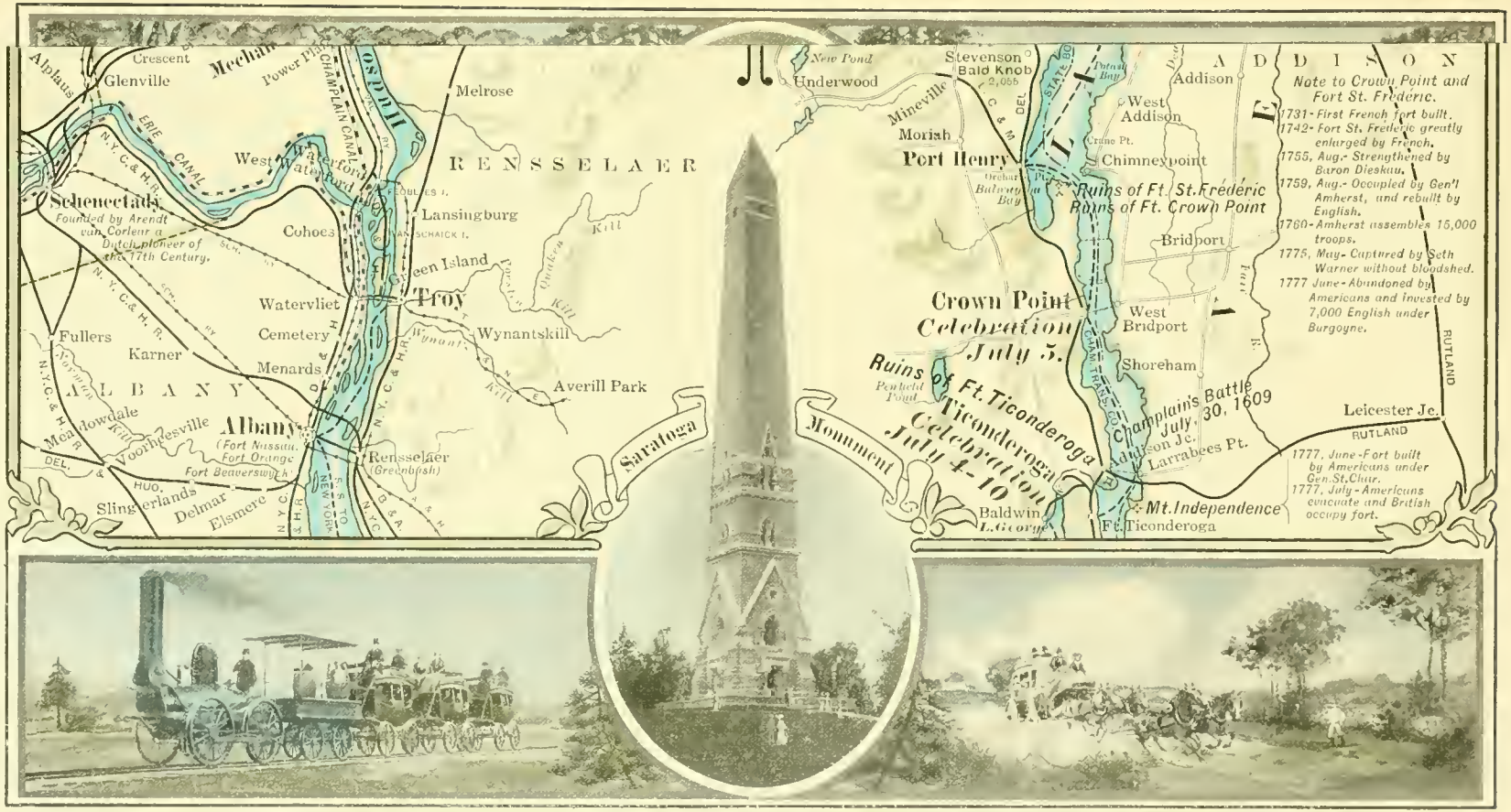
We fought white men eating ghosts from the north who have a flower for a token. They came with our enemies — The Algonquins, Abenakis, and Toudamans. They had thunder sticks like these. Arrival of Corlaer.

Dutch Leader.

They will never defeat you again — we will give you these and show you how to fire and kill your enemies and the big game of your woods — See, how it is done; loads, fires.

Tekarihoken.

We will give you furs, as many as your canoes can carry — we will be your friends — Quote Longfellow — We will make you a chief — Corlear — Adoption of — Shakes hands all around — Corlear gives presents, sees their dances, and departs — The Indians fire a salute and sing a good-bye song and dance the snake dance that he may have a prosperous voyage. Adoption of Corlaer as an Iroquois, — treaty of friendship. Belt given to Corlaer.



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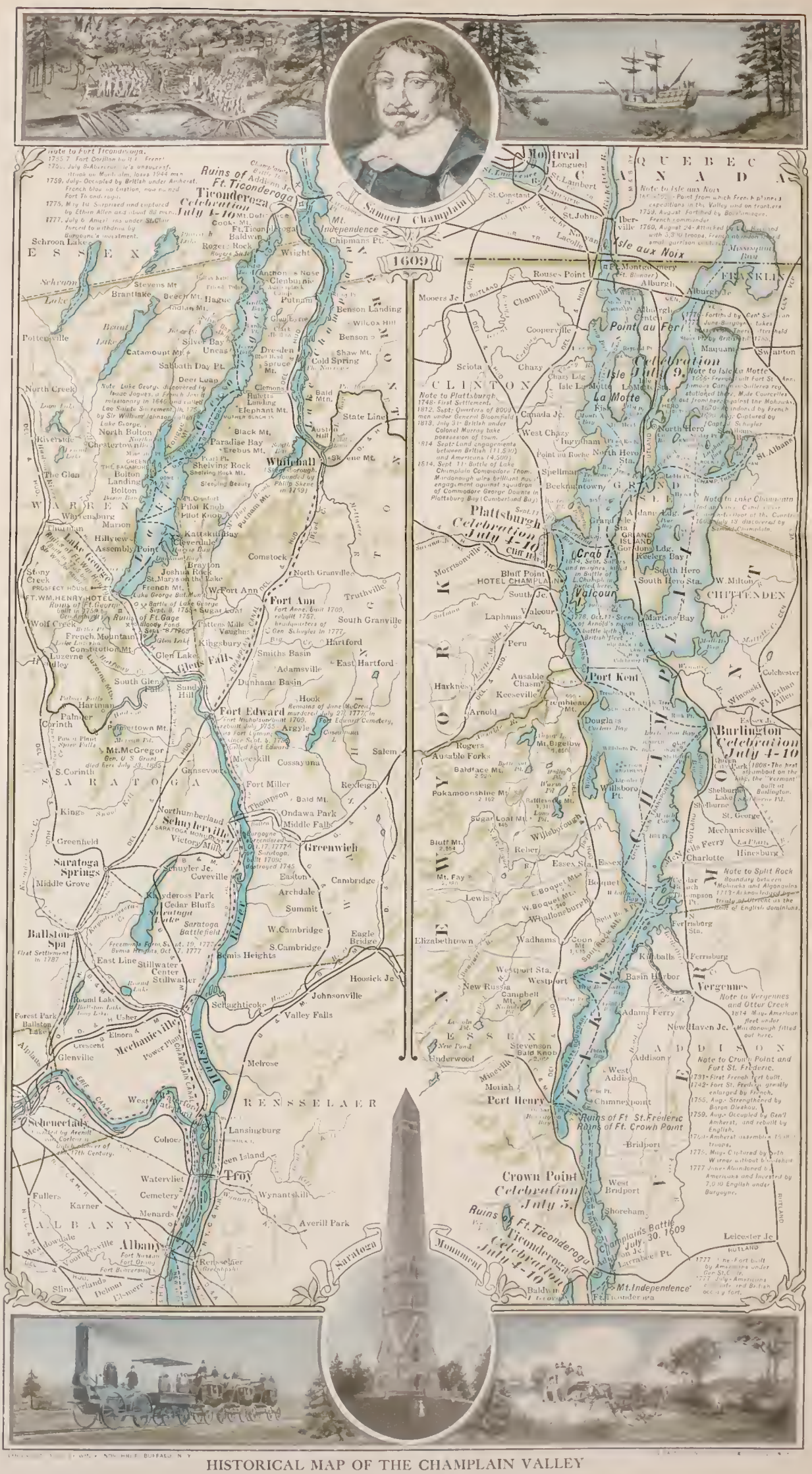
HISTORICAL MAP OF THE CHAMPLAIN VALLEY



HISTORICAL MAP OF THE CHAMPLAIN VALLEY

ANALYTICAL INDEX

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ABENAKIS feasted by Burgoyne, 8; the paddles of Champlain's, 275; in vision of the past, 306, 308.

Abercromby, General James, Defeat of, at Ticonderoga, by Montcalm, 3, 34, 134, 140, 158, 395-96; attack of, on Fort Frédéric, 129; flotilla of, on Lake George, 157; incapacity of, 158, 182; sailing with, marching with, 169; dying with, fighting with, flying with, 170-72.

Aboriginal history of the valley, 385.

Aborigines, Lake Champlain a paradise for the, 4; domination of, 13; French made allies of, 386.

Absolutism and liberty, Struggle between, 212.

Acadia, 156.

Act, An, to provide for the celebration of the Tercentenary of the discovery of Lake Champlain, as recommended, 39-40; as passed, chapter 149, Laws of 1908, and subsequent provisions, 47-49; as amended, chapter 44, Laws of 1910, 49-50; as amended, chapter 181, Laws of 1911, 349; extending the time of the Commission, authorizing monuments at Crown Point and Plattsburgh, and reappropriating unexpended balance of appropriation, 349-50.

Adirondack wilderness, The, on Champlain's right, 148.

Adirondacks, The, 268, 336; apex of the "Canadian shield," 373; towering summits of, worn down, 376-77.

Advertising, effective and economical, demanded, 56; project entered into, 59.

Africa in 1609 and 1909, 329.

Alaska-Yukon Exposition, The, 234.

Albanel, Jesuit, 389.

Albany, Meetings of the Commission at, 55, 58; raiders near, pursued and defeated at the lake, 391-92.

Alexander IV, Pope, recognized the Gallican liberties, 113.

Alexander VI, Pope, divided the unexplored earth between Spain and Portugal, 109.

Algonquins, Isle La Motte once a camping ground of the, 4, 315; feasted by Burgoyne, 8, 222, 228; sixty, with Champlain, 147; ancestral enemies of the Iroquois, 148, 151, 359, 463; the battle with the Iroquois, 149-51, 168, 208, 223-25, 361-62, 462; Champlain and the, 202, 207; in lowest stage of industrial life, 208; weak allies of the French, 214; the tall, 217; in vision of the past, 306, 308; Split Rock the boundary between the, and

the Mohawks, 389. *See also*, The Libretto of Hiawatha, the Mohawk, 427-63.

Algonquins and Hurons, Battles of, with the Iroquois on Lake Champlain, 2, 4, 118; trade meeting of, with Hochelagas, in pageant, 87; Champlain's alliance with the, 110; on expedition against the Iroquois, 359; visit Quebec, 359; up Richelieu with Champlain, 359; French drawn into warfare of the, with the Iroquois, 385.

Alleghanies, Puritans had not crossed the, after one hundred years, 271.

Alleghany River, French military post on the, 111.

Allen, Ethan, and the Green Mountain Boys, Capture of Ticonderoga by, 6, 34, 35, 57, 118, 134, 140, 144, 160, 173-74, 328; started from Crown Point for Montreal and into British chains, 130; Benedict Arnold joins, 159-60; Vermonters have, 198, 258; a home ruler, 259-60; daring visit of, to Albany, 260; in vision of the past, 305, 308; heroic statue of, should be erected at Ticonderoga, 339.

"America," hymn, 99-100.

America the domain of savages, 126.

American Catholic Church desired, 113.

American farm houses, Hospitality at, 404.

American fleet, Strength of Macdonough's, 8.

American forces, The sick of the, transported from St. John's, 6-7; placed on Crab Island, 23; abandoned Crown Point and retired to Ticonderoga, 35.

American history, Our boys and girls should love, 287; interest in, stimulated, 318.

American navy, Engagements of the, 7, 8-9.

American patriots, Domination of, 13.

American people, Interest of, in historical celebrations, 13-14.

American Revolution, Victory of England over France made the, possible, 124; spirit of the, 145; effect of, on the Canadian colonies, 245.

American unity, 235, 260.

Americans, Indomitable spirit of the, 144-45; what we owe to a few men, 177; have a duty abroad as well as at home, 178; fellowship of Canadians and, 204.

Amherst, Gen. Jeffrey, commanded British forces as successor to Gen. Abercromby, 3; victory of, at Ticonderoga, 3, 34-35, 140, 144; rebuilt Fort Frédéric, 35, 118, 129; in the vision of the past, 305, 308; in command in the valley, 396.

Amusement features, Proper, to be provided, 56.

Ancient Order of Foresters attend high mass at Ste. Anne's Chapel, 312.

Anderson, A., first American wood engraver, 409.

Anniversaries of historic events, Marking of, with celebrations, 13.

Anniversary of 1909, Significance of the, 38.

Antæus, The Greek myth of, 122.

Antarctic continent, Value of the, 240.

Appalachians, The, crumpled into mountain waves, 373.
Appropriation from Federal government, Secretary Root ready to recommend an, 25; amount of, 44, 317.
Appropriations for New York Commissions, 22, 43, 48.
Appropriations, Suitable, expected from New York State and Vermont, 25.
Aquatic pageant suggested, 27. *See* Indian pageants.
Aquatic races arranged for, 60.
Armies, Élite of the French, English and American, 270.
Armstrong, L. O., manager of the Indian pageants, 86, 317; additions made by, to Lighthall's "Master of Life," 88; success of, 427.
Armstrong, Samuel Chapman, on number of Indians living, 121.
Arnold, Captain Benedict, seized a sloop on Lake Champlain, near St. John's, 6, 34; naval engagements of, at Valcour Island, 7, 23, 34, 57, 119, 134, 141, 161, 227, 328; wrote to Gen. Gates from Schuyler's Island, 23; started from Crown Point on his naval engagements, 130, 161; and returned to it from his Canadian campaign, 130; with Allen at Ticonderoga, 159-60; expedition of, against Quebec, a failure, 160, 186; wounded, 160, 162-63; the Arnold of Lake Champlain, 163, 174; in vision of the past, 305, 308; fleet of, at Isle La Motte, 316; encountered Indians at Windmill Point, 316.
Arquebus, The, of Champlain, 89, 121, 168, 208, 224-25, 304, 307, 361; began the momentous conflict, 210.
Asia in 1609 and 1909, 329.
Assomption's capes and bays, 217.
Astrolabe, Champlain's, 57.
Atkins, Rev. G. G., D.D., preached at First Congregational Church, Burlington, Vt., 101.
Atlantic, The, the sea of darkness, 147.
Atlantic coast explored by Verrazano and claimed for France, 110.
Aubin, Rev. T. U., officiated at vesper service at Burlington on Champlain Sunday, 101.
Ausable, The swift, 133, 221.
Austin, Mr., competing architect, 345.
Australia, 329.
Aylmer, Mathew, 5th Lord, Governor of Canada, author of inscription to Montcalm, 183.
Aztecs, Tribal government of, overturned by Spain, 210.

BACON, Francis, Modern science began with, 329.
Baiae, Bay of, 141.
Bailey, Horace W., member of Vermont Commission, 16, 28, 52.
Baker, Remember, at Fort Frédéric, 130; 258, 259; Boulder Monument to, 333.
Balboa, Vasco Nunez de, discoverer of the Pacific, 264.
Banners, historic, Use of, in the decorations, 73-74.
Banquet at Burlington, 280-97: Decorations, 280; Governor Prouty, pre-

siding, introduced Pres. Taft, 281; speech of Pres. Taft, 282–85; introduction of Gov. Hughes, 285–86; remarks by Gov. Hughes, 286–88; introduction of Ambassador Jusserand, 289; remarks of M. Jusserand, 289–90; introduction of Ambassador Bryce, 291; remarks of Mr. Bryce, 291–93; presentation of Rodolphe Lemieux, 293; toast: "Canada," by Rodolphe Lemieux, 293–97.

Banquet Committee announced progress of arrangements, 62; ante-prandial arrangements by Messrs. Frawley and Foley, 249.

Banquet, July 7th, to President Taft, at Hotel Champlain, 233–49: Decorations and guests, 233; Governor Hughes as toastmaster, 234–35; President Taft on "The United States," 235–37; Ambassador Jusserand introduced, 237–38; remarks of Ambassador Jusserand, 238–39; Gov. Hughes, introducing Ambassador Bryce, 239; remarks of Mr. Bryce, 239–42; Gov. Hughes, introducing Rodolphe Lemieux, 242; M. Lemieux on "Canada," 243–47; Gov. Hughes introducing Lomer Gouin, 247; M. Gouin on "The Province of Quebec," 247–49; ante-prandial arrangements by Banquet Committee, 249; post-prandial exercises of high order, 249.

Barnes, Alfred C., Address of, on old Crown Point, 126–31: First visit of the white man, 126; other points of historic interest, 126; Champlain's battle with the Iroquois, 127–28; the place for a monument, 129; Fort St. Frédéric and its history, 129–30; possession by the English, 130; the roll-call of independence, 130–31; exchange of sovereignty, 131.

BARRETT, REV. P. J., Sermon by, at Ste. Anne's, July 9th, 309–12: Tercentenary opened with service, 309; glory of the Christian hero, 310; the religion of Champlain, 311.

Bascom, D. C., at hearing, 341.

Battle of Lake Champlain, in Indian pageant, 88, 90; tablet in commemoration of, 399.

Battle of Plattsburgh, The, 163–64.

Bay of Fundy, Champlain entered, in 1604, 38.

Beaman, Hon. S. A., invited guest, 57.

Beaubien established trading post at Chicago, 272.

Beaufoy, Mr., author signing himself "A British Subject," 411; writes of War of 1812 and defeat of Sir G. Prevost, 412.

Beauharnois, Charles de la Brische, Marquis de, Governor-General of Canada, 5; built Fort Frédéric, 123, 129, 363; granted Isle La Motte to Sieur Péan, 316, 363; false report by, regarding the Schuyler family, 392.

Beaupre, F. O., member of Vermont Commission, 52.

Bedou, Sieur, received grant of Isle La Motte, 316.

Beekmantown limestone, The, 278.

Belgium of America, The, 186.

Bellomont, Richard Coote, Earl of, Gov., sent John Schuyler with letters to Frontenac, 392.

Bernhardt, Duke of Sachsen-Weimar-Eisenach, visited Lake Champlain, 422; devotes a chapter to fortifications on Isle aux Noix, 423.

Bi-State programme of celebration exercises, Official, 63–68.

Bienville, Jean Baptiste Le Moyne, Sieur de, 150.

Biography the best study for the man of action, 288.

Bisaillon, interpreter, 272.

Bixby, George F., on first battle of Lake Champlain, 362.

Black River limestone, The, 378.

Black Wolverine, loser of stag race with Hiawatha, 87, 428. *See* The Libretto of "Hiawatha, the Mohawk," 427–63.

Blanchard, William, settled on Isle La Motte, 316.

Blane, Capt. William Newnham, "Excursion through the U. S. and Canada," 410; compares lake with Lake Geneva, and Alleghanies with the Alps, 410; on Sir George Prevost's defeat, 410.

Block House, Fort Ticonderoga, 345.

Bluff Point, President Taft received at, 75; Governor and Mrs. Hughes received at, 76; arrival of representatives from Canada at, 77; advocated as site for monument, 340–41, 342; Commission voted in favor of, 342; vote for, reconsidered, 343; New York Commission favored separate memorial at, 343; Committee to act on, 344.

Booth, Hon. John H., member of New York Commission, 22, 40, 50, 52; on Sub-Committee, 23; on committees, 51–52; on Committee on Literary Exercises, 56; portrait of Champlain to be presented by, to a French Society at Plattsburgh, 60; on Committee to Raise the *Royal Savage*, 85; on Funds for a Monument Committee, 339; moved instructions to Monument Committee, 342; on Committee on a Separate Memorial, 344.

Boquet, Charles, at Fort Ste. Anne, 389.

Boquet River, *see* River Boquet.

Bossom, Alfred C., competing architect, 345.

Bougainville, Louis Antoine de, at Fort Ste. Anne, 33; scholar and soldier, 181–82.

Boulder Monument, Dedication of, 333–34; dedicatory address of Governor Thomas, 333–34.

Bourlamaque, de, ordered to abandon French posts in Champlain valley, 3; at Fort Ste. Anne, 33; burned Fort Frédéric, 129; wounded at Ticonderoga, 182; 215; in the vision of the past, 305, 308.

Bourne, A. A., translator of Champlain's voyages, 359.

Boy choir from Church of St. Peter, at Plattsburgh, at services at Isle La Motte, 303.

Bradford, Midshipman Gerard, commander guard of honor of blue jackets, 76, 85.

Brant, Joseph, A descendant of, acted in the Indian pageant, 89.
Brazil, Portugal in, 211.
Bréboeuf, Jean de, Jesuit martyr, 123; inspiration in example of, 213.
Bressani, Joseph, Italian Jesuit, captive of the Iroquois, 387.
Bridgman, Maj. Oliver B., Squadron "A," A. D. C., escort to the British Ambassador, 77.
British Ambassador, *see* Bryce, James.
British Empire, the, Remarks of James Bryce on, 239–40.
British fleet, Strength of Downie's, 8–9.
"British Grenadiers," Air of the, 204.
"British Subject, A," [Mr. Beaufoy], on his visit to the Champlain region, 411–12; War of 1812, and Gen. Prevost, 412.
British supremacy, 3, 6–8, 13.
Brooklyn Bridge, Towers of, from quarries of Isle La Motte, 221.
Brotherhood, The spirit of, 164–65.
Brothers Four, 222.
Brouage rings and burns, 217; birthplace of Champlain, 355; fortified by Italian engineers, 355; taken and retaken, 355; salt industry at, 355.
Bruyas, Father Jacques, labored at Fort Ste. Anne, 33, 389.
Bryant, Wm. Cullen, visited the Lake via the canal, 418.
BRYCE, JAMES, British Ambassador, guest at review at Plattsburgh Barracks, 78; at Ticonderoga, 139; remarks of, at Ticonderoga, 183–85: No more fighting, 183; Wolfe equal in fame to Montcalm, 184; a man of peace amid men of war, 184; three nations say "never do it again," 185; remarks of, at Plattsburgh Barracks, 203–4; Mr. Root has last instead of first word, 203; our time to be remembered for friendship between nations, 204; welcome to, and music of, the Canadian regiments, 204; guest at banquet to President Taft, 233; Governor Hughes' introduction of, 239; remarks of, at the banquet, 239–42: Extent of British Empire, 239–40; England settled the United States, 240; admiration for the French, 240; value of commemorations, 240; men to be remembered, 241; tribute to Champlain, 241; the United States and Canada, 241–42; the reign of peace, 242; Vermont's official welcome to, 255; remarks of, at Burlington, 263–68: Daring of the explorers, 263; Champlain and Hudson, 264; wonderful line of explorers, Champlain one of the best, 264; "the gate of the country," 265; Green Mountain boys and girls, 265; defense of individual right, 265; the present and Champlain's dream, 266; the place of peace and quiet, 266; the Switzerland of America, 267; a region to be conserved, 267–68; Gov. Hughes on, 286–87; remarks at Burlington banquet, 291–93: Thanks, 291, 292; the fish of Lake Champlain, 291–92; Vermonters and Scotchmen, 293; returned to Washington, 297; represented Great Britain, 318.

Buckham, Matthew Henry, accepted tablet for University of Vermont, 335.

Buffalo Historical Society, The home of the, 326.

Bulwagga Bay, claimed as place of Champlain's fight with the Iroquois, 74; 167.

Burdick, Mr., on committees, 51.

Burgoyne, Gen. John, Expedition of, on Lake Champlain, 8, 134; defeat of, at Saratoga, 8; censured in Parliament, 8; rested his army at Cumberland Head, 24; occupied Point au Fer in 1777, 24; invested Fort Frédéric, 35; at Crown Point after Saratoga, 131; captured Fort Ticonderoga and fortified Mount Defiance, 140, 161-62, 174; failure of campaign of, 162; Burke on employment of Indians by, 162; feasted by Indians, 8, 222, 229; in the vision of the past, 305, 308.

Burial ground on Crab Island, 23.

Burke, Edmund, opposed to confirmation of French grants, 1-2, 363; censured Burgoyne for employing Indians, 8; remarks of, in Parliament, 162.

Burke, Mayor James E., reviewed parade, 253-54; Burlington's welcome, 256-58; to President and guests, 256; 300 years ago and now, 256-57; deep waterway project, 257; freedom of the city, 258.

Burke, Bp. Thomas M. A., officiating deacon at vesper service at Burlington on Champlain Sunday, 101; celebrated high mass at Ste. Anne's shrine, Isle La Motte, 312.

Burlingame, Anson, in House of Commons, 178.

Burlington, Celebration exercises to be held at, 27, 366; religious services in cathedral at, 27; joint meeting of Commissions at, 55, 58, 340; fund of $20,000 raised at, 60; Bi-State programme of celebration exercises at, 66; Indian pageants given at, 86; services at, on Champlain Sunday, 101, 253.—The celebration at Burlington: Local fund and programme, 253-54; Independence Day, 253; the French societies, 253-54; Patriotic and Fraternal Society Day, 254; President's day, July 8th, 254-55; Literary exercises, Gov. Prouty presiding, 255-79: Vermont's official welcome, by Gov. Prouty, 255-56; Burlington's welcome, by Mayor Burke, 256-58; introduction of Gov. Hughes, 258; remarks of Gov. Hughes, 259-61; Ambassador Jusserand presented, 261; remarks of M. Jusserand, 262-3; the British Ambassador presented, 263; remarks of James Bryce, 263-68; Rodolphe Lemieux presented, 268; remarks of M. Lemieux, 269-74; Bliss Carman introduced, 274; The Champlain country, an ode, read by Bliss Carman, 274-77; President Taft presented, 278; address by President Taft, 278-79; parade of the day reviewed, 280; President Taft witnessed Indian pageant of Hiawatha, 280; Commemoration dinner at gym-

nasium of University of Vermont, 280–97; local societies from, at Isle La Motte, 312; joint meeting of Commissions at, 340; Pres. James Monroe at, 407; Miss Frances Wright on, 408; described by Mr. Matthews, 409–10; Capt. Blane on, 410; Gen. Lafayette at laying of a cornerstone of college building in, 410–11; all tourists have only praise for, 416.

Burlington, The, lake steamer, praised, 417, 418.

Burlington The, steam cutter, took part in the naval celebration, 76, 85.

Burlington Commercial Club, The Commissions guests of the, 25.

Burnt offering, The, 282, 289.

Butt, Capt. A. W., U. S. A., escort to Pres. Taft, 77; at banquet to Pres. Taft, 233.

CABOTS, The, came and left no trace, 209, 264.

CADY, DANIEL L., Poem: Champlain and Lake Champlain, 215–29.

Cæsar a man of letters, 181.

Campbell, Laird of Inverawe, 172.

Canada, French occupancy of northeastern provinces of, 1; might have included part of New York, 2; expedition of Montgomery and Schuyler against, 5, 6; Gen. Sullivan abandons conquest of, 6; loss of, to the French, 111; how held fast by England, 124; futile plan to seize, 152; campaign against, planned, 153; English authority established in, 158; prosperity of, is our prosperity, 285; toast: "Canada," by M. Lemieux, 293–97; proud of Mr. Taft, 294; Canadian citizens in United States, and in Civil War, 294–95; a common language and literature, 295; the dream of Hudson and Champlain, 296; Champlain governor of, 327; conquest of, ended French domination in Champlain valley, 395.

Canada, Dominion of, Sub-Committee to bring the attention of, to the celebration, 22; representatives from, should be invited, 25, 26, 366; celebration to be held at some point in, 27; Premier and Governor-General of, invited, 58; military organizations from, in the celebration, 58, 62, 78, 319; church dignitaries from, 62; represented by its executive head, 63; representatives from, with military aides in uniform, at the review at Plattsburgh Barracks, 78; English in name, French in tradition, 147–48; home of two races, 165; home of a great people, 240; Rodolphe Lemieux on, 243–47; Quebec Tercentenary, 243; exchange of settlers, 244; commercial relations of, with United States, 245; debt of, to American Revolution, 245; prosperity of, 246.

Canadian boundary line, Conference of Govs. Moore and Carleton over, at Windmill Point, 1, 24.

Canadian regiments, James Bryce on the welcome to the, 204; reviewed by President of the United States, 319.

Canadian shield, The, 373; edge of, along the lower St. Lawrence, 374.
Canadians, urged to send delegates to the Continental Congress, 160; Vermont's welcome to, 255; settled the West, 272; in sympathy with the Indians, 272; Gov Hughes on, 287; in the United States, and in Civil War, 294; on Isle La Motte attacked by Indians, 316.
Canadians and Americans, Fellowship of, 204, 230, 242.
Caniaderi guarunte, Indian name of Lake Champlain, 141; "the gate of the country," 264-65, 327, 363, 389.
Cannon, Joseph G., unable to share in the exercises, 68.
Canoe express, Speed of the, 392.
Canseau's coast, 215.
Cantlie, Lt.-Col. George S., in command of Fifth Royal Canadian Highlanders, 78, 84.
Cap Tourmente, 217.
Cape Breton, Champlain at, 356.
Cape Cod, Champlain at, 357.
Carignan-Salières Regiment at dedication of Fort Ste. Anne, 4; helped build the fort, 315, 388.
Carillon, Chime of bells, in Indian tongue Cheonderoga, "Place where echoes dwell," 226.
Carleton, Governor Sir Guy, Forces under, assembled on the Richelieu River, 6, 160, 161; occupied Crown Point, 7, 119, 130; withdrew troops to Canada, 8, 161; conference of, with Gov Henry Moore, on Canadian boundary, 24; escaped from Montreal and defeated Americans at Quebec, 160; naval engagement of, with Arnold, 161; with whole force in Ticonderoga, 161.
CARMAN, BLISS, The Champlain country, an ode, 274-77.
Carroll, John, prelate, in vision of the past, 306, 308.
Cartier, Jacques, discovered Gulf of St. Lawrence, and ascended it to Hochelaga, 110, 121, 373; sailed from St. Malo, 150; left no trace, 209, 210; great explorer, 264; Champlain the equal of, 304, 306; took possession under name of New France, 355; ruins of settlement by, found by Champlain, 358.
Cathay, Dream of pathway to, fulfilled, 270.
Catholic Order of Foresters attend high mass at Ste. Anne's Chapel, 312.
Catholic Summer School at Cliff Haven, Portrait of Champlain presented to the, 60; religious service at, on Champlain Sunday, 101-9; address by the Rt. Rev. Dennis J. McMahon, 102-3; sermon by Cardinal GIBBONS, 103-9.
Caughnawaga, Indian players from, 88; 427.
Caughnawaga's dream, The, 229.
Cayugas, one of the Five nations, 208.
Celebration, The, Problems of, 55; satisfaction of the public with, 56; enthusiasm for, 61.—General features: Military and naval, and the Indian pageants, 73-90; six acts to the drama, 73; flags of America and of France, 73-74; Report of Military and Naval Committee, 75-79:

The Army, 75–76, 79–81; the Navy, 76; the National Guard, 76, 81–84; the Canadian Troops, 78, 84–85; the review at Plattsburgh Barracks, 78–79; the naval exhibit, 85–86; the Indian pageants at Lake Champlain, 86–88; "*Spectator*" on, in the *Outlook*, 88–90; Rodolphe Lemieux on, 243; a unique and many-sided memorial, 279; Gov. Hughes on the value of, 286–287; M. Jusserand on the, 289; closing exercises of, at Isle La Motte, 314–35; chief fruit of, and satisfaction in, 335.

Celebration project, Evolution of the, 13–18; some notable celebrations, 13–14; motives for, 14; to commemorate events of important historic lore, 14–15; Frank Lascelles consulted, 15; first official actions taken by Vermont, 15–16; members of Vermont Commission, 16; Report of the First New York Commission, 21–40; sundry suggestions for, 27; what it is proposed to celebrate, 36; significance of the anniversary of 1909, 38; international character of the, 38; Federal recognition and aid, 43–44; legislation and organization, 47–52; unusual features presented by proposed, 55.

Central American Republics, 329.

Chambly, a post forty leagues from St. Frédéric, 394; Stansbury describes fort at, 409

Chambrun, Capt. de, military attaché of the French Ambassador, guest at the review at Plattsburgh Barracks, 78.

"Champlain; a Drama in Three Acts," by J. M. Harper, 59.

Champlain, a poem (JOHN ERSKINE), 323–26.

Champlain and Lake Champlain; a poem (DANIEL L. CADY), 215–29: Nouvelle France, 215; tales of the explorers, 215–17; voyages of Champlain, 217–18; discovery of Lake Champlain, 219–22; battle with the Iroquois, 223–25; Indian place names, 226; the Tubal Cains, 226; the Lake, 227; the battle at Valcour, 227–28; the Valley, 228; the war feast at Boquet, 228–29; a prismed pendant, 229.

Champlain, Antoine, sea captain, father of Samuel, 355.

Champlain canal, The enlarged, 336; lines of packets through the, 418.

Champlain country, The; an ode (BLISS CARMAN), 274–77.

Champlain discovering the lake which bears his name, the subject of an Indian pageant, 86.

Champlain-Hudson valley, Slow tilt of the entire, 382.

Champlain Memorial, The proposed, 339–49: Committee of N. Y. Commission on, 339; Sec. Hill submitted a review of the sites for, in the valley, 339–40; selecting Isle La Motte, 340; Bluff Point urged upon the Commission, 340; Gov. Hughes consulted on, 341; report of State Architect Ware on, 341; claims of Ticonderoga, 341; advantages of Mt. Defiance, 341–42; other sites considered, 342; N. Y. Commission voted for

Bluff Point, 342; reconsidered, 343; resolution of Vermont Commission, 343; appropriation by N. Y. Commission for joint memorial at Crown Point, 343; Vermont Commission to contribute balance of money, 343; gift of the site of forts at Crown Point to State of New York, 344; Act of acceptance passed by Legislature, 344-45; lighthouse selected as suitable form of memorial, 345; architects submitted designs, 346; description of design selected, 346-47; Bill passed by Congress authorizing erection, 348; form of memorial near Plattsburgh under consideration, 348-49.

Champlain. Samuel, first white man to set foot on soil of New York, 1, 32, 126, 142, 362, 386; failed to claim territory by right of discovery, 1; firearms of, brought enmity of the Iroquois upon the French, 2, 89, 121, 127-28, 346, 386; the aborigines a startling revelation to, 4, 363; celebrations in memory of, 13; opened first chapter in history of New York State, 31; followed by missionary and trader, 31; monument to, and celebration at Champlain, N. Y., July 4, 1907, 37-38; anniversaries of, elsewhere, 38; erection of a permanent memorial to, 55; astrolabe of, 57; commemoration medal bearing portrait of, struck, 60; oil portraits of, by Mrs. L. Kirby-Parrish, 60; Cardinal Gibbons on discoveries of, 107 110; sound colonial policy of, 110; heroic deeds of, 118; the "Father of New France," 121, 150, 269; Crown Point the place for a monument to, 129; the valorous, 132, 133, 135; the man of character, 143; the lesson of, 146; and party of discovery, 147-48; had no vision of the future, 148; at once harbinger of war and discoverer, 148; at the battle with the Iroquois, 149-51, 224; impersonation of civilization, 149; incarnation of genius of France, 149; birth and character of, 150; Parkman on, 150; his account of the fight, 151; the White Chevalier, 167; Seth Low's query as to place of battle of, with Iroquois, and note on, 176; navigator, explorer, honest man, 180; James Bryce on, 184; a man of all nations, 185-86; faith inspired, 192; Gov. Hughes on, 199-200; Jusserand extends thanks of France for honors done to, 201, 203; the colonial spirit of, in President Taft, 202; hated a useless quarrel, 202; first proposed a Panama canal, 206; belongs to humanity, 206; at Quebec, 210, 213; inspiration in example of, 213; honor to, and the chivalry of France, 214, 234, 237; the Brouage sailor, 217; the man, 218; the "ships" and "crew" of, 219; discovers Lake Champlain, 219-23; an audience of, with Henry IV symbolized on a float in parade at Plattsburgh, 231; the steadiness of, 238-39; a colonizer, 238; died in the city he had founded, 238; tribute of James Bryce to, 241, 264-65; of Rodolphe Lemieux,

243, 269; the founder of the Canadian nation, tribute of Lomer Gouin to, 248-49; daring of, 263; might have met Hudson, 264; one of the ablest and best of explorers, 264; the dream of, and the present, 266; belongs to the world, 268; flags of three nations honor, 269; the founder of New France, 275; site for a monument to, 236, 279; if Champlain had foreseen, 286; the high-mindedness of, 288; a right man to commemorate, 289; statesman and missionary, 296; Rt. Rev. Prével's tribute to, 304-6, 306-8; the Christian hero, 310-11; the religion of, 311; the spot on which Champlain landed in Vermont, 313; H. W. Hill on, 317; voyager, scholar, soldier, 327; navigator and explorer, 346; bronze statue of, 347; familiar with fortifications at Brouage, 355-56; learned practical navigation, 356; visited Panama and Mexico, 356; E. A. Dix on visit to Mexico, 356; to Havana and Morro Fortress, 356; voyage with Pontgravé and Prévert, 356; up St. Lawrence to Falls of St. Louis, 356; returned to Havre de Grace, 357; annual voyages of, 357; explored the Atlantic coast and entered Plymouth harbor, 357; made maps and drawings, 357; lieutenant of De Monts' expedition, 357; left Quebec with party of Montagnais, 359; tells his own story of discovery of the Lake, 359-60; of the battle with the Iroquois, 361-62; named the Lake, 362; Governor of Canada till 1629, 362; first white man in Vermont, 362, 386; visited Georgian Bay, 364; first white man to see Lake Huron, 364; wintered with the Hurons, 365; wounded near Onondaga Lake, 365; surrendered to English, 365; reappointed governor of Colony of Quebec, 365; death, 365; accomplished more than any explorer of his age, 365; Parkman on, 366; came as a warrior, 385-86; holds priority as explorer, 386; initial expedition of, barren, 386.

Champlain Sunday, 93-113: Order of service for, by Rev. John M. Thomas, 93-101; vesper service on lake front at Burlington, 101; other services, 101; impressive service at the Summer School grounds, Cliff Haven, 101-9; sermon by Cardinal GIBBONS, 103-9; services at the shrine of Ste. Anne, Isle La Motte, 109, 302-4; in Plattsburgh, sermon by Coadjutor Bishop RICHARD H. NELSON, 109-13.

Champlain Tercentenary Memorial Lighthouse at Crown Point, N. Y., Description of, 346-47.

Champlain Valley, Episodes in the history of the (FRANK HAYWARD SEVERANCE), 385-400: Its aboriginal history, 385; Champlain less an explorer than a warrior, 385-86; gained for the French the enmity of the Iroquois federation, 386; the second episode, the cassocked priest, 386-88; Jogues, Goupil, and Cou-

ture, captives of the Iroquis, 387; Jogues' second visit and death, 387–88; third episode, the founding of Fort Ste. Anne, 388; de Tracy's expedition, 388; de Courcelles, de Sallieres, and other soldiers, 389; Fathers Frémin, Pierron and Mgr. Laval at Fort Ste. Anne, 389; the December expedition, 389; aboriginal names of the Lake, 389–90; the Dutch and English in the, 390; spies from Connecticut to Lake Herocoies, 390; Arent van Corlaer drowned, 390; French and Indian expedition against Schenectady, 390–91; Capt. John Schuyler's raid, 391; 1691 expedition of Maj. Peter Schuyler, 391; French and Indian raid on Mohawks and pursuit by Peter Schuyler in 1693, 391; French and Indians pursued by Gov. Fletcher in 1696, 391–92; messengers carry treaty from New York to Quebec, 392; Capt. Schuyler bearing letters from Bellomont to Frontenac, 392; services of the Schuyler family, 392; neutral territory ignored by French in building Fort St. Frédéric, 392–93; governors of New York recommended building a fort on the Lake, 393; accounts of Fort St. Frédéric, 393–95; Dieskau and Johnson at Lake George, 395; siege and massacre at Fort William Henry, 395; Abercromby repulsed by Montcalm, 395–96; French retreat before Amherst, 396; Ethan Allen in possession of Ticonderoga, 396; French marauding parties, 396; French settlement in 1731 at Crown Point, 397; French and English land grants, 397; contest between New York and New Hampshire over land grants, 398; military post at Plattsburgh, 398; Macdonough National Military Park established, 398: inscriptions on tablets, 399.

Champlain Valley, French forts and settlements in the, 1; abandoned, 3; French occupancy of, 150 years, 3, 363; British possession of, and military expeditions through the, 3–4, 363; three nations contended for, 4; first settlement of whites in, 4; in a state of ceaseless inquietude, 8; significance of history of, 13; people of, desired historical celebration, 13; rich in historic lore, 15; a highway of war and peace, 17; Resolution that a permanent memorial be erected at some point in the, 26; historic importance of the, 31–32; waters of, the highway of notable expeditions, 32, 364; described by Peter Kalm and others, 36–37; development of the, 37; history of the, belongs to that of three great nations, 38; meetings of Commissioners held at various places in the, 55; great scope presented in historic events of the, 57; co-operation of people of the, 61; the heroes of the, 146; the Belgium of America, 186; Lomer Gouin on, 247; one of the hallowed grounds of the country, 270; the valley of beauty, the highway of war, 328; one of the historic portions of the continent, 363; military and naval engagements in, dur-

ing Revolutionary War, 364; thrilling events in the, must be recalled, 367; shares a common geologic birth and progress with the St. Lawrence, 372; birth of the, 374-75; second stage in history of, 376; open seaway through, most ancient, 376; elevated beyond reach of salt waters, 376; dark ages in history of the, 376-77; ancient rock beds, 377-79; the Great Glacier scored and scoured the, 379; covered by Lakes Albany and Vermont, 380; sunk below sea level, 381; raised a thousand feet, 381-82.

Champlain Valley, What early travelers said of the (FRANK HAYWARD SEVERANCE), 403-23: Isaac Weld, 403-6; Timothy Dwight, 406-7; James Monroe, 407-8; Miss Frances Wright, 408-9; P. Stansbury, 409; Mr. Matthews, 409-10; Capt. W. N. Blane, 410; Gen. Lafayette, 410-11; "A British Subject," 411-12; Capt. Basil Hall, 412-13; James Stuart, 413; Godfrey T. Vigne, 414; Rev. Andrew Reed, 414; Charles A. Murray, 414-15; Capt. Hamilton, 415; Caroline H. Gilman, 415-16; Joseph J. Gurney, 416-17; John R. Godley, 417; Augustus E. Silliman, 417-18; Holley's "American Tourist," 418; Wm. C. Bryant, 418; James Dixon, 418-19; Maj. John Thornton, 419-20; Edmund Patten, 420-21; Alex. Marjoribanks, 421; Julius G. Medley, 422; H. H. Vivian, 422; Bernhardt, Duke of Sachsen-Weimar-Eisenach, 422-23; J. G. Kohl, 423; Lake Champlain Association, 423; 12th annual meeting of New York Historical Association, 423-24.

Champlain village, Statue of Champlain unveiled in, 37.

Champlain's battle with the Iroquois, 2, 89, 121, 127-28, 362; the subject of an Indian pageant, 86; the site of, 127-28.

Chanler, Lewis Stuyvesant, member of First Commission, 22, 40.

Chapel, The, and the mass, 332.

Chateaubriand, Millet's statue of, at St. Malo, 150.

Chatham censured Burgoyne for employing Indians, 8.

Chaumont, Joseph Marie, Chevalier de, 389.

Chazy, Sieur de, at Isle La Motte, 315; killed by the Mohawks, 388; river named for, 388.

Chazy limestone, The, 378.

Cheonderoga, "Place where echoes dwell," Indian name of Carillon, 226.

Cheverus Jean Louis Anne Madeleine Lefebvre de, prelate, in vision of the past, 306, 308.

Chicago, Beaubien's trading post on site of, 272.

Chime of bells, Carillon, 226.

Chimney Point, Settlement at, 5, 127, 129-30, 328; a few houses and a tavern at, 405; Timothy Dwight found one decayed house at, 407.

China turning from her slumber, 330.

Chouteau, Auguste, built first house in St. Louis, 272.

Christianity first introduced by Champlain, 315.
"Chronological History of the Champlain Valley, A," by Mrs. George Fuller Tuttle, 59.
Chub, The, in English squadron at Cumberland Bay, 163, 164.
Church, The, and the State in the Philippines, 195.
Churchill, Sylvester, once owner of Crown Point, 32.
Citizenship of French descent, Our, 201.
City Hall Park, Burlington, Decorations at, 254.
Civic parade with historic floats reviewed by mayor at Plattsburgh, 231; reviewed by church officials at St. Peter's College and addressed by H. A. Dubuque, 231.
Civil War, Soldiers from Canada in, 294–95; from Isle La Motte, 317.
Civil War veterans greeted by President Taft, 280.
Civilization passes in the vision of the past, 306, 308; felicitates Champlain, 306, 308; first introduced by Champlain, 315.
Clarke, Dr. John Mason, requested to prepare a paper on the geology of the Champlain Valley, 62.
CLARKE, DR. JOHN MASON.— The geology of the Champlain Valley, 371–82.
Clarke, George, Lt.-Gov., recommended building a fort on Lake Champlain, 393.
Clergy, Eminent, of United States and Canada, at Isle La Motte, 314.
Cliff Haven, Suggestion that religious services be held at, 27; Service at Catholic Summer School at, on Champlain Sunday, 101–9: Address of Rt. Rev. Dennis J. McMahon, 102–3; sermon by Cardinal GIBBONS, 103–9; Celebration at Catholic School of America at, 191–96: Greeting by Pres. Dennis J. McMahon, 191–92; address of Governor Hughes, 192–93; address of President Taft, 193–95; address of Cardinal Gibbons, 196.
Clinton, Gov. George, energetic for a fort on Lake Champlain, 393.
Clinton, Hon. George, grandson of DeWitt Clinton, an invited guest, 57.
Cloarec, Mgr., of the Diocese of Burlington, 303.
Cloven Way, The, Sobapsqua, Split Rock, 226.
Colchester's three-pointed spear, 221.
Collins, Rt. Rev. Bp. John J., at service at Cliff Haven on Champlain Sunday, 102, 103.
Colonial Army, Conclusive victory of the, 143.
Colonial governors short-sighted, 213.
Colonial legislatures, 213.
Colonial movements lacked responsibility, 213.
Colonists, The, in arms, 158–64; Franklin's plan for union of, 158–59; the enmity of kinship, 159; struggle to command the Lake, 159–61; Arnold and Allen at Ticonderoga, 159–60; Montgomery captured Montreal, 160; Arnold's attack on Quebec a failure, 160–61.

Colton, Rt. Rev. Bp. Charles H., at service at Cliff Haven on Champlain Sunday, 102, 103.
Columbia College, once owner of property at Crown Point and Ticonderoga, 32–33, 407.
Columbia University, Joint meeting of committees at, 345–46.
Columbian Exposition in 1893 at Chicago, 13–14.
Columbus, Christopher, heads a wonderful line, 264; Champlain the equal of, 304
Commemoration medal with portrait of Champlain struck, 60.
Commemorations, Value of, 240–41.
Committee on Crown Point Memorial, recommended three architects, 345; joint meeting at Columbia University selected design, 345–46.
Committee on Literary Exercises named, 56; aims of the, 56–57.
Committees appointed by the Commission, 51–52.
Common people, Reign of the, 331.
Communities on both sides of the lake claimed consideration, 55.
Conference of Governors, 261.
Conference of sub-committees of the Commissions with Secretary of State, Elihu Root, 25–26, 43. *See also* Federal recognition and Sub-Committee.
Confiance, The, of the English fleet at Plattsburgh, 163, 164, 174.
Congregation of St. Edmond, Fathers of, at services at Isle La Motte, 302–3.
Congress, The, Committee on suitable use of the remains of, at Chimney Point, Vt., 86.
Congress, The, steamboat, 411.
Connecticut sent men against the French, 214.
Connecticut, Basin of the, 265.
Conquistadores, The Spanish, 210.
Contents, v.
Continent, The first, 373.
Continental Congress, The Great Jehovah and the, 35, 144, 160, 174.
Continental Congress praised Benedict Arnold's naval engagements on Lake Champlain, 7; Montgomery urged Canadians to send delegates to the, 160.
Continuous show, A, 278, 279, 287.
Control, The strife for, 1–9.
Convent of the Incarnation, Mother Intendant of the, 375.
Conway, Hon. Thomas F., Assistance rendered by, 61.
Corlaer, or Curler, Arent van, a founder of Schenectady, 390; drowned near Split Rock, 390; gave name to Lake, 390.
Corlaer, Indian name of governors of New York, 390.
Corlaer's Bay, now Peru Bay, 390.
Corlaer's Lake, 392.
Corlaer, Part of, taken by a young Hollander, 88.
Corlaer's Lake, name given to Lake Champlain, 390.
Corn dance, or harvest festival, 87–88. *See, also*, The Libretto of Hiawatha, the Mohawk, 427–63.

Cortez, The skiffs of, 186; a great explorer, 264; Champlain the equal of, 304, 306.

Cosby, Governor William, recommended building a fort on Lake Champlain, 393.

Courcelle, Daniel de Rémy, Sieur de, governor of New France, 389; correspondence of, 390.

Coureurs de bois, The, 270; descendants of, overran the West, 272; acted as interpreters, 272; figure of a, on Champlain memorial, 347.

Courtemanche, leader of band against Mohawk towns, 391.

Couture, Guillaume, missionary, captured by the Iroquois, taken to Three Rivers, 387.

Coward spirit, Legend of the, 389.

Cowles, Col. Calvin D., member Committee on parades, 51; assistance rendered by, 61; in command of all United States troops, and Grand Marshal at Plattsburgh, 75, 230, 232.

Crab Island, Historic burial-ground on, 23; hospital on, 398; now Macdonough National Military Park, 398.

Crespel, Rev. Emanuel, on Fort St. Frédéric and his Lake journey, 394–95; says scalping began at Crown Point, 394.

Crete revealing wonders of Minoan age, 366.

Crockett, Walter H., on Battle of Lake Champlain, 8–9; member of Vermont Commission, 16, 28, 52; at conference with Secretary Root, 25, 43; on Sub-Committee of Vermont Commission, 29; "History of Lake Champlain," by, 59; given hearing on site before New York Commission, 342; at joint meeting with New York Commission, 345.

Crossett, Lt. Frederick M., Eighth Artillery District, A. D. C., escort to the representatives from Canada, 77.

Crothers, Rev. S. M., preached at the Unitarian Church in Burlington, Vt., 101.

Crown Point, Loss of, by the French in 1759, 3, 118, 363; capture of, by Colonel Warner, 6, 34, 119; troops assembled at, 6; the sick transported to, in leaky open boats, 6–7; occupied by the British, 7, 119, 328, 396; General Gates at, 8; visited by the Commissioners, 25; celebration exercises to be held at, 27, 366; most southern fortifications of the French at, 32, 35, 129; successive ownership of, 32; ruins of, best preserved examples of their kind, 35, 131; fireworks on successive evenings at, 60; programme of exercises at, 62, 63; Indian pageants given at, 86; Arnold set forth from, 119; Burgoyne held, 119; Champlain's battle with Iroquois near, 121, 123, 127–28; first occupied by the French, 123–24, 152; claims direct association with Champlain, 126; French abandoned, 130; third stage of, possession by the English, 130; Amherst's Fort, 130; roll-call of Americans at, 130–31; no battle at, but exchange of sovereignty, 131; a menacing stronghold, 153; Sir William Johnson's expedition against,

153-56; Battle of, symbolized on float in parade at Plattsburgh, 231; as a site for the memorial, 342; Act of Legislature accepting gift of lands at, 344-45; site of first battle of Lake Champlain, 362; origin of the name, 393; Dieskau marched from, to Lake George, 395; strengthened by the French, 395; first French settlement at, 397; Isaac Weld describes condition of, 404; most advantageous for a military post, 404; Timothy Dwight found a gloomy, melancholy spot, 406-7. *See, also,* Fort Frédéric.

Crown Point Forts, Bi-State programme of celebration exercises at, 63; Monday, July 5th, the Celebration, 117-36: Sham battle, 117; Indian pageants, 117; remarks of W. C. Witherbee introducing Gov. Hughes, 117-18; address of Gov. Hughes, 118-19; gateway to a continent, 118; historic names, 118; warlike expeditions, 118; Fort St. Frédéric, 118; in hands of French and English by turn, and finally American, 119; address of SETH LOW, 120-25; address of ALBERT C. BARNES on "Old Crown Point," 126-31; Song for the Tercentenary of Lake Champlain, by CLINTON SCOLLARD, 132-36; review of Tenth Regiment, N. G., by Gov. Hughes, Indian pageants, and fireworks at, 136; Gov. Hughes on celebration at, 198.

Crown Point Forts, Site and ruins of, presented to the State, 117.

Crown Point Lighthouse Reservation, Bill authorizing the erection of memorial on, 348.

Crystalline rocks, The old, 374, 377; on shores and walls of the Lake, 377.

Cumberland Bay, Macdonough's victory in, 8-9, 23, 34, 141, 163-64.

Cumberland Head, Burgoyne's army rested at, 24; there should be a statue of Macdonough at, 340.

Cumberland Head and Macdonough's victory, 126, 163.

Cummings, Dr. William A. E., member of committees, 51, 52; assistance rendered by, 61; at hearing, 341.

Curler, or Corlaer, Arent van, a founder of Schenectady, 390.

Cutting, Sewell S., Selection from poem of, 364.

DARTMOUTH, LORD, to Gov. Tryon, on confirmation of French land grants, 1, 363.

Daughters of the American Revolution, Resolutions of the Buffalo Chapter of the, 29-30; members of Belleview Chapter of, at Isle La Motte, 302.

D'Azy, Lt. Benoist, naval attaché of the French Ambassador, at Plattsburgh Barracks, 78; at Isle La Motte, 302; remarks of, 320-21; in English, 320; in French, 320-21.

De Chastes, Bold, 215.

De la Barre, *see* La Barre.

De Monts, Efforts of, for a New France unsuccessful, 210; brave, 215;

Champlain, lieutenant under, 357; reported to, at Fontainebleau, 362.
De Soto came and left no trace, 209; first reached the Mississippi, 264, 271.
Deep waterway project, The, 257.
Deerfield, The attack on, 396.
Dellius, Godfrey, accompanied Peter Schuyler to Quebec with copies of Treaty of Ryswick, 392; New York made land grant to, 397.
Democracy triumphant, 331.
Denonville, Governor Jacques René de Brésay, burned Iroquois villages, 213.
Details, Multiplication of, requiring attention, 56.
Detroit, Tradition of the French at, 150; founded by Lamothe-Cadillac, 272.
Devonshire, English sailors and adventurers from, 149.
Dewey victory in Manila Bay, 257.
Dickens, Charles, praised the steamboat service on Lake Champlain, 37; probably visited Isle La Motte, 315.
Dickinson, Hon. Jacob M., Secretary of War, Assistance of, 61; gave instructions that the Army participate, 75; arrival of, at Fort Ticonderoga, 75; at review at Plattsburgh, 78; guest at banquet to Pres. Taft, 233.
Dieppe, Champlain sailed from, 365.
Dieskau, Ludwig August, Baron von, Expedition of, to Crown Point and Ticonderoga, 5; wounded and repulsed at Lake George, 5, 154-55; strengthened Fort Frédéric, 129; led his army from Crown Point, 395.
Dillingham, Senator William P., at conference of Sub-Committee with Secretary Root, 25, 43.
Dillon, McLellan & Beadel, Map of Bluff Point made by, 340; description of accepted design for monument, 346-47.
Dixon, James, Poetical rhapsody on the Lake at Plattsburgh, 418-19.
Dochet's doom, 215.
Docks repaired, 62.
Dolbeau, Jean, at Isle La Motte, 301; in the vision of the past, 306, 308.
Dollier de Casson, François, missionary, at Fort Ste. Anne, 33, 215, 301, 306, 308, 389.
Dominy, Hon. Alonson T., member of New York Commission, 22, 40, 50; death of, 50.
Don de Dieu, The, Champlain's flagship, 87; towed to Crown Point, 117; represented on a float in parade at Plattsburgh, 231.
Dongan, Thomas, Governor, proposed to build fort on Lake, 390.
Downie, Capt. George, in command of British fleet on Lake Champlain, 8-9, 34; at Isle La Motte, 316.
Dozois, Very Rev. Father, Sermon by, in St. Peter's Church, Plattsburgh, 231.
Drake, Sir Francis, came and left no trace, 209.
Drake, M. V., at hearing, 341.
Draper, Hon. Andrew S., Assistance rendered by, 61.
Du Bois, secular priest at Isle La Motte, 301, 389; in the vision of the past, 306, 308.

Du Luques, Sieur, a lieutenant, drowned in storm, 388.
Du Luth, Daniel Greysolon, fired by example of Champlain, 265; first European on shores of Lake Huron, 272.
Dubuque, H. A., Address by, at St. Peter's College, Plattsburgh, 231.
Dubuque, City of, founded by Julien Dubuque, 272.
Duquesne de Menneville, Inspiration in example of, 213.
Dutch, Impress of, upon southeastern part of New York Province, 2.
Dutch East India Co., 211.
Dutch navigators, 355.
Dwight, Dr. Timothy, made elaborate record of the Champlain Valley, 36; describes Crown Point, 406-7; Chimney Point, 407; property in Columbia College, 407.

EAGLE, THE, in Macdonough's fleet at Cumberland Bay, 163, 164, 228.
Earthquake of 1663, 375.
Eastern United States, A Mediterranean sea covering the, 376.
Edison, Thomas Alva, and his opportunity, 331.
Edmunds, George F., 284.
Education, The fruits of, 331.
Education Department of New York State published a pamphlet on the celebration, 59.
Egypt, Close cult of priests in, 331.
Electric illuminations, Notable, at Plattsburgh, 232; at Burlington, 253.
Elizabeth, Queen, Death of, 212, 326.
Emerson, Ralph Waldo, Tributes to, from across the Atlantic, 295.
Emigrants from Canada to New York, 412.
Empress lines of steamers, 270.
England, a free national branch of the Catholic Church, 112.
England and France rivals for possession of New World, 31, 110, 168; chief claimants for sovereignty, 111, 112; Catholic countries, 112.
England and the United States, There can be no future enmity between, 199; the struggle between, 234.
England, The, of James I, 121, 212; failed to hold the colonies, 124; what the Seven Years' War did for, 156; garden of the world, 165; our Mother Country, 203; honor to the common people of, 214; taught us the principles of self-government, 239; sought a dominion, 265; followed in path of discovery and gold-hunting, 271.
English, Two reasons why we speak; one the Iroquois, 214, 230.
English and French, Union of, in Canada, 112, 165, 204; discuss the past in concord of the present, 199.
English colonists home-makers, 151-52; war with the French chronic, 152; colonized for freedom, 212.
English navigators, 355.
English Revolution, the crowning glory of the English race, 330.
Entente cordiale, 273-74.
Episodes in the history of the Champlain valley (FRANK H. SEVERANCE), 385-400.

Erdinator, Rigeletto monk, Statue of, in Manila, 194.
ERSKINE, JOHN. — Champlain: a poem, 323–26; Champlain led by faith, 323; loved truth in nature, 324; vision and freedom, 325.
Esty, Col. J. Grey, commanding Vermont Division National Guard, 254.
Ethan Allen Club, Burlington, The Commissioners guests of the, 25; luncheon to Pres. Taft and guests at the, 280.
Europe, Population of, doubled, 329; a new spirit in, 330.
Events on which historians disagree, 74.
Evolution of the celebration project, 13–18.
Exchange of prisoners held by Indians, 392.
Expedition of colonists and Indians in 1709 unsuccessful, 152.
Explorers, Daring of the, 263; wonderful line of, 264; Champlain one of the ablest and best of, 264; from New France overran the Mississippi valley before the Seven Years' War, 271.

FAITH and tolerance, Hughes, Taft, and Gibbons on, 192–96.
Falls of St. Anthony, The, discovered by Father Hennepin, 271.
Falls of St. Louis, 356.
Farms, The deserted, of Vermont, 283.
Farrand, Daniel, made address of welcome to James Monroe at Burlington, 407.
Favreau, J. Arthur, compiler and editor of "Le Grande Semaine," 59.
Fearn, Capt. William R., 71st Reg., N. G., A. D. C. to Gov. Hughes, 76.
Federal Government should invite representatives from France, Great Britain, and Canada as its guests, 25, 43; Resolution to memorialize the, to participate, 26; co-operation of, 366.
Federal recognition and aid, 43–44; conference of sub-committees of the Commissions with Secretary of State Elihu Root, 25–26, 43; joint memorial sent to Secretary of State, 43; request contained in, 43–44; memorial referred to Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, 44; Bill passed, appropriating $20,000, 44; Witherbee and Hill conferred with authorities regarding, 59.
Federal troops, Co-operation of, arranged for, 58, 62.
Ferris, M. Y., at hearing, 341.
Fidelity to country and fidelity to God, Cardinal Gibbons on, 108.
Fifteenth U. S. Cavalry, squadron of, under Capt. W. T. Littebrant, Movements of, 75; escort to the President, 75, 232; list of officers of the, present at the celebration, 81; two troops of, at Isle La Motte, 301.
Fifth Royal Canadian Highlanders, invited, 58; and band in parade and review at Plattsburgh, July 7th, 78, 232; commanding officer and number of men, 84; thanks of the United States Government extended to, by Pres. Taft, 236, 279; Gov. Hughes on the, 242.

Fifth U. S. Infantry, Col. Calvin D. Cowles, in parades at Plattsburgh and Burlington, 75, 232; list of officers of the, present at the celebration, 79–80; band of, in both parades, 80.

Finch, The, English vessel, drifted ashore in Cumberland Bay, 163, 164.

Finger-lake valleys of central New York, 381.

Finn, P. J., at hearing, 341.

Firearms, Champlain's use of, cause of deadly hostility of Iroquois to the French, 2, 89, 121, 168.

Fireworks, Displays of, provided, 60; at Crown Point, 136; at Ticonderoga, 187; at Plattsburgh, 232.

First Regiment, N. G. N. Y., Col. Charles H. Hitchcock, in camp at Plattsburgh Barracks, 78.

First Vermont Infantry, Company "M," at Isle La Motte, 301; with band, as Governor's escort, 302.

Fish, Frank L., member of Vermont Commission, 52.

Fisheries Question, The, in Lake Champlain, 291–92.

Fisk, Hon. Nelson W., entertained Commissions at dinner on Isle La Motte, 25; assistance rendered by, 61.

Fitzpatrick, prelate, in vision of the past, 306, 308.

Five Nations, The Confederacy of the, 88; higher civilization in, 89; supremacy of, 121; the lodges of, 148; territory and nations of the, 208; tribes of each nation the same, 208–9; government of, and area covered by, 209; treaty between the French and, 396.

Flags, American, Fifty great, at Burlington, 254.

Flags, Combined use of American and French, in the decorations, 73–74; at the banquet, 233, 238; of three great nations unfurled, 269; at the banquet in Burlington, 280.

Fletcher, Governor Benjamin, reports defeat of Indian raiders, 392.

Foley, James A., member of New York Commission, 22, 40, 50, 52; on Literary and Speakers' Committee, 51; chairman Fireworks Committee, 51; on Publicity Committee, 52; on Committee on Banquet, 249; on Committee on Funds for a Monument, 339; on Committee on a Separate Memorial, 344.

Foot Guards, *see* Governor-General's Foot Guards.

Foreign relations, Our, strengthened by New York and Vermont, 235, 284.

Forest fires, 406, 412.

Forest of Arden, A, to the west, 148.

Forests should be preserved, 267–68.

Forshew, Commander Robert P., Second Battalion, Naval Militia, A. D. C., escort to the French Ambassador, 77.

Fort Amherst at Crown Point, 117; extent and cost of, 119.

Fort Carillon at Ticonderoga abandoned by the French, 3; built in 1775, 5, 140, 143, 155, 270, 328, 363; Montcalm at, 5, 182; captured by Amherst, and name changed to Fort Ticonderoga, 140.

Fort Cassin on Otter Creek, Celebration at, 334.

Fort Duquesne, 153, 156, 158; gateway of the West, 213.
Fort Edward, Burgoyne captured, 119; new name for Fort Lyman, 155.
Fort Ethan Allen, Squadron of Fifteenth U. S. Cavalry from, 75.
Fort Frédéric at Crown Point blown up by de Bourlamaque, 3, 119; built in 1731 by Marquis de Beauharnois, 5, 118, 123, 129, 152, 328, 363, 393; capture of, attempted, 5; the southernmost outpost of the French, 32, 35; Amherst and Burgoyne at, 35, 119; historic names and events at, 129, 363; vote at Ticonderoga as to name of, 176, 270; accounts of, by Kalm and Crespel, 393–95.
Fort Frontenac, 158.
Fort La Motte several years deserted, 315.
Fort La Prairie captured by Gen. Philip Schuyler, 152.
Fort Lyman, later named Fort Edward, built, 153.
Fort Oswego stormed by Montcalm, 181.
Fort St. Frédéric, *see* Fort Frédéric.
Fort Ste. Anne, Dedication of, at Isle La Motte, 4, 315, 327, 388; stopping-place for expeditions, 4–5, 315, 363; first Christian worship in Vermont at, 32, 301; historic associations of, 33, 270; now known as Sandy Point, 301; gives honor to the heroes of the past, 305, 308; burned by the French, 327; men from, surprised by the Mohawks, 388; de Tracy's expedition at, 388.
Fort Ticonderoga, Region of, interested the French and British ambassadors, 140; captured by Ethan Allen, 140; and by Burgoyne, 140.
Fort William Henry, Lake George, taken by Montcalm, 5, 155–56, 395; saved by John Stark, 155; capitulation of, and massacre at, 395.
Fortifications, Historical, 270; the story of, 328.
Foster, David J., at conference of Sub-Committee with Secretary Root, 25, 43; reported a bill from the Committee of Foreign Affairs, 44; remarks of, at Ticonderoga, 177–79: Vermont set the pace for New York with Ethan Allen, 178; Roosevelt secured peace between Japan and Russia, 178; Burlingame in House of Commons, 178; Congressman Malby, 179; guest at banquet to Pres. Taft, 233; secured passage of bill by Congress, 347.
Fox, Charles James, censured Burgoyne for employing Indians, 8; friend of Americans, 162.
France and England, Catholic countries, 112; friendly relations of, 183.
France, The Church of, resisted foreign authority, 113.
France, The, of Henry of Navarre, 121, 286, 355; a feudal France, 122; worthy monuments of, 123; and the New World, 149; ruined in two continents, 156; protagonist of liberty, 165; the friend of the United States, 201; world owes many debts to, 213; our tribute to, 237; sought

a dominion, 265; pioneers of commercial industry from, 270–71.

France, Republic of, Sub-Committee to call the attention of the, to the celebration, 22; representatives from, should be invited, 25, 26, 366; diplomatic representatives of, invited, 58; significance of their presence, 63; no enmity between United States and, in the future, 199; Jusserand extends thanks of, for honors to Champlain, 201, 203; the friendship of, for America and for England, 238, 241; not a flighty nation, 238; the colonial empire of the, 290.

Franklin, Benjamin, conveyed in open boat on return from Montreal to Ticonderoga, 7; plan of, for union, 158–59; the supreme good sense of, 213, 245.

Franklin, The steamer, 413, 416.

Fraser, General Simon, pursued the retreating Gen. St. Clair, 162.

Fraternal orders to be invited to parade, 27.

Fraternal societies co-operated, 60.

Frawley, James J., member of New York Commission, 50, 52; chairman of Banquet Committee, 51; on Publicity Committee, 52; made antepprandial arrangements for banquet, 249; member of Committee to Raise Funds for a Monument, 339; on Committee on Location and Cost of a Monument, 339.

Frederick the Great praised Montgomery's generalship, 160–61.

Frémin, Father Jacques, labored at Fort Ste. Anne, 33, 389; in vision of the past, 306, 308.

French, Victory of the, at Ticonderoga, under Montcalm, 3; defeated by Gen. Amherst, 3, 34–35; on the lower Mississippi, 111, 150; established posts on the great lakes and on the Alleghany river, 111, 150; claimed sovereignty, 111; in the South and West, 123, 150; not settlers but explorers, 151; war with English and Iroquois, 152; colonized for dominion, 212; leaders in colonization, 212–13; pioneers of civilization in America, 271; early directed colonization toward Canada, 355.

French Ambassador, *see* Jusserand, Jean Adrien Antoine Jules.

French-American residents of Northern New York gathered at Plattsburgh, 231; and French speaking Canadians at Isle La Motte celebration, 302.

French and Dutch, Emissaries of, passed through the Lake, 390.

French and English discuss the past in concord of the present, 199; a good Canadian combination, 205; only nations colonizing in America, 211–13; in Canada, 285, 328.

French and English wars, 31, 111, 121, 134, 328; began early along the coast, 123; final struggle in the, 214, 328.

French and Indian expedition against Schenectady came and went via Lake, 390.

French and Indian raiders near Albany pursued and defeated at the Lake, 391–92.
French and Indian War, The, 156, 213–14; effects of, 158.
French and Indians, Barrier to incursions of the, from Canada, 2; War of, 6, 34; rights of New York maintained against, 33–34, 57.
French and the Five Nations, Treaty between, 396.
"French Day" at Plattsburgh, 231; mass in St. Peter's Church, 231; parade under Marshal Dr. J. H. La Rocque, 231; address at St. Peter's College by H. A. Dubuque, 231.
French domination for 150 years, 3, 13, 32, 143.
French Embassy, Benoist d'Azy, Naval Attaché of, 302, 314.
French failure and English success, Two causes of, 214.
French forts in the Champlain valley, 1; from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf, 213, 363.
French names of prosperous communities, 123.
French Naval Academy, The, not a school of English speakers, 320.
French people, Admiration of England for the, 240.
French Revolution, The, Change effected by, 122–23; social forces in, 212; a consequence of our own, 330.
French River, Champlain went down, to Georgian Bay, 364.
French settlements in the Champlain valley, 1; how permanent, were prevented, 2–3.
French societies, Celebration by, at Burlington, 253–54; endorsed Isle La Motte for site of monument, 340.
Frenchmen, adventurers and hunters, 271.
Frenchmen, The governing class of, 211–12.
Friendship between nations the thing of our time worthy of commemoration, 204.
Frobisher, Sir Martin, came and left no trace, 209.
Frontenac, Louis de Buade, Count, gallant, 133, 150; inspiration in example of, 213; burned Iroquois villages, 213.
Funds, Independent, raised by local committees, 60.
Fundy, Bay of, Tides in the, 216.
Fur trade, Aid of the northern tribes in the, secured for the French by Champlain, 110; gone, 266.
Fur traders, Endurance of the French, 112, 270.
Furs and peltries in 1806 important items of freight, 407.

GALILEO, and Champlain, 225; and his telescope, 326.
Gallican liberties recognized, 113.
Gate of the country, The, 265, 270.
Gates, General Horatio, at Ticonderoga, 7; took possession of Crown Point, 8, 131.
Gateway of the country, 141.
Gateway of the Land, Fair, 134.
"Gateway of the Nation," the Champlain valley, Three nations contended for possession of, 4, 141.

Gateway to a continent, 118, 234.
Gaul, Saxon and, wrestle, 168.
"Gentlemen Adventurers of England, The," founded by a Frenchman, 111.
Geography the present expression of geological forces and effects, 372.
Geology of the Champlain Valley (JOHN M. CLARKE) 371-82: History closely knit to geography, 371-72; geography the present expression of geology, 372; the valley and the St. Lawrence have a common birth, 372; the first continent, the "Canadian shield," 373-74; formation of the Appalachians, 373; "Logan's Fault," 374; oldest waterways on earth, 374; birth of the Champlain valley, 374-75; earthquake of 1663 and Mt. Trembleau, 375; second stage, the *Lévis Channel* of the Lower Silurian, 376; the dark ages of the valley, 376-77; the ancient rock beds, 377-79; the Adirondack crystallines, 377; the Potsdam sandstones, 377-78; the limestones and shales, 378-79; the Great Glacier, 379-81; Lake Albany and Lake Vermont, 380-81; sinking of the earth's surface, 381; Gilbert Gulf and the Hochelagan Sea, 381; tilt of the Champlain-Hudson valley, 382; Champlain valley upraised, 382; canyon of the Ausable, 382.
Georgian Bay, Champlain first white man to reach, 110, 364.
Georgian Bay Canal, The, 206, 270.
Germans from Göttingen studying English at Burlington, 415.
Germany and the Thirty Years War, 211.
GIBBONS, JAMES CARDINAL.—Sermon preached by, at Cliff Haven, on Champlain Sunday, 102, 103-9; on idolatry at Rome and in the Roman Empire, 104; Christ's call to the apostles, 104-5; work of the apostles, 105-6; the victories of peace, 106; triumph of the church, 106-7; Champlain and the great missionaries, 107; love of country and the glory of God, 108-9; remarks at celebration, on tolerance in religion, 196; guest at banquet to President Taft, 233.
Gilbert, Sir Humphrey, in Newfoundland, under a Royal Patent, 110, 209.
Gilbert Gulf, a great salt bay extending to Lake Ontario, 381.
Gilman, Caroline H., in "Poetry of travel," praises the *Franklin*, 416.
Glacier, The Great, from Ungava and Labrador, 379-81.
Glens Falls, birthplace of Governor Charles E. Hughes, 259.
Gloire, La, est le soleil des morts, 229.
Godley, John Robert, writes two chapters at Isle aux Noix, 417; praises the *Burlington*, 417; plan for injuring the United States, 417.
Goesbriand, Rev. de, bought site of Fort Ste. Anne, 33; in vision of the past, 306, 308.
Gosnold, Bartholomew, came and left no trace, 209.
Gougou's hideous hiss, The, 216.

Gouin, Sir Lomer, Premier of Quebec, guest at banquet to President Taft, 233; remarks, 247–49; the historic past, 247; tribute to Champlain, the founder, 248–49; best wishes for the United States, 249; represented Province of Quebec, 318.
Goupil, René, missionary, killed by the Mohawks, 387.
Government, Participation of executive heads of, a crowning success, 62; change in forms of, 330; just powers of, derived from governed, 330.
Governor-General's Foot Guards, Lt.-Col. D. R. Street commanding, and band, in reviews at Plattsburgh and Burlington, 78, 232, 255, 280; number of men, 84; Governor Hughes on the, 242; President Taft on the, 279.
Grand Army of the Republic, A division of the, in parade at Plattsburgh, 232; at Burlington, 280.
Grande Isle in Champlain's path, 148.
"Grande Semaine, Le," compiled and edited by J. Arthur Favreau, 59.
Granges, Local, co-operated, 60.
Granite, Quarries of, 377.
Granites of the Adirondacks, 373.
Grant, Maj.-Gen., and Mrs. Fred. D., invited guests, 57.
Grants, Seigniorial, about Lake Champlain, made by the French, 1–2; confirmation of, sought by French from Quebec, 24, 397; few occupations under French, 363, 397.
Graphite, Deposits of, 377–78.
Great Britain, Sub-Committee to call the attention of, to the celebration, 22; representatives from, should be invited, 25, 26, 366; diplomatic representatives of, invited, 58; significance of their presence, 63; our Mother Country even in acrimony of the Revolution, 203.
Great Jehovah, The, and the Continental Congress, 35, 144, 160, 174.
Great Lakes drained by Mohawk channel into the Hudson, 380.
Green Mountain Boys, Ethan Allen and the, capture Ticonderoga, 6, 134, 140, 144, 159–60, 173–74; praise of, from New York, 144; Governor Prouty on the, 145; Governor Hughes will tread humbly among the, 198; patriotism of, 260; a sturdy race, 265.
Green Mountains, The, 259, 268, 291, 336.
Grenville series, Gray gneisses and schists of the, 377.
Grogan, Col. J. H., marshal of division of G. A. R., in parade at Plattsburgh, 232.
Guard of honor for Governor Hughes from Tenth Regiment, National Guard, 77.
Guard of honor for President Taft from Tenth Regiment, National Guard, N. Y., 77.
Guard of honor of blue jackets at speakers' stands, 76; at review at Plattsburgh Barracks, 78.
Guérin, Vital, chose site of St. Paul, 272.
Guests, specially invited, Provision for, 56; several named, 57.
Gulf of St. Lawrence, Champlain entered, 356.

Gunning, John, at hearing, 341.
Gurney, Joseph John, the Quaker, on the people, 416; compared the Lake to Derwentwater, 416; visited the college, 417.

HALF MOON, The, in Penobscot Bay, 210; the voyage of the, 234.
Hall, Bp. Arthur C. A., preached sermon at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Burlington, on Champlain Sunday, 101; pronounced invocation at Burlington, 255.
Hall, Capt. Basil, writes of the Champlain steamers, 412; and a forest fire, 412-13.
Hall, Hon. Benjamin E., Assistance rendered by, 61.
Hall, Edward Hagaman, Assistant Secretary, Official report of the Hudson-Fulton Commission by, 336.
Hall, Enoch, settled on Isle La Motte, 316.
Hall, Lt. Francis, published a valuable narrative of things in the Champlain valley, 36.
Hamilton, Alexander, 245.
Hamilton, Capt. Thomas, on the defeat of Prevost, 415.
Hamlin, A. D. F., in charge of competition for design for memorial, 345.
Harmensen, Fredrych, escaped from Quebec, 390.
Harmensen, Nanning, escaped from Quebec, 390.
Harper, J. M., "Champlain; a drama in three acts," 59.
Hanna, Robert, at hearing, 341.
Havana, Champlain visited, 356.
Havre de Grace, Champlain returned to, 357.
Hawaii, 329.
Hays, Lynn M., member and secretary of Vermont Commission, 16, 28, 52; at conference with Secretary Root, 25, 43; on Sub-Committee of Vermont Commission, 29; member Committee on Badges, 52; secretary at joint meeting with New York Committee, 345-46.
Heard, A. A., on Committee on Transportation, 51; assistance rendered by, 61.
Heights of Abraham, Death of Montcalm on the, 157, 213, 230, 269.
Heistand, Col. H. O. S., Adjt.-Gen., Valuable assistance from, 61; arranged the movements of the United States troops, 75.
Hennepin, Father Louis, 150; discovered the Falls of St. Anthony, 271.
Henry IV. (of Navarre) Champlain represented, 1, 132, 141; the golden fleur-de-lis of, 74; the France of, 121; greatest of French kings, 211; the explorers of, 215-17; death of, 326; colonization of Canada under, 355; interested in Champlain's report, 357, 362.
Henry V. to troops at Agincourt, 181.
Henry, Brig.-Gen. Nelson H., on Committee on State Troops, 51; valuable assistance from, 61; Adjutant-General N. G., 76; thanks of the Commission due, 76; escort to President Taft from Albany, 77.

Hero Islands, The, 133.
"Hiawatha," The historic drama of, subject of a pageant, 86; description of, 87-88; trade meeting of Hochelagas and Algonquins, 87, 428; stag race between Black Wolverine and Hiawatha, 87, 428; canoe race, 87, 428; harvest festival, 87-88, 429-30; siege of the stockade, 88, 440-43; Iroquois driven to Lake Champlain, 88; Hiawatha establishes Confederacy of the Five Nations, 88, 451-62; "Spectator," of the *Outlook*, on the play and the Indians, 88-90.
"Hiawatha, the Mohawk," Libretto of, 427-63: Trade meeting, pipe of peace, 428; stag race, 428; canoe race, 428; Hiawatha wins stag race, 429; corn feast, 429-30; talk of Hiawatha's future, 431-33; the moose-spies, 433; axe of the Hurons, 434; Black Wolverine and his men spies, 435; Hiawatha goes with them, 436; treacherous attack on Hiawatha, 438; war, 439-40; the siege, 440-45; Wolverine killed, 441; Hiawatha appears, 443; Awitharoa's sacrifice, 444-45; farewell to Hochelaga, 445; on Lake Champlain, 445-46; in land of the Onondagas, 446-48; war against the Mohawks, 448-51; ended by Hiawatha, 451; appeal for league of the five nations, 451-52; Hiawatha joins Mohawks, 453; wins them, 454-55; council of Onondagas, 455-56; Mohawk peace party, 457; Hatiria, the imposter, 459; the Cayuga, 460; Hiawatha secures peace, 461; peace with the Dutch, 462-63.
Hickey, Rt. Rev. Bp. Thomas F., celebrant at Cliff Haven, on Champlain Sunday, 102.
Higgins, ——, on Committee on Entertainment, 52.
Highway, The, between Quebec and Albany, 270.
Hill, Caleb, killed at Isle La Motte, 316.
Hill, Master Harry, unveiled Boulder Monument, 333.
HILL, HON. HENRY WAYLAND, compiler of this Report.— Historical introduction, 1-9; suggestion of Governor Proctor to, 16; Concurrent resolution offered by, passed by New York Legislature, 17, 21; remarks of, supporting, 17; member of New York Commission, 22, 40, 50, 52; chairman of Sub-Committee, 22-23; at conference of Sub-Committee with Secretary Root, 25, 43; secretary of the Commission, 51; on committees, 51, 52; chairman of Committee on Literary Exercises, 56; and Mr. Witherbee confer with Federal authorities at Washington, 59; all matters relating to publicity delegated to, 59; presided at Literary Exercises at Ticonderoga, 140-83: Introduction, 140-41; Indian names, 141; stronghold of three nations, 141; naval victories on, and beauty of the Lake, 141; presents Governor Hughes, 141; presents Governor Prouty, 145; introduces Hamilton W. Mabie,

orator of the day, 146–47; presents Percy MacKaye, poet of the day, 165; introduces Hon. Seth Low, 175; introduces David J. Foster, 177; presents Frank Plumley, 179; introduces Ambassador Jusserand, 180; and Ambassador Bryce, 183; at Isle La Motte, 301, 303.—Isle La Motte, address of welcome, 314–18: the assemblage, 314; Champlain here 300 years ago, 315; place of Indian conflicts, 315; Fort Ste. Anne built, 315; distinguished visitors, 315; granted to French officers, 316; historic points near, 316; settled, 316; Capt. Downie's fleet at, 316; grandfather killed at, 316; sent to the Civil War more soldiers than it had voters, 317; voted one dollar per head for celebration, 317; Tercentenary celebration suggested by Governor F. D. Proctor, 317; Governors Prouty and Hughes, 317; the pageants and parades, addresses and poems, 317–18; official representatives, 318; benefits, 318; thanks to native town, and all others, 318. On sites for a monument, 339–40; motion of, making vote for Bluff Point unanimous, 342.

HILL, HENRY WAYLAND.—Samuel Champlain and the Lake Champlain Tercentenary, 355–67: Early trans-Atlantic voyages, 355; Champlain born in Brouage, 355; a practical navigator, 356; visit of Champlain to Mexico, Panama and Havana, 356; voyage up the St. Lawrence in 1603, 356; repeated voyages of, 357; founded colony at Quebec, 357; Governor of Quebec in 1608, 358; sufferings during winter, 358; learns of the Lake, 358–59; tour of exploration with party of Montagnais, 359; Champlain's own description of discovery of Lake Champlain, 359–60; battle with the Iroquois, 361–62; first white man in New York and Vermont, 362; the Lake long previous a battle ground for the Indians, 363; Indian, French and English occupation of the valley, 363; disputed grants of lands, 363; battles of the Revolution, 364; a highway of war and travel, 364; extract from Dr. Cutting's poem, 364; entered the Georgian Bay and beheld Lake Huron, 364; crossed Lake Ontario, 364; yearly trips to France, 365; captured by English, 365; released and New France restored to the French, 365; died at Quebec, 365; his voyages and endurance, 365; foremost of pioneers, 366; the Tercentenary authorized by two States, 366; co-operation of Federal government, 366; to be made international, 366; age of historical research, 366–67.

Historic sites, Tour of inspection of, 23–25; Valcour Island, Schuyler's Island, Crab Island, 23; Cumberland Head, Point au Fer, Windmill Point, 24; Sandy Point on Isle La Motte, Crown Point and Ticonderoga, 25.

Historical Introduction (HENRY WAYLAND HILL), 1–9.

Historical research, An age of, 366.
"History of Lake Champlain," by Walter H. Crockett, 59.
History the best study for the statesman, 288; closely knit to geography, 371; a barren mass of lies, 372.
Hitchcock, Col. Charles H., First Reg., N. G. N. Y., in camp at Plattsburgh Barracks, 78.
Hochelaga, now Montreal Island, 90, 217; Cartier at, 110, 121; deserted in Champlain's time, 121; Iroquois driven from, 427.
Hochelaga Sea, The, arm of the great Gilbert Gulf, 381.
Hochelagas, Trade meeting of, with Algonquins and Hurons, in pageant, 87. *See, also,* the Libretto of Hiawatha, the Mohawk, 427–63.
Ho-de-no-sau-nee, the Long House of the Iroquois, 208.
Hodgson, Adam, Observations of, of little value, 408–9.
Hoffman, Samuel Verplanck, a special guest, 57.
Holland in the Orient, 211; sought a dominion, 265.
Holley's "American Tourist," 418.
Honfleur, The hopes of, 215; Champlain sailed from, 356, 357.
Horicon, The, 227.
Hospitality, Ferocious, 282.
Hotel Champlain, Bluff Point, Joint meeting of Commissions at, 22; headquarters of the New York Commission at, 58, 61; arrival of President Taft at, 75; Governor Hughes, 76; of General Roe, 76; banquet to President Taft at, 62, 233–49; burned, 243.
Howard, Gen. Oliver Otis, delivered address on "1812," 335.
Howard, Walter E., member of Vermont Commission, 16, 28; on Sub-Committee, 29.
Howe, Lord George Augustus, Question of burial place of, 74; heroic deeds of, 118, 157; high character of, 144, 157; death of, 157, 158, 170, 182; soldierly qualities of, 288.
Howe, Sir William, planned to meet Burgoyne at Albany, 161.
Hubbardtown, Engagement of Generals Fraser and St. Clair near, 162.
Hudson, Henry, and Champlain discovered river and lake in same year, 120, 326; had not yet cruised up the river, 126; Champlain two months earlier than, 149, 363; Canada will help celebrate the Tercentenary of, 205; and Champlain brought mission of peace, 206; belongs to humanity, 206; and the *Half Moon* in Penobscot Bay, 210; and Champlain might have met, 264; both possessed of the same dream, 296.
Hudson, The basin of the, 265; the beautiful, 296.
Hudson Bay Company, The, chartered, 111; claims of, disputed by French fur traders, 111; took in the North West Co., 111.
Hudson-Fulton Commission, The, 336; executive officers of the, 336; Report of, by Edward Hagaman Hall, 336.
Hudson valley outlet dammed formed Lake Albany, 380.

Hudson's Bay, 206; the majestic, 296.
HUGHES, GOV. CHARLES EVANS, interested in a celebration, 16–17; appointed two members of New York Commission, 22; presided at joint meeting of Commissions at Hotel Champlain, Sept. 6, 1907, 22; approval of celebration in message of, 28; chairman of First Commission, 40; assistance and hearty endorsement from, 61; arrival of, with Mrs. Hughes, at Bluff Point, July 4th, and reception of, 76; reviewed the Tenth Regiment, N. G. N. Y., at Crown Point, 77, 136; and at Fort Ticonderoga, 77; with staff at Plattsburgh Barracks, 78; address at Crown Point Forts, 118–19: A gateway to a continent, scene of rivalries of Old World powers, 118; three nations join in recognition of heroic sons, 118; Fort Frédéric established, 118; in hands of French and English by turn, 119; finally American, 119. Address at Ticonderoga, 142–45: The place of romance and the scene of conflict, 142–43; four men, 143–44; Champlain, 143; Montcalm, 144; Lord Howe, 144; Ethan Allen, 144; the spirit of the Revolution, 145; reconsecration, 145; introduces Vice-Admiral Uriu, 175; proposed cheers for President Taft, 180; introduces President Taft, 185. Address at Cliff Haven, 192–93: Not easy to repeat first official visit, 192; Champlain a man of faith, 192; United States a land of faith and tolerance, 193; introduces President Taft, its worthy head, 193; President returns compliments to, 193. Address at Plattsburgh Barracks, 198–200: Amity and concord of the nations, 198; thanks to the Commission, 198; at peace, even with Vermont, 198–99; the first chieftain and the last victor, Champlain and Macdonough, 199–200; thanks to, from Governor Prouty, 201. Toastmaster at banquet to President Taft, 234; remarks, 234–35; the Indian of the Long House, the English, the Dutch, Alaska, 234; a great united people, our local patriotism, the President, 235; on the absence of James S. Sherman, 237; remarks introducing Ambassador Jusserand, 237–38; remarks introducing James Bryce, 239: England our teacher, Bryce our interpreter, 239; the tribute of James Bryce to, 241; introducing Rodolphe Lemieux, representing our brethren of Canada, 242; introducing Lomer Gouin, 247; Governor Prouty on, at Burlington, 258; remarks of, at Burlington, 259–61: A New Yorker's appreciation of Vermont, 259; Ethan Allen a home ruler, 259–60; independence of Ethan Allen, 260; our national unity, 260; rivalry of State efficiency, 260–61; the conference of Governors, 261; remarks at Burlington banquet, 286–88: If Champlain had foreseen this celebration, 286; our intimate association with three great men, Taft, Jusserand, Bryce, 286–87; no disparagement of Canada, 287; value of the reunion and cele-

bration, 287; the study of American history, 287–88; a guarantee of peace, 288; what shall we do with it, 288; with the Commission and guests at Isle La Motte, 302; praise for, 317; remarks at Isle La Motte, 321–22; the spot where we may really celebrate, 321–22; the place of worship, 322; consulted regarding site for monument, 341.

Huguenots under Admiral Coligny, Failure of, to make settlements along the coast, 110.

Hunter, Col., recommended building a fort on Lake Champlain, 393.

Huron, Lake, discovered by Champlain, 327.

Hurons, Battles of the Algonquins and, with the Iroquois, on Lake Champlain, 2, 4, 315; Champlain and the, 202; boundary between, and Mohawks, 222; in vision of the past, 306, 308; Champlain wintered with, in Georgian Bay territory, 365; expedition of, against Iroquois, 365.

Husbandman, The, outlasts the hunter, 122.

Hyde, Ebenezer, settled on Isle La Motte, 316.

IBERVILLE, PIERRE LE MOYNE, SIEUR D', founder of New Orleans, from Quebec, 271.

Ice or snow not to be named with Canada, 287, 321.

Illinois River, French military post on the, 111.

Illustrations, List of, vii-viii.

Independence Day celebration at Burlington, 253.

India may be fed by Kansas, 330.

Indian, The, in undisturbed possession, 126; survivor, 165; gone, 266.

Indian allies of French and English, 214.

Indian pageants, The public interested in the, 74; at Crown Point, 63, 77; given by a band of Indians under L. O. Armstrong, 86; three subjects of the, 86; floating island representing the sacred island of Tiotiake, 86; construction of the float, 86–87; drama of "Hiawatha" enacted, 87–88; Iroquois driven from Montreal Island to Lake Champlain, 88, 89; Hiawatha establishes Confederacy of the Five Nations, 88, 89; story told in "The Master of Life," by D. D. Lighthall, 88; the "Spectator" in the *Outlook* on the, 88–90; actors in the, 86, 89–90; at Crown Point, 117, 136; at Ticonderoga, 187; at Plattsburgh, 187; at Burlington viewed by President Taft, 280; success of, 317; at Rouse's Point, 334; whence players in, were drawn, 427.

Indians, Canadians, and soldiers, Band of, attacked the Mohawk towns, 391.

Indians, Number of, the same to-day as when white men came, 121; not permanent settlers, 121; policy of Government towards the, 122; warring tribes of, 270; at Isle La Motte, 302; salute the cross, 305, 307; delegations from original tribes of, 314.

Indians feasted by Burgoyne, 8, 222, 229.
Indians of the pageants defeated National Guard in sham battle at Ticonderoga, 90; in the parade at Burlington, 280.
Indians of the St. Lawrence, Champlain friendly with the, 110, 213.
Individual right, The assertion of, 265.
Inspiration, A week of, 288.
Intelligence diffused, 331.
Interest, Popular, in the celebration, 29.
Interests, Local, of two States, to be considered, 55; successfully adjusted, 55–56.
International Conference at Windmill Point in 1766, 1, 24.
International relations, 235, 284, 318.
Introduction, Historical (HENRY WAYLAND HILL), 1–9.
Invitation, official, Copy of the, 68.
Invitations, Official and Special, Committee on, 57–58.
Invocation, The, Champlain Sunday, 94.
Iroquois, The, and the struggle for America (ELIHU ROOT), 207–14. For analysis *see* author entry.
Iroquois, Cause of hostility of the, to the French, 2, 89, 121, 127–28, 151, 208,362; battles of, with Algonquins and Hurons on Lake Champlain, 2, 4, 118, 149–51, 167–68, 217, 223–25, 315; Isle La Motte once a camping ground of the, 4, 315; speech of chief of, to Burgoyne, 8; place of Champlain's battle with the, 74, 362; descendants of the, acting in the Indian pageants, 89; powerful allies of the English, 128, 208; the implacable, 148, 151; war of, with the French, 152; Ho-de-no-sau-nee, the Long House of the Iroquois, 208, 213–14; in the agricultural stage, with a constitution, 208; faithful allies of the English, 213–14; the tameless, 217; valleys of the faithless, 222; the Indian of Indians turns, 225; M. Jusserand on Senator Root and the, 290; in vision of the past, 306, 308; Lake the home of the, 358–59; expedition of Hurons and Champlain against, 365; expedition of de Tracy against, 388; driven from Hochelaga, 427.
Iroquois allegiance, Perpetual question of, 392.
Iroquois Confederacy, Mohawks leaders of the, 385; what if Champlain had won the friendship of the, 396.
Iroquois River, The, later called Richelieu, 356.
Isle aux Noix, French under de Bourlamaque retreated to, 3; fortified by Montgomery and Schuyler, 6; sick American soldiers at, 6; Isaac Weld driven ashore on, 406; Mr. Matthews found unfinished vessels at, 409; Bernhardt, Duke of Sachsen-Weimar-Eisenach, on, 423.
Isle La Motte, Historic record of, 4, 327; General Schuyler joined General Montgomery at, 6; sick American soldiers at, 6; site of first French settlement in the valley, 25; celebration exercises to be held at, 27, 366; religious services, 27; first Christian worship in Vermont held on, 32, 301, 327; Archbishop of Quebec invited

to religious celebration at, 58; raised $500 for the occasion, 60. Bi-State programme of celebration exercises at, 67; the climax of the celebration reached at, on a perfect day, 73, 301; United States Cavalry camped at, 75; Indian pageants given at, 86; first occupancy of lake shores at, 126, 301; Champlain at, 148, 220; granted to French officials and soldiers, 152, 316; the quarried blocks of, 221; first land visited by Champlain, 301, 311; population of, 301; first visit to, of regular United States troops, 302: arrival of Governor Prouty, 302; of Governor Hughes and guests, 302; Champlain Sunday at, 109, 302-4; Pontifical mass, Monsignor Roy officiating, 302-3; address of welcome by Rev. Thomas A. Prével, 303; sermon by Rev. Abbé Lecocq, 303; address by H. W. Hill, 303; services at Ste. Anne's, July 9th, 304-12: Address, French and English, of Rt. Rev. T. A. PRÉVEL, 304-8; sermon, by Rev. P. J. BARRETT, 309-12; high mass celebrated, 312. Literary exercises, Governor Prouty presiding, 312-32: Invocation by Rev. John M. Thomas, 312-13; address of welcome by H. W. HILL, 314-18: Canadians and French settlers on, attacked by Indians, 316; occupied by British in War of 1812, 316; battery erected on, 316; Downie's and Macdonough's fleets at, 316; fit place for close of celebration, 318; thanks to citizens of, 318; remarks of Benoist d'Azy, 320-21; remarks by Governor Hughes, 321-22; Champlain, a poem, by JOHN ERSKINE, 323-26; address by WENDELL P. STAFFORD, 326-32; dedication of Boulder Monument, 333-34; exercises at, concluded the week's celebration, 335; logical site for memorial to Champlain, 340, 342; favored by Vermont Commission, 340; first island discovered by Champlain, 362; Capt. John Schuyler at, 391; Maj. Peter Schuyler found, deserted, 391.

Isle of Orleans, The, 269.

Italy but a name, 211.

JAMESTOWN, English settlement at, 110; Christopher Newport's colonists at, 210; nearest English settlement to Lake Champlain, 264; settled two years before Champlain, 315, 326.

Jamestown Celebration, The, 234.

Japan, the "Yankee" nation of the East, 178.

Jarvis, George T., member of Vermont Commission, 52; at joint meeting with New York Committee, 345.

Jefferson, Thomas, 245.

Jenne, Mrs. C. S. F., presented tablet in memory of soldiers of War of 1812, 335.

Jesuit mission in 1642 at Isle La Motte, 4.

Jesuits, Heroism of the, 107, 112, 123, 150; earthquake of 1663 reported by the, 375; drew no line, in their mission work, 387.

Johnson, General William, defeated Baron Dieskau at Lake George, 5; fruitless expedition of, against Fort Frédéric, 129; a frontier baron, gathers an army, 153; defeated Dieskau after losing many in ambush, 154-55; named Lake George, 154; built Fort William Henry, 155; rewarded by Parliament and made a baronet, 155, 395.

Jogues, Isaac, Jesuit martyr, 123, 215, 306, 308; at Isle La Motte, 315; in 1642 a captive of the Iroquois, escaped, 387; a messenger of peace, 387; killed on third visit to Mohawks, 387-88.

Joint meeting of the New York and Vermont Commissions, at Hotel Champlain, Sept. 6, 1907, 22; Sub-Committee of three created, 22-23; at Albany, Dec. 21, 1907; resolutions adopted, 26; at Montpelier, Albany, Burlington and Plattsburgh, 55.

Joint memorial from both Commissions sent to the Secretary of State, 43; request in, 43-44; referred to Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, 44.

Joliet, Louis, 150; inspiration in example of, 213; discovered the Mississippi, 271.

Jonson, Ben, on America, 289.

Juneau, Salomon, father of Milwaukee, 272.

Juniper Island as a site for the memorial, 342.

JUSSERAND, JEAN ADRIEN ANTOINE JULES, French Ambassador, guest at review at Plattsburgh Barracks, 78; at Ticonderoga, 139; remarks of, at Ticonderoga, 180-83: Champlain, 180; Montcalm, soldier and man, 181-83; Bougainville and Lévis, 182; France and England, 183; remarks of, at Plattsburgh Barracks, 201-3; thanks for honors to Champlain, 201-2; the spirit of Champlain dwells in President Taft, 202; Champlain hated a useless war, 202; continued remarks in French, 203; guest at banquet to President Taft, 233; introduction of, by Governor Hughes, 237-38; remarks, 238-39; friendship of France for America, and England, 238; France not a flighty nation, 238; Champlain straightforward and a colonizer, 238; founded and died at Quebec, 238; "He goes far that never turneth," 239; Vermont's official welcome to, 255; remarks of, at Burlington, 262-63; Champlain's description of the Lake, 262; the name Vermont, 262; France a sower, has reaped American friendship, 262-63; Gov. Hughes' estimate of, 286; Gov. Prouty, introducing, 289; remarks at banquet, 289-90; thanks for the celebration, 289; Champlain, 289; Ben Jonson on Canada, 289; Senator Root's good English, 290; the Iroquois, 290; the French not numerous enough, 290; France has produced new Champlains, 290; returned to Washington, 297; represented France, 318.

KALM, PETER, described the Champlain Valley, 36; visited Isle La Motte in 1749, 315; on Fort St. Frédéric, 393–94; visit of, exceptional, 403.
Karol, Spanish sculptor, Statue of Legaspi by, 194.
Kepler and Galileo, 326.
Kingsley, Darwin Pearl, President of Lake Champlain Association, 423.
Kirby-Parrish, Mrs. L., painted five oil portraits of Champlain, 60.
KNAPP, H. WALLACE, interested in a celebration, 16; member of New York Commission, 50, 52; on committees, 51; permanent chairman, 51; chairman of Exercises at Plattsburgh Barracks, 197; remarks introducing Governor Hughes, 197; presenting Governor Prouty, 200; presenting Ambassador Jusserand, 201; introducing Ambassador Bryce, 203; presenting Rodolphe Lemieux, 205; introducing Elihu Root, 207; introducing Daniel L. Cady, 214; introducing Pres. Taft, 230; at banquet to President Taft, 233; presented Governor Hughes as toastmaster, 234; and Witherbee consulted Governor Hughes on site for monument, 341.
Knights of Columbus at high mass, Ste. Anne's Chapel, 312.
Kohl, J. G., devotes a chapter to Burlington, and to "See Champlain," 423.

LA BARRE, GOVERNOR LE FEBVRE DE, burned Iroquois villages, 213.
La Fayette, Marquis de, 181, 227; shared in laying a cornerstone of a building at the college in Burlington, 410–11; and escort left Burlington on the *Phoenix* and the *Congress*, 411.
La Fresnière, Sieur de, sent to occupy Crown Point, 123.
La Hève, High, 215.
La Motte Lussière, Pierre de St. Paul, Sieur de, built Fort Ste. Anne in 1665–6 on Isle La Motte, 4, 301, 315, 388.
La Nové, leader of band against Mohawk towns, 391.
La Prairie, Capt. John Schuyler captured French at, 391; Maj. Peter Schuyler attacked, 391.
La Rocque, Dr. J. H., Chief marshal of parade at Plattsburgh, 231.
La Salle, René-Robert Cavelier, Sieur de, Champlain divides pre-eminence with, 149, 150; inspiration in example of, 213; a great explorer, 264; Champlain more considerate than, 264; descended the Mississippi, 265; named the Louisiana territory, 271.
Labor organizations co-operated, 60.
Lac Hiroquoise, or Mer des Iroquois, names of Lake Champlain, 390.
Lady of the Snows, 321.
Lafayette, Marquis de, *see* La Fayette *above*.
Lafontaine, Louis C., member of New York Commission, 50, 52; on committees, 51–52; on Committee on Literary Exercises, 56; appointed to invite the Archbishop of Quebec, 58; portrait of Champlain presented to, by

the Commission, 60; on Funds for a Monument Committee, 339; on Committee on Location and Cost of Monument, 339; on Committee on Erection of Memorial at Crown Point, 343; urged a lighthouse as form for memorial, 345; at joint meeting with Vermont Committee, 345–46.

Lake Albany, a great glacial lake, 380.

Lake Champlain, Discoverer of, 1, 31, 142, 220, 361–62; grants of land about, 1–2; battles on, between Algonquins and Hurons and the Iroquois, 2, 4, 363; two naval engagements on, 3–4; a paradise for the aborigines, 4; Parkman on, 5; settlements begun on, 5; Peter S. Palmer, historian, on activities on, 5–6; the naval engagements on, under Benedict Arnold, 7; British expeditions on, 8; Macdonough's naval victory on, 8–9; under sovereign control of United States, 8, 9; comparable with foreign lakes, 9; tour of inspection of historic sites on, by the two Commissions, 23–25; resolution that Tercentenary of the discovery of, be celebrated, 26; discovery of, antedates that of Hudson River, 31; highway and battle ground for rights of New York, 34, 396; engagements and expeditions on, during Revolution and War of 1812, 34–35; 100th anniversary of steam navigation on, 36; a part of the system of improved waterways, 36; in literature, 36–37; date of Champlain's entrance into not agreed upon, 74; no permanent settlement on, 118; the mastery of, a decisive factor in holding the territory, 124–25; the "door of the country," 129; famous in two wars, 141; its beauty, 141; the memories of, 146; the discovery, 147–48; importance of, as a highway, 152; struggle transferred to, 156; named, 167, 175; the battleground of two hundred years, 186–87, 396; Champlain on, 220–22; a highway and a battle field, 227, 396; Caniaderi guarunte, "the gate of the country," 264–65; never a great highway of commerce, 266; a dwelling of peace and quiet, 266; charms of the country around, 267; visitors drawn to, by Tercentenary, 336; great beauty of, 336; western shore of old crystallines, 374, 377; from Port Henry to Bluff Point, 374; the glacial, Lake Vermont, 380; the Hochelagan Sea, 381; present form of, 381–82; Isaac Weld's experiences on, 405; compared to Derwentwater, 416.

Lake Champlain Association, Officers and meetings of, 423.

Lake Champlain Tercentenary, Samuel Champlain and the. *See* HILL, HENRY WAYLAND.

Lake Champlain Tercentenary Commission of New York, Legislation for the, 47–50; members of the, 50, 52; organization of the, at Plattsburgh, 51; committees constituted by the, 51–52; work of the, 55–68: Meetings held at various places, 55; joint meetings with the Vermont Commission, 55, 58; two problems: A suit-

able celebration, and a suitable permanent memorial to Champlain, 55; local interests of two States considered and satisfactorily served, 55–56, 73; general public given a celebration unexcelled, 56, 73; multifarious details of the work, 56; at second meeting in New York city the literary exercises were put in the hands of Senator Hill, Judge Booth and Mr. Lafontaine, 56; this committee sought co-operation of America's foremost literary men, 56; and of the highest official representatives of the nations and states concerned, 56–57; great scope for the commemorative ceremonies, 57; events in history of three nations, 57; richness of Revolutionary period, 57; early strife of French and Indian, and British supremacy, 57; War of 1812, 57; specially invited guests, 57; Committee on Official Invitations, 57–58; mayors of many American and Canadian cities invited, 58; meetings of the, at Ticonderoga, Plattsburgh, and Burlington in May, 1909, 58; numerous meetings in June at Plattsburgh, and at Hotel Champlain, headquarters, 58; religious features of the celebration on July 4th especially satisfactory, 58; co-operation of Federal troops, and military bodies from New York, Vermont, and Canada, 58–59; delegates from the, confer with Federal authorities at Washington, 59; advertising the celebration, 59; literary publications, 59; illustrated press aided, 59; State Education Department published a pamphlet, 59; Publicity Bureau organized, 59; a commemoration medal, 60; oil portraits of Champlain, 60; co-operation of organized bodies in the Champlain region, 60; shooting tournament and boat races, 60; display of fireworks, 60; local independent funds raised, 60; special acknowledgments for assistance, 61; cordial co-operation of people of the Champlain Valley, 61; Gov. Hughes heartily endorsed, 61; excursion fares secured, 61; steamer *Ticonderoga* engaged for the, 61; docks repaired, 62; paper on the geology of the valley prepared, 62; literary program completed May 29th, 62; Bi-State program of exercises formulated, 62; religious exercises for Sunday, July 4th, 62; week-day programmes, spectacular, musical, patriotic, and literary, 62; the militia and the military, 62; literary offerings and official representation the crowning success, 62–63; the voices of three great nations, 63; the official Bi-State Programme, in full, 63–68; thanks to, from Governor Hughes, 198; thanks to, from Governor Prouty, 258; at Isle La Motte, 302; meeting of, August 13, 1908, 339; Committee on Raising Funds for a Monument appointed, 339; Committee of five on Location and Cost of Monument, 339; review of the sites submitted to, by Secretary Hill, 339–40; hearing on availability of Mt. Defiance as site for memorial, 341–42; motion regarding site adopted, 342;

further discussion, 342; Vermont Commission invited to a joint conference, 343; appropriation for joint memorial at Crown Point, 343; vote of, for site, 343; Committee on Erection of Memorial at Crown Point, 343; on Erection of Memorial at Bluff Point or Plattsburgh, 344; joint meeting of the Committees at Columbia University, 345; Bill passed by Congress reported to meeting in Albany, 347; authorized erection of the McLellan design, 348; Committee on Memorial near Plattsburgh authorized to make contract, 348.

Lake Champlain Tercentenary Commission of New York State, created, 18; Report of the First Commission, 21–40: Resolution creating the Commission, 21; members, 22; joint meeting with Vermont Commission, 22; a tour of inspection, 23–25; conference with the Secretary of State, 25–26; action taken at joint meeting at Albany, December 21, 1907, 26; sundry suggestions, 27; a memorial volume recommended, 27–28; approval of the Governor in message to Legislature, 28; the Vermont Commission, 28; popular interest in the matter, 29; action of patriotic societies, 29–31; historic importance of the Champlain region, 31, 32; first Christian worship in Vermont, 32; Crown Point and Ticonderoga, 32–33; historic associations, 33; in defense of New York's rights, 33–34; exploits in three wars, 34–35; landmarks that should be preserved, 35; what it is proposed to celebrate, 36; Lake Champlain in literature, 36–37; progress of the Champlain region, 37; New York and Champlain, 37–38; Champlain anniversaries elsewhere, 38; significance of the anniversary of 1909, 38; recommendation: An act to provide for the celebration, 39–40.

Lake Champlain Tercentenary Commission of Vermont, Members of the, 52; joint meetings of, with New York Commission, 55, 58; thanks extended to, 61; guests at the review at Plattsburgh Barracks, 79; thanks to, from Governor Prouty, 332; Official Report of the, 335; cordial relations with New York Commission, 335; Bi-State programme of exercises, 335; invited to conference on site for memorial, 343; resolution of, for Crown Point as site, 343; to contribute balance of money for the memorial, 343; joint meeting of the Committees at Columbia University, 345.

Lake Champlain Yacht Club, Regatta of the, at Burlington, 254.

Lake Como, 9, 141.

Lake Erie, The French crossed, 111.

Lake George, Dieskau defeated by Gen. W. Johnson at, 5, 154–55; named by Gen. Wm. Johnson, 155; vast flotilla of Gen. Abercromby on, 157; drum-beat rumbles from, 168; Champlain learned of, 362.

"Lake George and Lake Champlain," by W. Max Reid, 59.

Lake Herocoies, Governor Winthrop calls Lake Champlain, 390.
Lake Huron, Champlain first white man to see, 364.
Lake Lugano, 141.
Lake Maggiore, 9, 141.
Lake Nippissing crossed by Champlain, 364.
Lake Ontario, French forts on south shore of, 1; Champlain first white man to cross, 364-65.
Lake St. Peter crossed, 147, 356.
Lake Simcoe, 365.
Lake Valcour, a supposed pre-glacial lake, 379.
Lake Vermont, a glacial Lake Champlain, 380-81.
Lakes, Great fresh water, 379-80.
Lalande, companion of Jogues, killed, 388.
Lalemant, Gabriel, Jesuit martyr, 123.
Lamothe-Cadillac founded Detroit, 272.
Landmarks that should be preserved, 35.
Lands, French grants of, in and about Lake Champlain, 1, 397; not confirmed, 1-2; not occupied, 397; many British grants not taken up, 397; contest between New York and New Hampshire over, 398.
Language and literature, A common, 295.
Laramée, Abbé, of Redford, N. Y., 303.
Lascelles, Frank, manager of Quebec Tercentenary, consulted, 15, 358.
Laurier, Sir Wilfrid, interested in a celebration, 16-17; a descendant of early French stock, 123; and the Georgian Canal, 206.
Laval-Montmorency, François Xavier de, pioneer bishop of Canada, 301; Mgr. Roy a successor to, 303; in vision of the past, 306, 308; at Isle La Motte, 315; visits Fort Ste. Anne, 389.
Le Caron, Joseph, Inspiration in example of, 213.
Leclerc, interpreter, 272.
Lecocq, Rev. Abbé, preached sermon at services at Isle La Motte, 303.
Legaspi, Statue of, and Erdinator, in Manila, 194.
Legislation and organization, 47-52; Acts and amended Acts, 47-50; members of the Commission, 50-52; organization, 51; committees, 51-52; members of the Vermont Commission, 52.
LEMIEUX, RODOLPHE, Remarks of, at Plattsburgh Barracks, 205-6: Canadian people and American the same, 205; French and English a Canadian combination, 205; President Taft a Canadian neighbor, 205; Champlain and Hudson, 205-6; men who belong to humanity, 206; President Taft on remarks of, 230; guest at banquet to President Taft, 233; remarks at banquet, 243-47: President Taft, 243; the celebration, 243-44; Canada and the United States, exchange of population, 244; commercially, 245; politically, 245-46; development of Canada, 246-47; speech at Burlington, 269-74: The Quebec Tercentenary, 269; three nations there and here, 269; the Champlain Valley hallowed ground,

270; the highway of war and travel, 270; the French pioneers, 271–72; the Puritans and the Pilgrim Fathers, 272–73; the *entente cordiale*, 273–74; toast: Canada, 293–97; President Taft settled down and up in Canada yearly, 294; Canadian settlers in United States, and in Civil War, 294; a common language and literature, 295; Emerson and the New England poets, 295; Parkman, 295–96; Henry Hudson, 296; Champlain, examples, 296–97; represented Canada, 318.

Leo the XIII and the Philippines, 195.

Leroles, M. de, taken prisoner by Mohawks, 388.

Lescarbot, Marc, Efforts of, for a New France, unsuccessful, 210.

Lester, Col. James W., Second Regiment, N. G. N. Y., in camp at Plattsburgh Barracks, 77–78.

Letter of transmission, iii.

Levasseur, A., secretary to Gen. Lafayette, 411.

Lévis, François Gaston, at Fort Ste. Anne, 33; at Fort Carillon, 182, 215; in the vision of the past, 305, 308.

Lévis Channel, The, 376; closed, 378; restored after uncounted ages, 381.

Libretto of the play of Hiawatha, 425–63.

Life of common men made better, 328–30.

Lighthall, W. D., The "Master of Life" by, 88, 427.

Limestones, The, 378.

Lindsey, Mgr., archdeacon of Quebec, 303.

Linnet, The, in English squadron at Cumberland Bay, 163, 164.

Lion Couchant, Le, 220.

Literary offerings, the crowning success, 62.

Literary programme, A, to be perfected, 56; Committee on, selected, 56; completion of, announced, 62.

Literature and language, A common, 295.

Littebrant, Capt. W. T., commanding squadron of Fifteenth United States Cavalry, 75.

Lloyd, Brig.-Gen. James H., commanding Third Brigade, N. G., 76; thanks of the Commission due, 76; in camp with his troops, 77; in command of second division, the Canadian troops, in parade at Plattsburgh, 232.

Local programmes of sports and contests, Rivalry in, 73.

"Logan's Fault," 374.

L'Oiseau, Rev. Father, S. J., of Montreal, pronounced a final allocution, 303.

London, Historical pageants at, 13.

Long House of the Iroquois, The, 208; government and territory of the, 209; only barrier against incursions of Canadian French and Indians, 2, 208, 213–14; honor to, 214, 234.

Long Island in Champlain's path, 148.

Loomis, Daniel A., member of Committee on Commissary, 52; assistance rendered by, 61.

Loring, Capt., of Amherst's army, pursued French vessels near Valcour Island, 23.

Lotbinière, Michael Eustace Gaspard, contended for land grants, 397.

Louis XIV, The forerunners of, 211-12.

Louisburg to be taken, 158; Pepperrell at, 213.

Louisiana, name given by La Salle, 271.

Louisiana purchase, The, 111.

LOW, SETH, Address at Crown Point, July 5, 120-25: New France antedates New England, 120; "New Netherlands" of the Dutch, 120; the plough gives better title to land than sword or gun, 120; battle with Iroquois fatal to France, 121; as many Indians living to-day as then, 121-22; a feudal France, ended in two revolutions, 122; French names of prosperous communities, 123; Jesuit, 123; French occupation of Crown Point, brought on a crisis, 123-24; defeat of France led to American Revolution, 124; control of the lake meant control of the region, 124-25; amity of five peoples concerned, 125; remarks at Ticonderoga, 176-77; queries as to place of Champlain's fight and name of Fort Frédéric answered by popular vote, 176; destinies of the continent settled by a few men, 176-77.

Lower Canada, The French population of, 186.

Lower Silurian, Period of the, 376.

Ludden, Rt. Rev. Bp. Patrick W., at service at Cliff Haven on Champlain Sunday, 102.

Lyman, Gen. Phineas, built Fort Lyman (Fort Edward), 153.

MABIE, HAMILTON WRIGHT.—The Story of Lake Champlain, 147-65: The discovery, 147-48; a great figure appears, 149-51; seeds of conflict, 151-53; a frontier baron: Sir William Johnson, 153-56; the decisive struggle, 156; Montcalm, 156-57; the defeat at Ticonderoga, 158; the colonists in arms, 158-59; the struggle to command the Lake, 159-61; Benedict Arnold, 161; Burgoyne at Ticonderoga, 161-63; the Battle of Plattsburgh, 163-64; a century of peace brings ancient foes together as modern friends, 164-65; fair France, England, Canada, the Indian welcomed by their host, the United States, 165.

McCloskey, John, prelate, in vision of the past, 306, 308.

McComb, Alexander, Tablet to, 400.

McCuen, Hon. Robert W., moved joint resolution for appointment of Vermont Commission, 15; member of Commission, 16, 28.

Macdonough, Rodney, an invited guest, 57.

Macdonough, Commander Thomas, Naval victory of, 8-9, 34, 134, 163-64, 228, 328, 364; Congress awarded gold medal to, 9; Theodore Roosevelt on, 9, 199; Commissioners

visit site of victory of, 23; in Cumberland Bay, 141, 174; tribute of Governor Hughes to, 199–200; belongs to humanity, 206; in vision of the past, 305, 308; fleet of, at Isle La Motte, 316; there should be a statue of, at Cumberland Head, 340; inscription on tablet to, 399; fleet of, built near Vergennes, 407.

Macdonough National Military Park, 398.

Macdonough's farm near Plattsburgh, 416.

MAC KAYE, PERCY.—Ticonderoga, A ballad, 166–75: The White Chevalier, "Champlain," 167; the Iroquois, 167; Maqua and wild Algonquin, 168; Abercromby, Howe, Stark, Montcalm, 169; Putnam, death of Howe, 170, 172; the abatis, 171; Ethan Allen, 172–74; the *Royal Savage* 174; Carleton, Mount Defiance, Burgoyne, Macdonough, 174.

McKinley, William, visited Isle La Motte, 315.

McLaughlin, Chester B., President of Lake Champlain Association, 423.

McLellan, Hugh, competing architect, 345; design of, accepted, 346; description of the design for memorial, 346–47; erection of design of, ordered, 348.

McMahon, Rt. Rev. Dennis J., Address of, at service at Cliff Haven on Champlain Sunday, 102–3; presided at celebration July 7th, address, 191–92: Three Presidents as guests, 191; the School, 191–92; introduced Governor Hughes, 192; introduced President Taft, 193; introduced Cardinal Gibbons, 196.

McMahon, M. D., member of Vermont Commission, 16, 28.

Macomb, General Alexander, retreated from Plattsburgh, 163.

McSherry, Rev. P. S., Bp. of South Africa, at the service at Cliff Haven on Champlain Sunday, 102, 103.

Magellan, The skiffs of, 186; and Legaspi, in the Philippines, 194; the equal of Columbus, 264.

Magnetic iron ore, 377.

Magpie Islands, The, 216.

Mahan, Capt. A. T., on the little American navy on Lake Champlain, 7; his idea of influence of sea power illustrated, 125.

Malby, George R., David J. Foster on work done by, in putting bill through Congress, 179; at banquet to President Taft, 233.

Man, The divinity of, 332.

Manley, The, torpedo boat, took part in the Lake celebration, 76, 85; naval escort to the President, 76.

Maqua, the Mohawk Indians, 168.

Marauding parties in the French interest, 396.

Marion, Abbé, curé of Ste. Anne of Ottawa, master of ceremonies, 303.

Marjoribanks, Alexander, compared scenery to Island of Bute and Firth of Clyde, 421.

Marquette, Jacques, 150; inspiration in example of, 213; discovered the Mississippi, 271; in the vision of the past, 306, 308.

Massachusetts sent men against the French, 214.
Massacre near Fort William Henry, 156.
"Master of Life," The, by W. D. Lighthall, gives the story of Hiawatha, 88.
Matet, leader of band against Mohawk towns, 391.
Matheson, Rev. James, at the Lake, 414.
Matthews, Mr., in "A Summer Month," describes Plattsburgh and Burlington, 409–10.
Maude, John, described the Champlain Valley, 36.
Maurepas, Frédéric, French Secretary of Foreign Affairs, Fort Frédéric named for, 5, 363, 393.
Mayflower, The, eleven years later than the *Don de Dieu*, 120.
Mayors of many American and Canadian cities invited, 58.
Meads, L. R., at hearing, 341.
Medley, Julius George, found scenery of Lake Champlain inferior to that of Lake George, 422.
Memorial, permanent, Resolution of joint Commissions recommending a, 26; resolution of Daughters of American Revolution recommending, 30.
Memorial volume of the celebration recommended, 27–28.
Men, The, whose exploits made history, 143–46.
Menendez, Colony of, destroyed by the Gascon de Gorgues, 209–10.
Menu cards at the banquet, 233.
Mer des Iroquois, French name of Lake Champlain, 141, 363.
Merritt, Edwin A., Jr., at banquet to President Taft, 233.
Mesopotamia, unfolding its ancient life, 366.
Mexico, Champlain visited, 356.
Michaud, Sgr., in vision of the past, 306, 308.
Military and naval features, 73–79; public interested in the, 74; success of, 318.
Military and Naval Committee, Report of, 75–79.
Military glory passes in vision of the past, 305, 308; felicitates Champlain, 306, 308.
Military organizations, voluntary, of Canada, Co-operation of, arranged for, 58; participation of the, 62.
Military review at Ticonderoga, 139.
Militia of Vermont, Co-operation of, arranged for, 58; participation of the, 62.
Milton, John, born, 330.
Milwaukee, Salomon Juneau, father of, 272.
Minoan age immediately succeeded the Neolithic, 366.
Missionaries, the French, Cardinal Gibbons on, 107; Rt. Rev. Prével on, 305, 307; in the vision of the past, 306, 308.
Missionary, The black-robed, 270.
Missisquoi Bay, P. Stansbury describes, 409.
Mississippi, Colonization of the lower, 111, 213; La Salle descended the, 265.
Mitré, Most Rev. Abbé, of Oka, Don Antoine, 303.

Mohawk River, Sir W. Johnson lived on the, 153.
Mohawk towns, Raid upon, 391.
Mohawk Valley, The, to the south, 148; plan to take possession of, 161.
Mohawks, The, one of the Five nations, 208; chief of, killed by Champlain, 210; boundary between Hurons and, 222, 389; feasted by Burgoyne, 229; Lake the home of the, 358–59; foes of Algonquins and Hurons, 359; easternmost leaders of the Iroquois Confederacy, 385; murder Father Jogues and Lalande, 387–88.
Monongahela, The decisive struggle begun on the, 156.
Monro, Colonel, surrendered Fort William Henry, 155–56.
Monroe, James, visited Burlington, Vergennes, and Plattsburgh, 407.
Montagnais, 223; party of, with Champlain, 359.
Montcalm de Saint-Véran, Louis Joseph, Marquis de, victor at Ticonderoga, 3, 134, 140, 158, 170, 395–96; called to defense of Quebec, 3; succeeded Dieskau and captured Fort William Henry, 5, 395; heroic deeds of, 118; death of, 124, 157; occupied Fort Frédéric and moved on to Carillon, 129; reproduction of cross of victory of, set up, 140; character of, 144, 156–57; set up the cross, 144; protagonist of the French in the contest, 156; labors before, 157; the man and the soldier, 181–83; honored by his enemies, 183; James Bryce on, 184; President Taft on, 186; inspiration in example of, 213; the genius of, 214; our tribute to, 237; the purity and loyalty of, 288; in the vision of the past, 305, 308; skill and devotion of, 395.
Montgomery, General Richard, Expedition in 1775 under, and Gen. Philip Schuyler, 5, 6, 118, 160; captured St. John's and Montreal, 6, 160; killed at Quebec, 6, 160; embarked from Crown Point, 130; Frederick the Great praised generalship of, 160–61; buried in New York, 160; met Gen. Philip Schuyler at Isle La Motte, 316; Boulder Monument to campaign of, 333.
Montpelier, Joint meeting of Commissions at, 55.
Montreal, captured by Gen. Montgomery, 6, 160; the future city, 147; failure of colony at, 210; four days from the Pacific, 270; Champlain passed site of, 356.
Montreal Island called earlier Tiotiake, 86; and Hochelaga, 90; Iroquois driven from, 88, 89.
Monument Committee instructed to procure plans, 342; discharged, 343.
Monument to Champlain, Crown Point the place for a, 129; board of arbitration suggested to select site for, 236.
Moore, Governor Henry, Conference of, on Canadian boundary line, with Sir Guy Carleton, at Windmill Point, 24, 363.
Moore, Commodore J. W., Invited guest, 57.
Moose of Mountains, Mt. Mansfield, 226.

Morrill, Justin S., 284.
Moseodebewadso, Indian name of Mt. Mansfield, 226.
Motor boat contest arranged for, 60.
Mount Defiance fortified by Burgoyne, 140; Abercromby's neglected opportunity, 158; Gen. Phillips occupies, 162, 174; land on, offered as site for memorial, 341.
Mount Desert Island, Champlain's description of, 264.
Mt. Mansfield, 133, 148, 311; Moseodebewadso, Moose of Mountains, midst the snows, 226.
Mount Marcy, 148, 311; Tahawas, the wedge that splits the sky, 226.
Mt. Trembleau, 375.
Mt. White Face, 133, 148; Wahopartenie, 226.
Mountain tops should be kept open, 268.
Mullany, James A., 341.
Murray, Charles Augustus, rode from Ogdensburgh to Plattsburgh, 414; charmed with Burlington, 414–15.
Murray Bay, Canada, President Taft's residence at, 186; will welcome him back, 205; President Taft on, 230.
Murray Highlanders, French descendants of the, 186.
Musical features suggested, 27.
Myers, John R., member of committees, 51; assistance rendered by, 61.

NABBYCROMBIE, MRS., 158.
Nadeau, Fred, owner of Crown Point, 32.
Napoleon, admirer of Ossian, 181.
Nation, Establishment of a new, 234; a closely united people, 235, 260; three hundred years' development of a, 256.
National Guard of New York, Co-operation of bodies from the, arranged for, 58; participation of the, 62, 76–78; officers in command of the, 76; Third Brigade ordered to encamp for field service at Crown Point and Plattsburgh Barracks, 76; defeated by the Indians in sham battle at Ticonderoga, 90.
Nations, Three, contended for possession of this region, 4; events in the history of, to be celebrated, 57; voices of, heard, 63, 118; descendants of, honor Montcalm, 144; say "never do it again," 185; fit place for celebration of, 185; amity and concord of, 198, 204; few spots for joint celebration by, 203; James Bryce on, 240; at Quebec and Lake Champlain, 269; in unity in the celebration, 279; distinguished citizens of, 314, 315; bonds of friendship of the, strengthened, 335.
Naval engagements on Lake Champlain, Two, 3; under Benedict Arnold, 7; under Macdonough, 8–9; near Valcour Island, 23; tablets in commemoration of, 399.
Naval exhibit, The, *see* United States.
Navy, Flotilla from, 76, 85.
Neeser's "Statistical Tables of the U. S. Navy," 9 note, 23.
NELSON, Coad. Bp. RICHARD H.—Sermon in Plattsburgh on Champlain Sunday, 109–13: Attempts of various nations to secure America, 109; divided between Spain and Portugal by

Pope Alexander VI, 109; France and England rivals for possession, 110; Verrazano and Cartier, 110; Champlain and his colonial policy, 110; English adventurers, 110–11; importance of fur trade, 110–11; "The Gentlemen Adventurers of England" and the Hudson Bay Co., 111; the French on the lower Mississippi, 111; the French and English wars and loss of Canada, 111; relations of Canada and the United States, 112; religion in the history of the nation, 112; England and France Catholic countries, 112; an American Catholic Church, 113; services of the Roman Catholic Church to the American people, 113.

Nero held artist a prisoner, 331.

New Amsterdam transferred to the English, 211; work of the Dutch in, 234.

New Brunswick, Champlain mapped coast of, 357.

New England earlier known as "New France," 120; Champlain mapped the coast of, 327.

New England coast, Champlain explored and mapped the, 357; extended farther eastward than now, 376.

New Foundland, Champlain at the Banks of, 356.

"New France," as a name, did not adhere, 120; Parkman on, 122; monuments of the founders of, 123; contesting for pre-eminence, 143; voyager between France and, 217, 237; highway between, and New England, 270; to found a, Champlain's ideal, 304, 307; Jacques Cartier gave the name, 355; Champlain's voyages to, 357; restored to French King by England, 365.

New Hampshire sent men against the French, 214.

New Hampshire grants, The, 259, 260, 265.

New Jersey sent men against the French, 214.

"New Netherlands," as a name, adhered, 120.

New Orleans founded, 111; tradition of French at, 150.

New World, England and France rivals for possession of the, 110; contribution of France to making of the, 149; great figures in morning light of the, 150; the "far-flung battle line" in the, 156.

New York city, Plan to seize, 161.

New York Colony, Expeditions from, against French and Indians, 33–34; colonial governors of, advocated building a fort on Lake Champlain, 393.

New York Legislature, Concurrent resolution of, appointing a Commission, 17, 21; adopted, 22; Act to provide for the celebration of the Tercentenary, 39–49, 49–50, 349; Act of, accepting gift of lands at Crown Point, 344.

New York Historical Association, Twelfth annual meeting, 4–6; October, 1910, held on Steamer *Vermont*, 423.

New York Province, Crucial circumstances in history of, 14.

New York senators and assemblymen, guests at the review at Plattsburgh, 79.
New York State, Probable result if Champlain had claimed territory of, in name of Henry IV, 1; part of, might have been included in domain of Canada, 2; struggle of France and England for territory of, 31; represented by its executive head, 62-63; the big brother of Vermont, 146; informally picturesque language of, 154; sent men against the French, 214; congratulated by President Taft, 235; thanks to, from Governor Prouty, 258.
New Yorker, Emotion of a, upon Vermont soil, 259.
New Zealand, 329.
Newfoundland, Sir Humphrey Gilbert on, 110; Verrazano claimed, for France, 110; French fishermen at, 150.
Newport, Christopher, Colonists of, at Jamestown, 210.
Newspapers and magazines devoted illustrated articles to the celebration, 59.
Newton, I. C., at hearing, 341.
Niagara, Fort at, 153, 158.
Niagara Falls, Champlain learns of, 356.
Nicollet, Jean, 150; inspiration in example of, 213.
Noailles, Maréchal de, on Montcalm, 181.
Normandy and Brittany, French sailors and explorers from the harbors of, 149-50.
North, Mrs. Clayton N., presented Boulder Monument to the State, 333.
North West Bay, 222.
North West Co. organized, 111.
Northern ice-pack, Champlain gazed on the, 217.
Northland, The, passes to the Gaul, 219.
Nouvelle France, The wondrous land of, 215.
Nova Scotia, Champlain mapped coast of, 357.

O'BRIEN, HON. JOHN F., Assistance rendered by, 61.
"O God, beneath thy guiding hand," hymn, 98.
"O God of Bethel, by whose hand," hymn, 94.
Old Crown Point, see Crown Point, and Barnes, Albert C.
Oneidas, one of the Five nations, 208; council house of the, 223.
Onondaga Lake, Champlain wounded near, 365.
Onondagas, The, one of the Five nations, 208.
Ontario, Lake, discovered by Champlain, 327.
Ontario, Province of, Premier and Governor-General of, invited, 58.
Order of service for July 4th, Champlain Sunday, 93-101.
Oregon Territory, Title to the, established by settlers, 120.
Organization, see Legislation and organization.
Organized bodies resident in Champlain region, Co-operation of, desired, 60.

Orient, Holland in the, 211; wealth of the, within grasp, 270.
Ostemoy, The, 223.
O'Sullivan, Rev. Dennis, preached sermon at services at Isle La Motte, 303.
O'Sullivan, Rev. W. J., officiated at vesper service at Burlington, on Champlain Sunday, 101.
Oswego, Plan to capture, 161.
Ottawa River explored by Champlain, 110, 206, 269, 327, 364.
Ottawas feasted by Burgoyne, 8.
Otter River called Wonakakatuk, 226; celebration at Fort Cassin on, 334.
Owen, Robert L., senator from Oklahoma, a Cherokee Indian, 122.

PACIFIC, The, three centuries ago and now, 329.
Painting, Masterpieces of, before 1609, 332.
Palmer, Peter S., historian, on activities on Lake Champlain, 5-6, 8.
Paltsits, Victor H., State Historian, at the first joint meeting of the Commissioners, 22; assistance rendered by, 61.
Panama, Champlain first said there should be a canal at, 206, 269, 356.
Panton, Arnold, at, 328.
Parade and review at Burlington, 280.
Parker, Mrs. E. S., great-granddaughter of Seth Warner, 334.
Parker, Capt. O. H., commanding Company "M" of Vermont National Guard, 302.
Parkman, Francis, on Lake Champlain, 5; on New France, 122; on the Seven Years' War, 156; a name grateful to Canadian ears, 295.
Past, Vision of the, 305-6, 307.
Patriotic and Fraternal Society Day at Burlington, 254.
Patriotic societies, Secretary instructed to procure data relative to, 27; action of, 29-31; Daughters of the American Revolution, 29-30; Society of the Colonial Wars, 30-31; other, in the Champlain valley, 31; assistance of many, acknowledged, 61; of Vermont women erect Boulder Monument, 333.
Patriotism, Historic celebrations incentives to, 14; pride in our local, 235.
Patten, Edmund, found Burlington hotels inferior, 420; disturbed by noises of freight handling, 420; praised customs arrangements and travel facilities, 421.
Paulding, Col. William, valuable assistance from, 61; and Twenty-fourth United States Infantry, 75; in the parade at Plattsburgh, 232.
Peace, World-wide reign of, in 20th century, 242; the arts of, most civilizing, 273; our gathering of these representatives a guarantee of, 288; what shall we do with it? 288.
Péan, Sieur, Major of Quebec, received grant of Isle La Motte, 316.
Pell, Howland, member of New York Commission, 50, 52; on committees, 51; and Mr. Witherbee visited Governor's Island, 58; report of Military and Naval Committees, 75-79; received President Taft and party at

Ticonderoga, 139; on Funds for a Monument Committee, 339; on Committee on Location and Cost of Monument, 339; presented claims of Ticonderoga, 341; on Committee on Erection of Memorial at Crown Point, 343; at joint meeting with Vermont Committee, 345-46; reported passage of bill by Congress, 347.

Pell, Stephen H. P., Assistance of, acknowledged, 61; received and entertained President Taft and party at Ticonderoga, 139.

Pell, William F., Ticonderoga owned by, and his descendants, 33.

Pell family, Fort Ticonderoga rebuilt by, 141; patriotism of the, 145.

Pelletier, Sir Adolphe, Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, guest at banquet to President Taft, 233.

Pelletier, Rev. J. N., pastor of St. Peter's Church, Plattsburgh, 231.

Pennsylvania sent men against the French, 214.

Penobscot Bay, The *Half Moon* repairing in, 210.

People of Canada and America alike, 205.

Pepperrell at Louisburg, 213.

Perrault, interpreter, 272.

Perry, Com. Oliver Hazard, Victory of, 125.

Persia awakening, 330.

Peru Bay, formerly Corlaer's Bay, 390.

Peta-ou-bough, " a double lake branching into two," name of Lakes Champlain and George, 389.

Peta-wa-bouque, Indian name of Champlain valley, 141, 363.

Phelps, Edward J., 284.

Philadelphia Exposition of 1876, 13.

Philip the Second, Decline of Spanish power with death of, 210-11.

Philippines, President Taft's experience in the, 194-95.

Phillips, General, officer with Burgoyne, 162.

Phillipsburgh, P. Stansbury describes, 409.

Phoenix, Burning of the, described by Frances Wright, 408; carried Lafayette, 411; James Stuart on, 413.

Phoenix, The new lake steamer, 423.

Pierron, Father Jean, labored at Fort Ste. Anne, 33, 389.

Pilgrim Fathers built the American nation, 273; came eleven years before Champlain, 315.

Pilotois, The, 223.

Pitt, William, to Grenville on the loss of Ticonderoga, 3; master, 328.

Pizarro, a great explorer, 264.

Place of Scalps, The, 225.

Place where echoes dwell, Cheonderoga, 226.

Plains of Abraham, The, 186, 269.

Plattsburgh, Battle of, land and naval, Tablets in commemoration of the, 400; described by Miss Frances Wright, 408.

Plattsburgh, N. Y., Bi-State programme of celebration exercises at, July 7th, 65. *See, also, below*, Plattsburgh Barracks, Literary exercises at, 197-232.

Plattsburgh, Celebration exercises to be held at, 37, 366; engagements in War of 1812 at and near, 34; joint

meeting of Commissions at, 55; visit of Commission to, 58; meetings at, 58; portrait of Champlain to be given to a French Society at, 60; fireworks on successive evenings at, 60; fund of $10,000 raised at, 60; Bi-State programme of celebration exercises at, 62, 65; parade and review at, 75; Indian pageants given at, 86; sermon at Trinity Episcopal Church, by Bp. Richard H. Nelson, on Champlain Sunday, 109–13; defeat of the British at, 126; the battle of, 163–64; the second Salamis, 228; "French Day" at, 231; mass and sermon in St. Peter's Church, 231; civic parade with floats, 231; address at St. Peter's College, 231; Indian pageants at mouth of the Saranac, and fireworks, 232; Committee on memorial near, 344, 348; military post established at, 398; James Monroe's visit to, 407–8; described by Mr. Matthews, 409; Capt. T. Hamilton on Prevost's rout at, 415; panegyric of James Dixon on the Lake at, 418–19.

Plattsburgh, New York Tercentenary Parade, July 7th, at, 231–32; military organizations in the, 232; Col. C. D. Cowles, grand marshal, 232; President and party, Brigade of U. S. I., Canadian troops, G. A. R., civic organizations, 232.

Plattsburgh Barracks, Literary exercises at, H. WALLACE KNAPP, chairman, 197–232: Address of chairman, 197; address of Governor Hughes, 198–200; address of Governor Prouty, 200–1; address of Ambassador Jusserand, 201–3; address of Ambassador Bryce, 203–4; address of Rodolphe Lemieux, 205–6; Historical address: The Iroquois and the Struggle for America, by ELIHU ROOT, 207–14; Poem: Champlain and Lake Champlain, by DANIEL L. CADY, 215–29; remarks of President Taft, 230; evening parade at, 231; New York regiments at, during Civil War, 398.

Plattsburgh Barracks, The review at, a brilliant affair, 78–79, 197; 2,500 guests in grand stand, 78; distinguished guests, 78–79, 197.

Plattsburgh Rod and Gun Club, The, arranged a shooting tournament for the celebration, 60.

Plattsburgh, The, steam cutter, took part in naval celebration, 76, 85.

Plessis, The, prelates, in vision of the past, 306, 308.

Plough, The, superior to the sword in giving title to land, 120, 122.

Plumley, Frank, Remarks at Ticonderoga, 179–80; the long and the short of the Vermont delegation, 179; the foothills of Vermont and of the Adirondacks embracing the Lake between, 180; at banquet to President Taft, 233.

Plymouth, English settlement at, 110; Champlain in harbor sixteen years before the Pilgrims, 357.

Plymouth Rock, The Pilgrims landed on, eleven years after Champlain discovered the lake, 120, 149, 315; over a decade away, 126.

Poetry, The masterpieces of, before 1609, 332.
Pointe au Fer fortified for protection of sick American soldiers, 6, 24, 316; held by the British till 1788, 8, 24; occupied by Burgoyne in 1777, 24, 220, 316.
Poison, François, at Fort Ste. Anne, 389.
Ponce de Leon came and left no trace, 209.
Pontgravé, Sieur de, and Champlain at Quebec, 210, 215, 356; in charge of colony, 359.
Port Fortuné, 216.
Port Henry, 222.
Port Royal, Celebration of 300th anniversary of founding of, 38, 210.
Portraits in oil of Champlain by Mrs. L. Kirby-Parrish, 60; disposition of, 60.
Portsmouth, N. H., International peace conference at, 178.
Portugal in Brazil, 211.
Portuguese navigators, 355.
Potsdam sandstones, The, 377–78.
Poutrincourt, Jean de Biencourt, Sieur de, Efforts of, for a New France, unsuccessful, 210, 215.
Pragmatic Sanction, The, 113.
Praise of famous men, The, selection for Champlain Sunday, 100–1.
Prayer, A, for Champlain Sunday, 97–98.
Prayer for our country, A, Champlain Sunday, 97.
Preble, The, one of Macdonough's fleet, 228.
President of the United States, The, 235.
President's Day, July 8th, at Burlington, 254.
Press, We have no national, 235; influence of the, on post-prandial discussions, 282.
Press, The, of Vermont and New York, approve the project, 29.
Press-clipping bureau, Services of a, enlisted, 59.
Preston, Willard, president of college at Burlington, 411.
PRÉVEL, REV. THOMAS A., Address of welcome at Ste. Anne's, 303; address July 9th, in French, 304–6; in English, 306–8; Champlain pastor of his people, 304, 306; restrains barbarism, 304, 307; savages salute the cross, 305, 307; the Past awakened in a vision, 305–6, 308.
Prévert, Sieur, in expedition with Champlain, 356.
Prevost, Sir George, English massed under, 163; entered Plattsburgh, 163; Capt. Blane on defeat of, 410; Mr. Beaufoy on defeat of, 412; Capt. T. Hamilton on the rout of, 415.
Princess Victoria, Steamer, from Montreal, 416.
Pring, Capt., erected battery on Isle La Motte, 316.
Pringle, Capt., in charge of British fleet which defeated Benedict Arnold on Lake Champlain, 7.
Proctor, Gov. Fletcher D., approved resolution for Vermont Commission, and named members, 15, 16, 28; called the matter to the attention of Sen. H. W. Hill, 16; at joint meeting of Commissions, 22; assistance

rendered by, 61; suggested the Tercentenary, 317.
Proctor, Senator Redfield, at conference of Sub-Committee with Secretary Root, 25, 43.
Programmes, Combination of features in the, 62.
Progress and development of 300 years, 256.
PROUTY, GOV. GEORGE H., chairman of Vermont Commission, 52; assistance rendered by, 61; with staff at review at Plattsburgh Barracks, 78; proclaimed July 4th as Champlain Sunday, 93; at Ticonderoga, 142; address: The soil of New York, 145; good will, and co-operation of New York, 146; lessons of the celebration, 146; a good second to Gov. Hughes, 178; remarks of, at Plattsburgh Barracks, 200–1; good wishes of Vermont, 200; inspiration from the celebration, 201; thanks to State and Commission of New York, 201; guest at banquet to Pres. Taft, 233; chairman of Literary exercises at Burlington, 254; Vermont's official welcome, 255; introduced Mayor Burke, 255–56; thanks to New York and its Commission, introducing Gov. Hughes, 258; remarks introducing Ambassador Jusserand, 261; Ambassador Bryce, 263; Rodolphe Lemieux, 268; Bliss Carman, 274; the first citizen of a new nation, Pres. Taft, 278; presided at banquet, 280; introduced Pres. Taft, 281; the head of the show, Gov. Hughes, 285–86; M. Jusserand, 289; the other side, Mr. Bryce, 291; our Canadian friends, M. Lemieux, 293; with staff and guests at Isle La Motte, 302; presided at the literary exercises, 312; introduced Rev. John M. Thomas, 312; introduced Sen. H. W. Hill, 313–14; the spot Champlain landed on, 313–14; praise for, 317; the foreign ambassadors and the celebration, 318–19; introduced Commander d'Azy, 319; presented Gov. Hughes, 321; snowcapped mountains, 321; presented John Erskine, 323; introduced W. P. Stafford, 326; thanks all helpers and the Commission, 332.
Providence, Supremacy of, 322.
Pruyn, Col. John I., in camp at Crown Point with Tenth Reg., N. G. N. Y., 77; moved regiment to Fort Ticonderoga; sham battle under command of, 77.
Publicity Bureau organized and managed by L. E. Shattuck, 59.
Puritan reaction, The, begun, 212.
Puritan tolerance, 194.
Puritans, The, satisfied to live close by the sea, 271; courage and patience of, 272–73.
Putnam, Capt. Israel, with Capt. Robt. Rogers, attempted to capture Fort Frédéric, 5, 118; and rangers, marching with Abercromby, 170.

QUEBEC, Montcalm needed for defence of, 3; Gen. Montgomery at, 6; Archbishop of, invited to share in religious celebration at Isle La Motte, 58; Champlain the founder

of, 110; Champlain set sail from, 147; futile expedition against, 152; Wolfe at, 124, 158; Champlain the founder of, 180, 327, 357; inscription on tomb of Montcalm at, 183; Pontgravé and Champlain at, 210, 217; wooden fortress of Champlain at, 213; Champlain founded and died in, 238; Champlain knew how to govern, 264, 358; word picture of, 269; French cavaliers on heights of, 272; taken, 328; Champlain passed site of, 356; terrible winter at, 358.

Quebec, Province of, Premier and Governor-General of, invited, 58; descendants of French settlers in, 123; Lomer Gouin on the, 247–49; once part of New France, 247; glorified Champlain the father of the Canadian nation, 248; good wishes from, 249.

Quebec signifies "narrowing of the stream," 357.

Quebec Tercentenary Celebration, 13, 15, 38, 86, 124, 243; M. Lemieux on the, 269; diplomacy at the, 366; Indian contingent at, 427.

Queen Anne's war begun, 396.

Quinask, the arm that shielded Shelburne Bay, 226.

RACICOT, RT. REV. A., assisted at vesper service at Burlington on Champlain Sunday, 101; celebrated mass at St. Peter's Church, Plattsburgh, 231.

Radisson, Pierre Esprit, founder of Hudson Bay Company, 111.

Rafeix, Jesuit, 389.

Railroad excursion tickets arranged for, 61.

Raines, John, at banquet to Pres. Taft, 233.

Raleigh, Sir Walter, Attempts of, to plant colonies on Roanoke, 110, 210; man of letters, 181.

Rappe, Louis Amadeus, prelate, in vision of the past, 306, 308.

Raymond, 215.

Reed, Rev. Andrew, shocked at rowdyism in Burlington, 414.

Regatta, Tercentenary, of the Lake Champlain Yacht Club, 254.

Re-gioch-me, a Mohawk Indian, drowned near Split Rock, 389.

Reid, W. Max, "Lake George and Lake Champlain," 59.

Rejiohne, Dark, boundary for Huron and Mohawk, 222.

Religion, Important part played by, in history of the nation, 112; passes in the vision of the past, 306, 308; felicitates Champlain, 306, 308.

Religious features of the anniversary, Especial stress laid upon the, 58; result of, most satisfactory, 58; exercises appointed for Sunday, July 4th, conducted by distinguished prelates, 62.

Religious services, Suggestions for holding, 27.

Report of the First Lake Champlain Tercentenary Commission, 21–40.

Republican majorities, 284.

Resolution, Concurrent, adopted by the New York Legislature, appointing a Commission, 17, 21.

Resolution, Joint, appointing a Commission, passed by the Vermont Legislature, 15–16.
Responsive reading, Champlain Sunday, 95–96.
Revenge, The, Remains of, preserved in fort at Ticonderoga, 139.
Revolutionary period rich in incident, 34, 57.
Rhode Island sent men against the French, 214.
Ribaut, Jean, and his Huguenots destroyed by Menendez, 209.
Richards, W. W., at hearing, 341.
Richelieu River, British forces assembling on the, 6; Canadian boundary line, 24; Champlain at the, 147, 207, 219, 356; a British brig examining boats on the, 405–6.
Ridder, Herman, first vice-president of the Hudson-Fulton Commission, 336.
Riley, John B., member of New York Commission, 50, 52; on committees, 51–52; on Committee to Raise the *Royal Savage*, 85; on Funds for a Monument Committee, 339; resolution of, 339; on Committee on Location and Cost of Monument, 339; chairman of Committee on a Separate Memorial at Bluff Point or Plattsburgh, 344.
River Boquet, Burgoyne feasted Indians at camp on, 8, 222, 228.
River St. Charles, The, 269.
River Sorell fixed as boundary in 1766, 24.
Rivière de St. Amant, the Saranac, 221.
Roanoke Island, Sir Walter Raleigh's colonies on, 110.
Roberts, James Arthur, President New York Historical Association, 423.
Roberval, Jean François de la Roque, Sieur de, Failure of, 210, 355.
Rochelle, stronghold of the Huguenots, 355.
Rock beds, The ancient, of the valley, 377, 379.
Rock Dunder as site for memorial, 343.
Rocks, Unstable equilibrium in the, 375.
Roe, Maj.-Gen. Charles F., Valuable assistance from, 61; in command of National Guard, 76; thanks of the Commission due, 76; arrival of, at Hotel Champlain, 76.
Rogeo, or Regio, name of Lake Champlain, 389.
Rogers, Capt. Robert, famous scout, found Chimney Point abandoned, 5; with Capt. Israel Putnam attempted to capture Fort Frédéric, 5; exploits of, 34; found Fort Frédéric in ruins, 129.
Roger's Rock, 170.
Roman Catholic Church, Suggestions that religious services be held by, 27; honor due the, for services to the American people, 113; the United States and the, in the Philippines, 194–95.
Roman Empire, Idolatry in the, 104; Christian religion spread throughout the, 105.
Roosevelt, Theodore, on Macdonough, 9; approved the celebration, 43; visited Isle La Motte, 315.
ROOT, Hon. ELIHU, Secretary of State, Conference of Sub-Committee with, 25–26, 43; approval and great in-

terest of, in celebration, 26, 43; Mr. Bryce expected to take text from, 203. Historical address at Plattsburgh Barracks; the Iroquois and the struggle for America, 207–14: Results justify interest in the beginning, 207; Champlain's expedition from Stadacona, 207; battle with the Iroquois, 208; the Five Nations and their government, 208–9; period of exploration and discovery, 209; failure of settlements, 210; decline of Spanish power, 210–11; the French and English only ready for expansion, 211–13; world owes many debts to France, 213; the Long House of the Iroquois, 213; French and Indian wars, 213–14; the final struggle, 214; faithfulness of Iroquois, 214; settlers not soldiers build empires, 214; Pres. Taft on address of, 230; guest at banquet to Pres. Taft, 233; tribute of James Bryce to, 241; Jusserand on, and the Iroquois, 290.

Ro-tsi-ich-ni, "the coward spirit," Mohawk name of Lake Champlain, 389.

Rouse's Point, Fireworks on successive evenings at, 60; appointed committees and made an appropriation, 60; Bi-State programme of celebration exercises at, 68; Indian pageants at, 334.

Roy, Mgr., auxiliary bishop of Quebec, 303; replied to address of welcome, 305.

Royal Savage, Wreck of the, lies near Valcour Island, 34, 57, 174; attempt to raise the, abandoned, 85–86, 364.

Ruins, Military, in the Champlain valley, 4.

Rum, Supply of, running short, 154.

Rupert, Prince, charter member of Hudson Bay Company, 111.

Russia in semi-barbarism, 211; new birth of freedom in, 330.

Ryswick, Treaty of, 392.

SABLE BAY, 215.

Sachems of the Five Nations, 209.

Sackett, Col. Henry W., secretary of the Hudson-Fulton Commission, 336.

Saguenay, Champlain explored country around, 356, 357.

Sailing contests arranged for, 60.

St. Alban's Choral Union at Isle La Motte, 302; sang at dedication of Boulder Monument, 333.

St. Albans, Confederate attempt on bank at, 187; local societies from, at Isle La Motte, 312; celebration at, 334.

St. Augustine, French and Spanish colonies at, 209–10.

St. Charles River, Ruins of Cartier's settlement on the, 358.

St. Clair, Gen. Arthur, defeated at Ticonderoga by Burgoyne, 161–62; in vision of the past, 305, 308.

Saint Croix River, 210.

"Saint George" and "Saint Denis," 134.

St. John, Champlain celebration at, 13, 38.

St. John's, Sloop seized at, by Benedict Arnold, 6, 34; captured by General Montgomery, 6; Burgoyne embarked at, 8; Isaac Weld at, 406.
St. Joseph established by Du Luth, 272.
St. Joseph's Church, Burlington, High mass at, on Champlain Sunday, 101.
St. Lawrence River explored by Champlain to Lake Ontario, 110, 327, 357; Champlain friendly with Indians north of the, 110, 213; the river, 147; the basin of the, 265; villages dotting the banks of the, 269; peopled by the French, 328; British fleet ascended, 365; shares a common geologic birth and progress with the Champlain valley, 372.
St. Lawrence channel sunk below sea level, 381; upward movement of a thousand feet, 381.
St. Louis, The white cross of, on flag of blue, 73.
St. Louis, Tradition of the French at, 150; Chouteau built first house at, 272.
St. Louis, Exposition of, 1904, 14.
St. Malo, Jacques Cartier from, 150, 217.
St. Mary's Cathedral, Burlington, Pontifical mass at, on Champlain Sunday, 101.
St. Patrick's choir of Montreal, Music at the service at Cliff Haven furnished by the, 102.
St. Paul, Vital Guérin chose site of, 272.
St. Paul's churchyard, New York, Montgomery buried in, 160.
St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Burlington, Bp. Arthur C. A. Hall preached at, on Champlain Sunday, 101.
St. Peter's Catholic Church, Ticonderoga, High mass celebrated at, 139.
St. Peter's Church, Albany, Lord George Augustus Howe buried in, 74.
St. Peter's Church, Plattsburgh, Mass celebrated at, 231; hymns by boys' choir of, 231.
St. Peter's College, Plattsburgh, Civic parade reviewed at, and address by H. A. Dubuque, 231.
St. Pierre, 217.
Ste. Anne, Chapel, with statue of, on Sandy Point, Isle La Motte, 33; service at, on Champlain Sunday, 109, 302–3; service at, July 9th, 304–12: Address by Rt. Rev. Thomas A. Prével in French, 304–6; in English, 306–8; first shelter of the divine Saviour, 306, 308; sermon by Rev. P. J. Barrett at, 309–12; high mass celebrated at, Rt. Rev. Thos. M. A. Burke, officiating, 312; societies represented at, 312.
Ste. Anne, Fort dedicated to, at Isle La Motte, 4.
Saintonge aroused, 217; the Huguenots in, 355.
Salières, de, commander of regiment, 389.
Samuel Champlain and the Lake Champlain Tercentenary, by HENRY W. HILL, 355–67.
Sandoval, The, revenue cutter, too large to pass through canals, 85.

Sandy Point, Isle La Motte, 25, 301; historic associations of, 33; chapel of Ste. Anne on, 33; place of Champlain's landing, 315, 362.
Sanford, Henry Gansevoort, secretary of Society of the Colonial Wars, 31.
Saranac, The, called Rivière de St. Amant, 221; Sumac River, 226; Indian pageants given at mouth of, 232.
Saranac, The, lake steamer, 418.
Saratoga, Burgoyne defeated at, 8, 119; should be a Mecca for good Americans and Britishers, 288.
Saratoga, The, of Macdonough's fleet, 163, 164, 228.
Saskascheiqualie Creek, 279.
Saxon and Gaul wrestle, 168.
Scalping began at Crown Point, 394.
Scar Face a direct descendant from Eunice Williams, 427.
Schenectady, Retaliation for burning of, 34, 152; the burning of, 152, 228; expedition which destroyed, came and went by the Lake, 390–91.
Schuyler, Captain John, Expedition in 1690 under, 4, 34, 152, 391; on Sept. 2, 1698, 5; at Isle La Motte, 315, 391; captured La Prairie, 391; bearer of letters from Gov. Bellomont to Frontenac, 392.
Schuyler, Major Peter, Expedition in 1691 under, 4–5, 34; at Isle La Motte, 315; pursued raiders in 1693, 391; carried copy of Treaty of Ryswick to Quebec, 392.
Schuyler, General Philip, in expedition with Gen. Robert Montgomery, in 1775, 5, 6, 118; returned to Albany, 6; expedition of 1691 of, captured Fort La Prairie, 152; blamed for the fall of Ticonderoga, 162; patience and dignity of, 162, 228; in vision of the past, 305, 308; met Gen. Montgomery at Isle La Motte, 316.
Schuyler family, Services rendered the colony by the, 392.
Schuyler's Island, Benedict Arnold announced loss of his vessels from, 23; fashioned like a tear, 221.
Science, Modern, began with Bacon, 329; changes in life of man through wizardry of, 330.
SCOLLARD, CLINTON.—Song for the Tercentenary of Lake Champlain, 132–36.
Scononton, Frowning, 221.
Scotch Highland Regiment of Montreal. *See* Fifth Royal Canadian Highlanders.
Scotchmen and Englishmen knit together, 204.
Scotchmen and Vermonters, 283, 293.
Sculpture, The masterpieces of, before 1609, 332.
Sea of the Iroquois, 133.
Seaport, A Canadian, in the middle of the continent, 246.
Seaports, Canadian, on the Pacific ocean, 246.
Second Regiment, N. G. N. Y., Col. James W. Lester, in camp at Plattsburgh Barracks, 77; in parade and review, 77, 232; relieved by First Regiment, N. G. N. Y., 78; list of officers of, present, 81–83; band of, also in parade, 83; escort to Second

division in parade at Plattsburgh, 232.
Seigniories. *See* Grants, Seigniorial.
Seligman, Isaac N., Treasurer of the Hudson-Fulton Commission, 336.
Senecas, one of the Five nations, 208.
Settlements begun on Lake Champlain, 5; following French and Indian War, 6.
Settlements, French, within the Province of New York, left no impression, 2.
Settlers not soldiers build empires, 214.
Seven Years' War, The, 156, 363; Parkman on, 156.
Severance, Frank H., chosen Secretary of the New York State Commission, 22, 40.
SEVERANCE, FRANK HAYWARD.—Episodes in the history of the Champlain valley, 385–400; What early travelers said of the Champlain valley, 403–23.
Seymour, Edmund, Assistance rendered by, 61.
Shackleton, Ernest H., Champlain the equal of, 304, 306.
Shales, The Utica and Hudson River, 378–79; on the low shores of Vermont, 379.
Shakespeare, The common right to, a binding force, 295.
Sham battle at Crown Point, 90, 117; at Ticonderoga, 90, 139.
Shattuck, L. E., in charge of Publicity Bureau, 59.
Shea, James, member of New York Commission, 50, 52; on committees, 51–52; remarks of, at Ticonderoga, 177; on Committee on Location and Cost of Monument, 339.
Shelburne Bay, 226.
Sherman, James S., Absence of, 68; from the banquet, 237.
Shields, Armorial, on Champlain memorial, 347.
Shirley, Gen., opposed move against the French on the Lake, 393.
Shoemaker, Ira H., Assistance rendered by, 61.
Sibley, Hon. Joseph C., Assistance rendered by, 61; loaned the *Valcour* to the Commission, 77.
Siesta, New York has introduced a, 235.
Silliman, Augustus E., gives pen pictures of scenery and incident, 418.
Silurian time, Closing stage of marine conditions in the ancient, 378.
Skene, Major Philip, settled at Skenesborough, 6.
Skenesborough, now Whitehall, settled by Major Philip Skene, 6; boats built at, 6; Isaac Weld at, 403.
Slafter, Edmund F., Memoir of Samuel Champlain, 356.
Smith, Alexander R., engaged to assist the Commission, 58; on Committee on Badges, 52.
Smith, Miss Dorothea, unveiled Boulder Monument, 333.
Smith, Mrs. Edward Curtis, presided at dedication of Boulder Monument, 333.
Smith, William, of New York, on Gen. Johnson's army, 153–54.
Sobapsqua, "the cloven way," Indian name for Split Rock, 226.

Social forces, Impress of, dependent on extent and permanency, 2.
Society of Daughters of 1812, Tablet presented by, 335.
Society of the Colonial Wars in the State of New York, Resolution of the, 30–31.
Soldiers of England and of the United States marching together, 257.
Son of Man, The, title of the world-poem, 332.
Song for the Tercentenary of Lake Champlain (CLINTON SCOLLARD), 132–36.
Sorel, Capt., met "embassy" of Indians, 388.
Sorel, or Richelieu, River, fixed upon as boundary, 24, 382.
South, The solid, 284.
South American republics, 329.
South Carolina sent men against the French, 214.
Spain, Decline of the power of, 210–11.
Spain and Portugal, Claims of, to American continent, not recognized, 109.
Spaniard, The, burned for achievement, 271.
Spanish Empire, Growth of the, in North and South America, 265.
Spanish navigators, 355.
Spectacular entertainments, The, highly instructive, 62.
"Spectator" on the Indian pageants in the *Outlook*, 88–90.
Speeches, Difficulty in three, a day, 282, 291.
Spies in moose skin, 88. *See, also*, The Libretto of Hiawatha, the Mohawk, 427–63.
Split Rock in Champlain's course, 148, 222; called Sobapsqua, "the cloven way," 226; as a site for the monument, 341, 342; called "Re-giochme," 389; marked boundary between Mohawks and Algonquins, 222, 389; depth of Lake off, 420.
Stadacona, Indian village where now stands Quebec, 207; Iroquois driven from, 427.
STAFFORD, WENDELL P.—Address of, at Isle La Motte, 326–32: The year 1609, 326; Champlain, voyager, scholar, soldier, 327; *Caniaderi guarunte*, 327; the highway of war, 328; the conjurer's wand, 328–29; marvels of 300 years, 329; modern science, 329; life of common men bettered, 329–30; forms of government changed, 330; changes in the life of man, 330; Democracy triumphant, 331; education, 331; the world-poem, the Son of Man, 332; the things that never change, 332.
Stanley, Sir Henry M., Champlain the equal of, 304, 306.
Stansbury, P., describes old fort at Chambly, 409; woodcuts in book of, engraved by first American wood engraver, 409.
Stark, John, saved Fort William Henry, 155.
State Department, Washington, Committee to arrange with, the sending of official and diplomatic invitations, 57–58.
State efficiency, A rivalry of, 261.
Steam navigation, The 100th anniversary of, on Lake Champlain, 36.

Steamboat, The second, launched on Lake Champlain, 266.
Steamers, The Champlain, 408, 411–13, 416–18.
Steele, Lt. George W., Jr., U. S. N., in command of flotilla, 76, 85; thanks of Commissioners due to, 76.
Stetson, Hon. Francis Lynde, Assistance rendered by, 61.
Stevens, C. A., at hearing, 341.
Stone, Arthur F., member of Vermont Commission, 52.
Story of Lake Champlain, The (HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE), 147–65. For analysis, *see* author entry.
Stotesbury, Capt. Louis W., Seventh Regiment N. G., A. D. C. to Gov. Hughes, 76.
Stranahan, Mrs. F. Stewart, delivered address of welcome, 333.
Street, Lt.-Col. D. R., commanding Governor-General's Foot Guards, 78.
Struggle, The decisive, begun, 156.
Stuart, James, on the lake steamer *Franklin*, 413.
Sub-Committee of the New York Commission appointed, 22–23; conference of, with Secretary of State, Elihu Root, 25–26; resolutions of, adopted at joint meeting of Commissions at Albany, 26.
Sub-Committee of the Vermont Commission recommend a celebration, 29.
Suggestions, Sundry, for the celebration, 27.
Sullivan, Gen. John, abandoned conquest of Canada, 6; fortified Point au Fer, 24.
Sulpicians of Montreal, Rev. Abbé Lecocq, Superior of the, 303.
Sumac River, Indian name of the Saranac, 226.
Swanton, The Indians salute the cross at, 305, 307; half-breed settlement at, 328; celebration at, 334; local societies from, at Isle La Motte, 312.
Swanton Falls, Settlement at, 6.
Sweden, No New, in America, 211.

TADOUSAC, Failure of settlement at, 210, 215, 217; Champlain in harbor of, 356, 357.
TAFT, President WILLIAM HOWARD.—Arrived at Bluff Point, 75; escorted from Smith M. Weed's house to Plattsburgh Barracks, 75; reviewed Canadian, regular, and State troops, 78; at the review at Plattsburgh Barracks, 78; at Ticonderoga, 139; taken to Plattsburgh, 139; remarks of, at Ticonderoga, 185–87: Three nations in celebration, 185; Champlain a man of all nations, 185–86; the people of lower Canada, 186; the Belgium of America, 186; the only passageway, 186–87. Flowers presented to, by little girls at Cliff Haven, 193; address, 193–95: Compliments and enthusiasm, 193; conversion of the Filipinos, 194; inspiring statue of Legaspi and Erdinator, 194; religious tolerance, 194; representative of the United States at the Vatican, 194–95. Jusserand on the colonial spirit of Champlain in, 202; loved and respected in Canada, 204;

welcome at Murray Bay, 205. Remarks at Plattsburgh Barracks, 230: On Senator Root's address, 230; the people of Canada, 230; success of the celebrations, 230; reviewed parades, 232. Banquet to, at Hotel Champlain, 233–49; speech at the banquet, 235–37; congratulations to New York and Vermont on strengthening our foreign relations, 235; on a siesta, 235–36; thanks to the Scotch Highland Regiment, 236; conservation of our Government, 236; progress in many directions, 236–37; conservation of our resources, 237; faith in the Constitution, 237; indestructible union of indestructible states, 237.— James Bryce on, 241; Rodolphe Lemieux on, 243; reception of, at Burlington, 254–55; and the Panama canal, 270; remarks of, at Burlington, 278–79. Summons to Washington disobeyed, 278; three generations of ancestors Vermonters, 278; site for a monument to Champlain, 236, 279; a unique and many-sided memorial, 279; three great powers met in amity, 279; lesson of the continuous show, 279; the burnt offering, 282; George Fred Williams on " ferocious hospitality," 282; evil of three speeches a day, 282; the Vermonter a safe man, 283; no deserted farms in Vermont to-day, 283; solidity on sectional lines, 284; ladies at the banquet, 284; effect of this memorial on international relations, 284; prosperity of the Dominion, 285; Governor Hughes on, 286; M. Jusserand on, 294; left for Washington, 297.

Taft arch, The, at Cliff Haven, 191.

Tahawas, Indian name of Mt. Marcy, 226.

Tariff, The lure of the, 289.

Taylor, Hon. John C. R., member of New York Commission, 22, 40.

Tenth Regiment, N. G. N. Y., Col. John I. Pruyn, in camp at Crown Point, 77, 136; movements and reviews of, by Governor and President, 77, 136; list of officers of, present, 83–84; band of, also participated in exercises, 84.

Thanksgiving for peace, A, Champlain Sunday, 97.

Third Brigade, National Guard, N. Y., List of officers of, headquarters of, present at the celebration, 81.

Thirty Years' War, Effects of, in Germany, 211.

Thomas, Governor, Address at dedication of Boulder Monument, 333–34.

Thomas, Rev. John M., member of Vermont Commission, 52; prepared Order of service for Champlain Sunday, 93–101; prayer at exercises at Isle La Motte, July 9, 312–13; chairman of joint meeting with N. Y. Committee, 345–46.

Thompson, Col. Robert M., Assistance of, acknowledged, 61; received and entertained President Taft and party at Ticonderoga, 139.

Thornton, Major John, followed Champlain's route, 419; took note of traveling companions, and fine officials,

419-20; praised Westport and visited Lake George, 420.

Three Rivers, Champlain passed the, 356.

Ticonderoga, Loss of, in 1759 by the French, 2-3, 363, 396; defeat of General Abercromby at, by Montcalm, 3, 34, 134, 395-96; the French fall back from, 3, 34-35, 328, 396; Fort Carillon built at, in 1755, 5; Dieskau's expedition to, 5; capture of, by Ethan Allen and the Green Mountain Boys, 6, 34, 57, 160, 396; troops assembled at, 6; visited by the Commissioners, 25; celebration exercises to be held at, 27, 366; successive owners of, 32-33; a landmark that should be preserved, 35; meeting of the Commission at, 58; fireworks at, on successive evenings, 60; dock at, rebuilt, 62; Bi-State programme of celebration at, 64; Lord George Augustus Howe's remains found in, 74; Indian pageants given at, 86; captured by the Indians of the pageants in a sham battle, 90; Burgoyne reduced, 119, 161-62; a frequent battle-ground, 124; happenings at, 126; stronghold of three nations, 141; plan to capture, 161. Tuesday, July 6, the celebration, 139-87: Arrival of President and guests, 139; ruins of stronghold, the *Revenge*, military review, and sham battle, 139; lunch on the *Ticonderoga*, 139; local celebration at the village, 139-40; French and British Ambassadors interested in historic associations of, 140; Introduction to literary exercises by Senator Henry W. Hill, 140-41: The valley and its names, 141; the stronghold of three nations, 141; naval victories and the Lake, 141.— Address of Governor Hughes, 142-45; address of Governor Prouty, 145-46; historical address: The story of Lake Champlain, by HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE, 147-65; Ticonderoga: A ballad, by PERCY MACKAYE, 166-75; remarks of Governor Hughes introducing Vice-Admiral Uriu, 175; remarks of Vice-Admiral Uriu, 175; remarks of Hon. Seth Low, 176-77; vote at, as to place of Champlain's fight with the Iroquois, 176; remarks of James Shea, 177; remarks of David J. Foster, 177-79; remarks of Frank Plumley, 179-80; arrival of President Taft, 180; remarks of Ambassador Jusserand, 180-83; Montcalm at, 181-82; remarks of Ambassador James Bryce, 183-85; remarks of President Taft, 185-87; Indian pageants, 187; fireworks, 187; Governor Hughes on, 198; Governor Prouty on, 201; as site for monument, 341; greatest French force assembled at, 395; Isaac Weld on the ruins at, 404; J. R. Godley charmed with, 417.

Ticonderoga, A ballad (PERCY MACKAYE), 166-75. For analysis of, *see* author entry.

Ticonderoga Creek claimed as site of Champlain's fight with the Iroquois, 74.

Ticonderoga Historical Society set up a reproduction of Montcalm's cross of victory, 140.
Ticonderoga village, Local celebration at, 139–40.
Ticonderoga, Steamer, engaged by the Commission, 61; with President on board escorted by the *Manley*, 76; transport for Tenth Regiment, N. G. N. Y., 77; for official party, 77; for Fifth U. S. I. and Governor-General's Foot Guards, 78; lunch on the, at Ticonderoga, 139; took Governor Prouty to Isle La Motte, 302.
Ticonderoga, The, one of Macdonough's fleet, 228.
Tift, W. C., at hearing, 341.
Tiotiake, Montreal Island, 86.
Tolerance in religion, Hughes, Taft, and Gibbons on, 192–96.
Tonty, Henri de, 150.
Toronto, The future, 147.
Torpedo boats at Isle La Motte, 302.
Tour of inspection. *See* Historic sites, Tour of inspection of.
Tracy, Alexandre de Prouville de, and the Carignan-Salières Regiment, at dedication of Fort Ste Anne, 4, 33, 315; burned Iroquois villages, 213; expedition of, 388, 389.
Transcontinental Railway, The Canadian, 246.
Transcontinental railways, 270.
Transportation lines, Negotiations with, 56.
Trappers, The, 270.
Travel Magazine for July, 1909, devoted to Lake Champlain and the celebration, 59.
Traveling show, A., 73, 282; a modest member of, 289; last performance of, 291.
Traversy, Capt. de, killed by the Mohawks, 388.
Treadwell, Col. George C., military secretary to Governor Hughes, 76.
Treaty of Ryswick, Copy of, carried to Quebec, 392; followed by treaty between the French and the Five Nations, 396.
Treaty of Utrecht made the valley neutral territory, 392.
Tremblay, Wilfrid, director of boy choir, 303.
Trent River, 365.
Trenton limestone, The, 378.
Tribes, The same, in each of the Five Nations, 208–9; bonds of tribal union, 209.
Troop "H" of Fifteenth Cavalry, Capt. W. T. Littebrant, the personal escort of President Taft in parade at Plattsburgh, 232.
Troupe, The, disbanded, 286.
Trumbull, John, at Crown Point, 130.
Tryon, Governor William, Communication from Lord Dartmouth to, 1.
Tubal Cains, The, of slate and clay, 226.
Turkey, Constitutional government in, 330.
Turner, Dr. M. H., at hearing, 341.
Tuttle, Mrs. George Fuller, "A Chronological History of the Champlain Valley," 59.
Twain, Mark, on the British and Americans inheriting the earth, 239.

Twenty-fourth U. S. Infantry, colored, Col. William Paulding, in parade at Plattsburgh, 75, 332; list of officers of the, present at the celebration, 80; band also in parade, 81.

UNGAVA, The Great Glacier from, 379.

Union, Indestructible, of indestructible states, 237.

United States, President of, and members of his cabinet, Significance of presence of the, 63, 318; 133d anniversary of independence of, celebrated, 74; Canadian regiments reviewed by President of the, 204; Government of, conservative, 236; progress in many directions in, 236; conservation of resources of, 237; faith in Constitution of, 237; assistance from, 317.

United States, The, and Canada, Relations of, 112, 235, 241–42, 244–46, 273–74, 284–85; the host of the day, 165; complimented in her distinguished guests, 185; land of faith and tolerance, 193; and the Vatican, 194–95; England settled, 240; admiration of England for, 240; best wishes from Province of Quebec for, 249.

United States and France, Bond between, strengthened, 235.

United States and Great Britain, Bond between, strengthened, 235.

United States army and navy, Detachments from, in the celebration, 58, 62, 75–76.

United States navy, Flotilla from, under command of Lt. Geo. W. Steele, Jr., 76, 85; fired salutes in honor of President Taft and Governor Hughes, 76; first naval exhibition since the War of 1812, 85.

University of Vermont, Banquet in gymnasium at, 280–97; tablet to soldiers of War of 1812 unveiled at, 334–35.

Uriu, Vice-Admiral Stakichi, reviewed Tenth Reg., N. G. N. Y., 77; in full uniform at the review at Plattsburgh Barracks, 78; remarks of, at Ticonderoga, 175; guest at banquet to President Taft, 233.

VALCOUR, The, with President Taft on board, escorted by the *Manley*, 76; loaned to the Commission by Joseph C. Sibley, 77.

Valcour Island, Naval engagements begun at, under Benedict Arnold, 7, 34, 126, 134, 141, 328; three naval engagements off, 23, 57; wreck of the *Royal Savage* lies near, 34; the cedar trees of, 221; points to the north, 237.

Van der Heyden, Dyrick, 390.

Van Ness, Governor Cornelius Peter, entertained Lafayette at Burlington, 411.

Van Patten, William J., member of Vermont Commission, 52.

Vatican, William H. Taft representative of the U. S. at the, 194–95.

Vaudreuil, Gen. Philippe de Rigaud, jealous of Montcalm, 3; assigned de

Bourlamaque to command in Champlain valley, 3; in the vision of the past, 305, 308.

Venison, One must go to Lake George for, 395.

Vergennes, Celebration at, at Fort Cassin on Otter Creek, 334; James Monroe examined iron works at, 407.

Vermont, an independent republic, 3; first Christian worship in, 32, 33; militia from, in the celebration, 58, 62; represented by its executive head, 63; conceived the idea of the celebration, 15, 145, 146; good will of, for her big brother, New York, 146; set the pace for New York with Ethan Allen, 177, 178; New York at peace with, 198; appreciation of, by Gov. Hughes, 259; great assets of, its men and women and its scenery, 267-68; as solid as Alabama and Georgia, 284; has inspiration from a thousand sons, 288; Champlain and his associates the first white men in, 362; creation of State, put end to land contests, 398.

Vermont Commission for the 300th Anniversary of the Discovery of Lake Champlain authorized by Legislature, 15-16; members of the, 16, 28; some members of, presented the matter to Governor Hughes, 16; and to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, 16; joint meetings with New York Commission, 22, 26; a permanent organization, to act with New York Commission, 28; prompt to co-operate, 29; Sub-Committee of, 29; Publicity Bureau of, 29.

Vermont Division of the National Guard escorted President and guests, 254; in parade at Burlington, 280; Company "M" of, Governor Prouty's escort at Isle La Motte, 302, 333.

Vermont Legislature, Joint resolution of, appointing a Commission, 15-16; approved by Governor Proctor, 16.

Vermont lineage, one to be proud of, 278, 282.

Vermont, Steamer, Meeting of Vermont Commission on, 345; 12th annual meeting of N. Y. Historical Association held on, 4-6 October, 1910, 423.

Vermonter, The, a safe man, 283.

Vermonters, Bond between, 278.

Verrazano explored Atlantic coast and claimed it for France, 110; left no trace, 209.

Vessels, The small, of Magellan, Champlain, and Cortez, 186.

Victoria bridge, Towers of, from Isle La Motte, 221.

Vigne, Godfrey T., gives pleasant pictures, 414.

Vincennes owes name to Chevalier de Vincennes, 272.

Virginia, general name for the coasts of North America, 110.

Virginia sent men against the French, 214.

Vivian, H. Hussey, Hurried American tour of, 422.

Voltaire on the Seven Years' War, 156.

Voyageur, Figure of a, on Champlain memorial, 347.

WABASH River, French military post on the, 111.
Wadhams, Commodore, on Committee on Naval Parades, 51.
Wadsworth, J. W., Jr., member of New York Commission, 22, 40.
Wahopartenie, Indian name of Mt. Whiteface, 226.
Walsh, Rt. Rev. Mons. John J., assisted at vesper service at Burlington on Champlain Sunday.
War of 1812, Macdonough's naval victory in, 8-9, 57, 163-64; tablet to soldiers of, unveiled at University of Vermont, 334-35; President Monroe visits sites of conflicts in, 407; Mr. Beaufoy writes at length of, 412.
War of the Rebellion, Canadians in the, 294.
Ware, Franklin B., Report of, on site for monument, 341.
Warner, Colonel Seth, captured Crown Point, 6, 34, 118, 119, 130; Vermonters have, 198, 258, 259; in vision of the past, 305, 308; Boulder Monument to, 33.
Warwick, Historical pageant at, 13.
Washington, George, Plaudits of, for Benedict Arnold's naval engagements, 7; centennial of inauguration of, 13; opened the gates of the Great West and the Far East, 156; and Charles Lee, 160; the patient star of, 172; small number of men under, 177; brought order out of confusion, 213, 245.
Water conditions, Momentous change in, 381.
Waterways, The oldest, on earth, 374.
Weaver, William R., member of New York Commission, 50, 52; on committees, 51-52; on Committee on a Separate Memorial, 344.
Webber, Charles A., Arch called Taft arch erected by, 191.
Wedge that splits the sky, Mount Marcy, 226.
Weed, Hon. Smith M., Assistance rendered by, 61; President Taft at house of, 75; entertained the distinguished guests at luncheon, 197.
Weld, Charles Richard, on Lake in a pall of smoke, 406.
Weld, Isaac, described the Champlain valley, 36; journey of, 403-4; on Vermont hospitality, 404; on Ticonderoga, 404; on ruins at Crown Point, 404; Chimney Point, 404-5; experiences on the Lake, 405; stopped by a British brig, 405-6; driven ashore at Isle aux Noix, 406; an invaluable record, 406.
Wellington at Waterloo, 160.
West, Settlement of the, due to Canadians, 272.
Western Hemisphere, The, in 1609, 329.
What early travelers said of the Champlain valley (FRANK H. SEVERANCE), 403-23.
Whig and Tory, The American Revolution a grapple between, 330.
White Chevalier, The, 167.
White, Hon. Horace, Lieutenant-Governor, Assistance rendered by, 61.
White man, The first, on New York territory, 1, 215.

White mountains, Charms of the country around the, 267.
Whitehall, Two shipyards and two drydocks at, 418; W. C. Bryant at, 418.
Whitehall, The, lake steamer, 418.
Whites, First attempted settlement of, at Isle La Motte, 4.
Whittier's "Centennial Poem," Beginning of, 125.
Wickes, F. B., at hearing, 341.
Wiley, W. G., at hearing, 341.
Williams, David, offered land on Mt. Defiance as site for memorial, 341.
Williams, Eunice, Scar Face, a descendant of, acted in the Indian pageant, 89, 427.
Williams, Col. Ephraim, in Gen. Johnson's army, 154; killed in fight with Dieskau, 154.
Williams, George Fred, on the ferocious hospitality of Memphis, 282.
Willsborough, Burgoyne feasted Indians at, 8.
Willsborough Point, 127; an impossible location for Champlain's battle with the Iroquois, 128.
Windmill Point, International conference at, 1, 24; settlement with stone windmill at, 5, 24, 220, 316; Arnold encountered Indians at, 316; the French at, 328.
Winooski, Local societies from, at Isle La Motte, 312.
Winooski River, Deerfield raiders ascended the, 396.
Winthrop, John, Governor of Connecticut, sent spies to Lake Champlain, 390.
Witherbee, Frank S., member of New York Commission, 22, 40; on Sub-Committee, 23; at conference with Secretary Root, 25, 43; acknowledgment of assistance rendered by, 61.
Witherbee, Walter C., member of New York Commission, 50, 52; treasurer and auditor, 51, 52; on committees, 51, 52; and Mr. Myers visited Washington to arrange official invitations through State Department, 57–58; and Mr. Pell visited Governor's Island, 58; and Mr. Hill visited Washington in regard to Federal co-operation, 59; chairman of Committee to Raise the *Royal Savage*, 85–86; presided at Literary exercises at Crown Point forts, 117–36; welcome and introduction of Governor Hughes, 117–18; introduced Seth Low, 119; introduced Albert C. Barnes, 125; conferred with Governor Hughes on site for monument, 341; chairman of Committee on Erection of Memorial at Crown Point, 343; at meeting at Block House, Fort Ticonderoga, 345.
Witherbee, Sherman & Co. gave site of forts at Crown Point to State of N. Y., 344.
Wittenmeyer, Capt. E., of Fifth U. S. I., chief of staff to the grand marshal in Plattsburgh parade, 232.
Wolfe, Maj.-Gen. James, victorious at Quebec, 124, 158; honored with Montcalm, 183; on Gray's elegy, 184; men like, rare, 184, 186;

backed by men fighting for their homes, 214.
Wonakakatuk, Indian name of the Otter River, 226.
Wood, Maj.-Gen. Leonard, commander Department of the East, 75.
Woodford, General Stewart L., president of the Hudson-Fulton Commission, 336.
World-poem, The title of the, the Son of Man, 332.
Wren, J. W., at hearing, 341.
Wright, Miss Frances, gives chapter on Battle of Plattsburgh, 408; records destruction of the *Phoenix*, 408.
Wright, Orville and Wilbur, 331.

XAINTONGEOIS, Long live the, 217.

YEAR 1609, The, 326, 329.
Years, Three hundred, 135, 329.
Yorktown, Centennial of, 13; number of men Washington had at, 177.

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